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G. W. Henry & Son

THE

MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB,

OR

WEDLOCK AND PADLOCK,

Temporal and Spiritual.

BY G. W. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN EGYPT, TWILIGHT, AND BEULAH,"
"CAMP-MEETING HYMNS," &C.

> "For as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee, and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy Lord rejoice over thee."—Isaiah 62 : 5.

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PREFACE.

It is usual for Authors to preface their works with reasons for taking up their pens, or with apologies for seizing their fugitive thoughts, and passing them to the printer, to put under his press, and extract their substance, if any they have, and pass them over to regale the intellectual tastes of the reading public. As to apologizing for our weakness or inability to perform the task we propose, we beg to be excused. Once, we judged apologies to be an essential part of a book or a sermon. When we began to preach the Gospel, we commonly served up a dish of apologies, made up of weaknesses, inabilities, bad colds, &c., &c., as we had been taught to do by our "illustrious predecessors;" but experience soon taught us that our congregations were capable of making all these discoveries, without our aid; and we think we have offered our last apology, either for our preaching or our writings. Apologies, indeed, are usually regarded as the preliminary flourish of trumpets by which the soldier admonishes his enemy of his presence and his prowess, and many congregations have come to feel like the deacon, who knew when his minister was about to produce a crack sermon, because then he always commenced with an apology. Let our readers understand, that whether we preach a sermon, write a book, or build a railroad, we put our best foot forward, do just the best we can, and as God requires no more than a man hath, neither will my kind reader.

But we cannot invite the reader to pass to the perusal of these pages without furnishing him with at least a few of the reasons which stimulate us to write.

First, we have hoped, that while we should furnish some crumbs for his intellectual appetite, and direct to his lips some rills of the water of life, he, on his part, would contribute something of his abundance to replenish the barrel and the cruse of the Blind Man and his dependent family. We trust you will not despise our offering, because of its humble pretensions and homely style, for golden fruit is sometimes served up in a wooden dish.

Our *second* reason for writing, is the marked favor which a generous public has accorded to our former works; about twenty thousand copies of which have found their way into circulation. We seem to have struck "a lead," as the miners say, and we feel diposed to trace it up a little further. We are fully impressed with the responsibility of the man who writes a book. That book, if it be read, will do great good, or great evil. It starts a wake of influence which will urge many a navigator toward hell or heaven. And "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." And if the Author scatter seeds of error, both himself and the generations he influences, shall reap only a harvest of thorns. Oh!

God of the harvest, save us from scattering tares, but furnish us with pure wheat from thine own granery. Let us dwell, while we write, so near the throne, that we may dip our pen in the ink-horn of a full salvation; and let the glory of God illuminate every page. Amen.

Our *third* reason for writing is, that unless we misapprehend the voice of the Spirit, the same voice which said to us many years ago, "Go preach the Gospel," now says to us, "write all the words which I speak unto thee." For more than a twelvemonth, by day and by night, has that voice been urging us on. When multiplied thoughts have come rolling over our heart, we have exclaimed with the Patriarch of Uz, "Oh, that they were now written, that they were printed in a book;" that they might speak to the fathers, and to the children of the passing generation, and of coming times.

This voice which we have interpreted to be the voice of God, is our most urgent and crowning reason. As the rod of Moses swallowed up the rods of the magicians, so this reason not only overtops all other reasons, but overcomes our reluctance, and we tremblingly, and yet hopefully advance. And if it be any other voice than thine which speaks to us, if it be any other hand than thine which beckons us forward, do thou, O God, hedge up our way, and save us from taking one step without thee. But if we have chosen the way thou wouldst have us take, go before us like a pillar of light, unlock unto us magazines of heavenly thought, and may thy servant, like a well instructed scribe, bring forth things new and old. And now we solemnly dedicate the mind that indites, the hand that writes, and the volume which may be produced, to Thee. Now, therefore, we, GEORGE W. HENRY, of the Village of Oneida, the County of Madison, and State of New York, on this 10th day of November, 1855, as Noah covenanted to build the ark, so do we enter into solemn engagement and covenant with Noah's unchanging God, to erect our literary structure according to the length, and breadth, and height, which he shall prescribe, and to serve him with all our redeemed powers, all the days of our life, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

CHAPTER I.

Origin of Matrimony, Temporal and Spiritual.

Having baptized our book and consecrated it to God in the foregoing preface, in order to finish this ceremony we will christen it "THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB; or Wedlock, Temporal and Spiritual." Therefore, dear reader, when you see the label and open the package, you will expect to find the all-absorbing and everlasting theme of courting and marrying, and their consequences, both temporal and spiritual, provided the author sticks to his text. Now we propose laying our foundation on *Bible Rock*. The reader will please go with us for a while into the old quarry, and see if we cannot gather a few goodly stones. We will first see if we can lay a good foundation for this temporal union, inquire where it was born, and who is its author. With the Bible before us, we have no reason to doubt but that the institution of matrimony, both temporal and spiritual, originated in the mind of the great Eternal in Heaven, and were both consummated by him on earth. And now let us appeal to the law and testimony, for proof.

When the first happy pair were locked together on earth, Hymen's gentle and all-powerful bolt was sprung by the hand of the Almighty, who, holding the key himself, sealed the lock with his own signet, and passed at the same time the decree, that what he had joined together no man might put asunder. Who will pretend to say that God in his Providence was not the principal agent in making a match between Isaac and Rebecca—a type, as we shall hereafter endeavor to show, of the marriage of his own Son? Who so blind as not to discover the hand of God in joining the heart and hand of the gentle Ruth to Boaz, and by so doing placing an important link in the chain of genealogy which extends down the stream of time into the Messiah's kingdom, where we find him in person gracing by his royal presence the marriage in Cana of *Galilee*, where he performed his first miracle. Again, "Two," saith he, "shall be one flesh." Again, "Let a bishop be the husband of one wife." Yea, even Paul, the old bachelor, said it was good to marry, and that they who married did well, and in his opinion it was an honorable transaction. And we have no doubt but untold millions of men and women, through an especial providence of God, have been brought to embrace each other in the holy bonds of matrimony, their nuptial festivities being honored by the spiritual presence of Christ, have been as so many fountains, sending forth their limpid and laughing streams of conjugal affection.

Making the rough paths of Nature even,
And building on the hearth-stone a domestic heaven.

But turning over the leaf, and taking the liberty of judging a tree by its fruits, may we not as readily conclude that a great many matches are made in that other place, that God has never set his seal upon? But instead of pure, holy, reciprocal affection, they have been forced and fastened together by the almost omnipotent bolt of mammon. Therefore, instead of matrimony, it has become a *matter-of-money*, and when Mammon's cords fail, the two buildings, having never been united, but merely confined together, separate and fall. Others are brought together by some unbridled, unhallowed passions, &c. This is not true wedlock, but *Padlock*. So much for the foundations of temporal union.

Perhaps, reader, before we proceed to the spiritual structure, we will see whether we understand each other. What are the principles incorporated in wedlock, what in padlock, or what is the difference in the two locks? Mr. Webster says, "Wedlock is matrimony, the union of man and woman for life." The genuine article is two hearts, male and female, melted by the power of conjugal love, and flowing together, swelling the fountain, so mingling and commingling together, that it is not in the power of man to separate them. It is like the gushing tear that rolled down the cheek of Jesus and mingled with the mourners' tears at Bethany, or like the hearts of David and Jonathan knit together. This is the mystic or secret tie that makes the frigid and selfish old bachelor wonder in his amazement, as he beholds a man and his wife, like a gallant vessel crossing the sea of life—now rising on the wave of prosperity and joy—now gradually sinking together in the valley of poverty and want. It is because love has made them one. So much for the explanation of wedlock.

The difference between the two locks is this: *Wedlock* takes captive and makes a more than willing prisoner, binding its subject to the object of its love. *Padlock* throws its galling chain around its unwilling subject, and fastens it to the object of cold indifference or aversion, if not of perfect hatred. We may confine oil and water in a vial, but it is not in the power of man to make them unite. Even so is it in this latter case.

The next business in order, my pleasant reader, after we have made ourselves believe that you are fully persuaded that true wedlock was born in Heaven, and nursed and reared upon the bosom of true benevolence upon earth, with your permission, will be to go again to the old quarry and see if we cannot blast out a few more blocks for the foundation of our *spiritual* edifice. Here we find God saying, "Thy Maker is thy husband." Again, "As a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy God marry thee, and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." What an infinite condescension. We see God and his sanctified Church basking in the sunshine of a bridal honeymoon, dwelling in the land of Beulah. Jeremiah hears him complain that they broke his covenant, although he was a husband unto them. And in the New Testament he makes a marriage for his Son, and sends out a card of invitation calling all the neighbors to a rich repast, and at midnight a voice falls on the ear of the slumbering virgins, saying, "Behold the bridegoom cometh, go ye out to meet him." "And the Lord God said, it is not good for man to be alone, I will make an help-meet for him." Again, "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing." "I would therefore that the younger widows marry." John calls the Church "the elect lady." He was introduced to her by one of the angels while on his tour to Patmos. He says, "The angel took him to a great and high mountain where he saw the bride, the Lamb's wife," in all her loveliness. Again, he heard a commandment from the *throne* for all his Church to shout and triumph, and the hallelujahs that rose to heaven from the great multitude were like the thunderings and roarings of a thousand Niagaras, saying, "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor unto Him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife has made herself ready." Here we see the last believer in the kingdom of grace forming a portion of the body of the wife, perfecting the whole, arrayed in fine linen, without spot or wrinkle, with a glorified body. The marriage being now consummated, the wedding ring is placed upon her finger, emblematical of the husband's rich grace and endless love. The party being all ready, we pass over into the new heavens and new earth, to enjoy the second-day-wedding, where we behold her as a bride adorned for her husband. We will leave her here for a while at her new and happy home in the bridal chamber of her Lord.

The world has ever been sprinkled over with poets, sages, wooers and winkers, on the subject of temporal union, but we have never seen a single volume written on "The Marriage of the Lamb:" although there is no figure, metaphor, or symbol, so frequently made use of by the holy prophets or apostles, or even by the blessed Jesus himself, to illustrate the various relations the Church holds to Christ as that of a wife to her companion, while on his part he presents himself to the Church in all the happy and manifold relations of a husband. There are three degrees of salvation in the Church, represented as the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear. Again, by little children, young men, and fathers. Again, by servant, friend, and wife. The former is the union of the outer, the latter that of the inner man. The first, of the body; the last, of the soul. Therefore, reader, when we speak of wedlock here, we mean the genuine Christian, united to Christ, as the branch is united to the vine in living union, for there are doubtless many padlocked or merely fastened by the the discipline or law of the Church, such as Christ would deny being wedded to, and declare in the last day that he never knew them. It may be they have done some wonderful works, but not from a principle of true love to God. They may have burned incense in the Temple, but they snuffed the odor themselves, and verily, they have had their reward below, and must not expect it above.

There, reader, so much for our Bible foundation, upon which we intend to erect our edifice. And as you are here now and raise no objection, we will take it for granted that you are satisfied, both with the quality and quantity of material collected. We will proceed then, to prove to your further satisfaction, if we can, that wedlock and its consequences is an everlasting subject to talk about, and will never wear out while the world stands. So here we go for the trial and proof. We are not about to put on a face as long as our arm, for there could be nothing more out of place or out of character at a wedding. Whatever religion has done for other people, or the union of the soul to Christ, it has not lengthened our visage, but it has taken us in its arms and set us down in the land of Beulah, where we are able to rejoice evermore, where we can drink from the rock, and shout from the tops of the mountains. Holy joy is one thing, and levity is quite another thing. They are born of different fathers, and they neither act or look any more alike than their different progenitors. Great care should be taken by Christians that these children do not play together while speaking or writing. For be sure, "evil communications" always did and always will "corrupt good manners." Oh Lord, save us from the two extremes, the *blues* and *levity*.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe presents herself this morning in the Independent in a notice of Sydney Smith's new book, which seems to accord with our notions of sanctified joy, or even mirth. We will ask her to endorse for us. *She says*, "We have the impression that a vast deal of genial humor is conscientiously strangled in religious people, which might illuminate and warm the way of life. Wit and gaiety answer the same purpose that a fire does in a damp house, dispersing chills and drying up mould, and making all wholesome and cheerful. The difference between such a man as Theodore Hook and Sydney Smith, is all the difference between lively nonsense and lively sense. Wit is a flask of oil to keep the machinery of life in smooth and kindly play. But he who lives on oil has too much of a good thing." But it is not enough for us that erring mortals endorse our opinion, since the Bible is laden with examples, precepts, yea and even commandments, also to rejoice evermore, to exult and triumph, and that too by all demonstrations of gladness, such as laughter, tears of joy, stamping of feet, clapping of hands, and shoutings aloud ; yea, any way and every way that nature and spirit employ to demonstrate their joy. The poet exclaims,

> "O for a thousand tongues to sing,
> My great Redeemer's praise."

Dr. Payson calls on Gabriel to lend him his trumpet, that he might make known to a dying world the rapturous joy he felt in believing. Peter says it is "unspeakable and full of glory." It is said of the Prophet Isaiah, that he was once so happy and so full of this bright glory, that they were obliged to soothe him with music before he could receive and entertain a message from God. The three disciples, when on the Mount of Transfiguration, were equally overwhelmed, and reeled under the exceeding weight of glory. John, at Patmos, and thousands of Christians from that day to this, have fallen to the earth as dead, under its weight. And reader, if the shouts of the redeemed while crossing over Jordan in the arms of Death could be concentrated, they would make heaven and earth tremble.

Suppose, reader, in your morning ramble, you see a dozen servants engaged in their various duties according to their Master's instructions, and you should see those servants miserably clad, with a long visage, a sad and sorrowful countenance, with not a song or a smile among them. You pass on a mile farther. Here is an equal number of servants, male and female. Before you reach the plantation, you hear the ploughboy's whistle. In another direction is heard the hearty laugh, while within the house, amid the din and rattle of the domestic furniture, are the songs of mirth and gladness. As you approach, you find them all well clad, with plump and ruddy countenances, lit up with the smile of content and the sunshine of joy. I now ask you, which of these two masters would you prefer to serve? I hear you say, "Lord, deliver me from the first, but let me hail with joy the pleasant and easy yoke of the latter."

Here, kind reader, lies, in our opinion, one of the most prominent obstacles ever used by the Destroyer to bar out the young from joining themselves as servants in the pleasant and delightful employment of Christ, whose yoke we have found as he represented, very easy, and his burden light. In our own experience we know that this is true. The very idea of bidding adieu to joy and all the pleasures of life, as we supposed we should have to do, from hearing so many professors of religion forever growling about doing duty, with a face which looked like a daguerreotype of despair sitting on a tomb-stone and peering into futurity, I say, such testimony and such appearances, instead of drawing us into the kingdom of grace, constantly repelled us from ever desiring such an experience. But it was the happy soul, who, smiling through tears of joy, and clapping his hands in triumph, told of a joy and peace with which the world was unacquainted, that drove the arrow of conviction to our heart, convincing us that there were raptures to which we were strangers. And then thirteen years in the service of our Divine Master has constrained us to exclaim, in the language of the Royal Queen, "that the half had never been told of these heavenly joys." So, reader, you must not expect to be marched down to the end of our book by some doleful funeral dirge, neither excited by songs of revelry, for such things are always inappropriate at a wedding.

When the black-lettered list to the gods was presented,
The list of what fate for each mortal intends,
At the long list of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings, wife, children, and friends.

CHAPTER II.

Perpetuity and Test of Connubial Love.

"Getting married." Is not that an interesting theme? A trite one, you will say. Well, admit it; and yet it is a theme that grows not stale by familiarity, but possesses a fresh and joyous interest to every passing generation. It began to be agitated in Eden, where the first wedding was held. It is true that Adam did not have the protracted courtship, the jiltings and vicissitudes to which many of his sons have been doomed. When Shakespeare wrote,

> "The course of true love never did run smooth,"

he forgot the case of the wooers in Paradise. But then, with Adam it was Hopkins' choice—Eve or nobody. So that, no long deliberations and hesitations marked the contract of the heads of our race. Between Eve and other fair competitors there might have been room to hesitate, but between Eve and celibacy there was none. With the rest of the race the case is different. Few have ever lived in any age, or any land, who, when candid, will not confess to the soft impeachment of having had thoughts and tendencies in this direction.

The foundation of these thoughts and tendencies is laid in the social, the physical, and the religious nature which God hath given us. They are not peculiar to any age, to any country, and I might almost add, to any period of life. In the fall of man, love of domestic life remained; and Milton regards it as the "only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall." The deluge which extinguished every other flame was oil to these hallowed fires.

> "Love's holy flame forever burneth;
> From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
> Awhile on earth, a pilgrim guest,
> At times aggrieved, at times oppressed,
> Then hath in heaven its holy rest."

You cannot show me a man or woman who has not thought and talked enough on this subject to fill a larger volume than the one we now present you. From the cradle to the coffin of the great-grandfather and grandmother, the subject of matrimony has been the strawberries and cream of their whole life.

Even so is it with the Christian that has been truly united to Christ in heavenly wedlock, whose first love never became chilled by spiritual adultery, and whose sun is never eclipsed by earthly fogs and clouds, but "shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Such an one never gets tired of talking about Jesus. They shout glory as they enter the kingdom, and end their pilgrimage with loud hallelujahs. Their conversation has been in heaven, and about heaven, and the theme of this heavenly union has been manna to their souls "all the way through the wilderness." It has been like the garments and the shoes of the old Israelites, which never wore out or became unfashionable. He who sees the end from the beginning, has purposed that the subject of marriage shall never lose its interest, until the last generation shall stand on the coasts of a doomed world; and he has ordained that in his Church shall gush up fountains of everlasting joy, from the conscious union which subsists between himself and his people. Just ere the fiery storm fell on Sodom, and just before the seething waters rolled over the old world, songs were heard rising from bridal feasts, and so it will be, until we shall be swept on into a state where the inhabitants do not marry and are not given in marriage.

We have stated that there were three degrees of love to God in the hearts of his people, so there are three degrees of natural love in human nature. These three were implanted by the Creator in the first happy pair, when first created ; and of course they partook of the purity of the Creator. The first, and least fervent, was the love of our neighbor, and the measure of this love was the love we bear to ourselves. It will prompt us to feel toward them, and do for them, always and everywhere, as we should wish or expect them to do to us under changed circumstances. This is the second great commandment, and is the basis of the Savior's golden rule. This is the great ligament which, like the band around Joseph's sheaf, binds together the human family.

The second plant in Nature's garden that has grown so tall that its branches, laden with choice fruit, bend over nearly every cabin and castle in the world, is that tie of consanguinity which binds together parents and children—the silken tie of parental and filial love, like a cluster of ripe grapes hanging on the pole of Caleb and Joshua, as they returned from Canaan.

The third plant, if not more holy, is certainly twice as potent as either of the former. It is double and twisted—is oft-times raised in a hot-bed, in a garden of spices, and has been the greatest restorative of life earth could boast of, except supreme love to God—we mean connubial affection, or conjugal love. Reader, we are talking about the genuine article. Religion, with all its power, never quenches this holy flame, it only sanctifies it. Like righteousness and peace, they embrace and kiss each other, and their salutation is as holy as the first impression on the cheek of Rachel, when greeted by the youthful and ardent Jacob. Death alone can sever that hallowed tie. Even good old Enoch, while walking with God, as a confiding bride leans on the arm of her husband, formed his alliance and became the head of a numerous family, and then, from the sanctified associations of home, the aged pilgrim was taken to heaven without seeing death. Conjugal love admits of but one object. It can exist only when perfectly concentrated. You may hold a sunglass, in a midsummer's day, so as to throw the rays of the sun over a wide surface, and produce little or no effect, but by care, you may so adjust it that the rays shall be concentrated to an intense focus, and the building is soon wrapped in flames. So when the truant affections range over a wide field, no flame will kindle, but when brought to bear intensely upon a single point, a fire is kindled which will not easily be extinguished. Parents may pour on water, and every neighbor open his hydrant, to extinguish the rising fires, but like Moses' bush, those hearts still flame, and yet are not consumed. Meantime, those cords which had bound the virgin heart to her childhood's home, begin to give way, like the green withes on a Sampson's arm, and the long agony is soon over. The willing parson closes up the years of courtship, controversy and opposition, and inaugurates the reign of domestic joy and connubial bliss. "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife," and with equal willingness, and for the same reasons, the bride leaves all behind her, to follow her chosen one *to the ends of the earth.* Let Heaven be praised for that kind arrangement of his providence which "sets the solitary in families." Man and woman, separate, are like two hemispheres, rough and misshapen, which, being joined, part to its counterpart, makes up a round and lovely world. When congenial spirits meet, and are joined in those holy ties which death alone can sever, then this third principle of earthly love reaches its culminating point, then the third heaven of earthly bliss is reached.

Now, reader, as we designed in this chapter only to insist on the general interest this subject has in most minds, shall we strengthen our statements (as you know Methodists are wont to do) by relating a little of our experience? Not that our experience is a singular one, it is yours, reader, with only a variation of incidents, if your memory has preserved those incidents, and your tongue is free to narrate them. Old Solomon told his experience of youthful loves, and pronounced it vanity. Rosseau made his "confessions," and gloried in his piccadillos and gallantries. Our mind runs back, and from many a point in our earthly race, fairy forms start up before us. This tender plant of love sprouted in our heart, as it did in yours, before we had graduated to our teens. Let us frankly confess, that though we grew up a country lad, as green as a leek, and so bashful that a glance from one of the tender sex would set our heart fluttering like an aspen leaf, we did fall in love with a little Miss of our own class and age, when a man about ten years of age. Whether this was reciprocal, or only *ex-parte*, we were not, and are not entirely certain. The first form of expression which our passion took, was selecting the largest and fairest apple in the cellar, and slipping it into her dinner basket at school. In this case, the man gave the apple to the woman, and she did eat, but as there was no law against it, no harm was done.

Now, if you have never had a child, or if you are now a cynic, or, what is worse, an old bachelor, please pass on to the next chapter, for in the story of our early loves you will find no interest, and for our heart's experiences you will feel no sympathy. Well, winter at last gave way to spring, and with it closed up school, and with it our apple marketing. Not many days after, we saw our little divinity come tripping up the road which ran by our house. We fled to the barn, with our palpitating heart, and mounting the scaffold, feasted our eyes through the swallow hole, until our little kingdom vanished from our sight like a duck on the ocean. Ashamed of our childish bashfulness, we now resolved to play the man, and a golden opportunity soon presented itself. A child's party was made up in the neighborhood, and, in company with a cousin of ours, about our own age, who had also received an arrow from the quiver of our little conqueror, we ventured upon the hazardous enterprise of securing her and her mother's consent to attend the party. Smile, reader, if you will, at our embarrassments and fears, but never did Queen Esther have to summon more of courage to present herself, unbidden, to the King, than did your humble author in this enterprise. However, we triumphed, and led off our prize, her warm palm in ours, until we passed where our cowardly cousin lay in ambush, who claimed the other hand, and we triumphantly proceeded to the party. Cousin A. held on for her about as long as Jacob did for Rachel, and then bore her away a willing captive to the far West, leaving your flaxen-haired author to fall into and out of love, until we had reached the alarming age of thirty, when we were effectually captured by a small craft, not carrying more than half our number of guns (years.) We were forced to yield, to lower our bachelor flag, and own ourself conquered. After a short treaty, the articles of capitulation were duly signed. A few neighbors were called to witness the contract, the good minister gave us his blessing and a through ticket in the matrimonial car, which carries us to the suspension bridge which crosses the river Jordan. At the edge of this river, all temporal wedlocks are canceled, but spiritual wedlock is never dissolved. Those who are joined to Christ pass over on the celestial railroad, where, attendants from the King conduct the happy bride to the metropolis of the kingdom. She approaches the golden city with joy, holding in her hand her marriage certificate, which she had received on her bridal morning. This is her pass through the gates of pearl, and her title deed to an inheritance among the mountains of Canaan. She is conducted in triumph to the King, her husband, and amid the greetings of the saved, is presented as a chaste virgin to Christ, to be henceforth a partner of his throne.

And now, reader, if you are on board the car matrimonial, whether ticketed only to the suspension bridge, or to the bright land beyond, suffer a word of admonition. You will have occasion to exercise great watchfulness, forbearance and courtesy, while on board, lest you fall out by the way ; as at some points the ground is uneven, and the car is apt to careen to the right or to the left.

Having told as much of our experience as we desire, we feel inclined to give you a passage in the history of an intelligent, black eyed little boy, who a few years ago was the light of our blind eyes. Emory W. was a bundle of affections—indeed was nearly all soul. Consequently, he was early in love with a little girl about his own age. His father, who was a staid parson, hearing of the stripling's captivity, issued a peremptory order that he must stop falling in love with the girls. The lad being under our care, (or rather we being under his,) we of course communicated the order to him, though with little faith in its efficacy. Emory, as we expected, immediately planted himself on the higher law, and, Mordecai like, refused to bow. "Tell my father," said he, "that he may whip me as long as he pleases, but he cannot whip love out of me ; I will love whom I please, and as much as I please, for God has commanded us to love one another with a pure heart fervently." Here was one of the most intelligent and best boys I ever knew, who knew by experience what it is to love God, and the girls too. If Emory (now in one of the principal banks of Albany) should chance to see this item of his history, he will pardon us, in view of our motives. We have said, in the history of our life, that we believe that our attachment to respectable young ladies was our salvation from the drunkard's cup, while whirling for twenty years in the mælstrom of public life. We well knew that if this habit were fastened on us, we should soon be banished from our Eden. We would advise parents not to hold too tight a rein on their sons who seek the society of amiable ladies, lest their feet turn to the haunts of intemperance, or to the house of her whose steps take hold on hell. Rather teach them, like our young friend Emory, to cultivate the love of God and man, and as in his case, neither threatenings, nor whips, nor imprisonment, nor death, shall purge out the purifying leaven. Let our hearts be brought so fully under the hallowed dominion of love, that with the apostle, we may be pursuaded that neither life, with its charms, nor death, with its terrors, shall be able to separate us from the love of God.

And now, patient reader, we have crossed over the porch of our humble structure, and if you please, we will pause and ring the bell, and wait for the porter to open the door, and introduce us into a scene of wondrous beauty, where we hope to linger with you for a time, surveying Paradise, as it was before it was blighted by the fall.

CHAPTER III.

Entrance into the New World.

Well, reader, here we find ourselves just across the threshold of the new world, at the very spot where Moses took up the pen to write the Alpha, and for aught we know, we may be writing the Omega of books. Yes, before we complete our tour of observation, Old Time, with his emigrant train, may have landed his last passenger at the great depot of Eternity, and every traveller may have reached his long home. Lord, grant that that home may be to us and our readers a home of blessedness and joy.

Moses condensed the history of "the world before the flood," into six short chapters of the Bible. These brief chapters are like a never failing well, where the inhabitants of a whole city may pump water sufficient for all their wants. The literary world has been drawing from this well for many centuries, and, like the ink-horn of salvation, is still full and running over.

> ' No lack in that fountain, it always is full."

Whatever is not here affirmed or denied, is of course open to inference and supposition, and as God is no respecter of persons, we have the same right to guess, infer, or pump, as others. Milton was blind, and he did a wonderful amount of pumping, and he has sent the laughing waters down all the highways of life for these centuries. We are blind, also. To us the day is as the night ; but a tinny hand leads us to the pump, and we shall joyfully labor, hoping that many a weary pilgrim may drink and be refreshed.

It is true, we promised our readers that our theme should be all about getting married, but you know it takes some time to prepare for these nuptial festivities, whether they are temporal or spiritual—especially if the parties belong to a royal house. You remember that only those who were ready, entered into the marriage feast, while the door was shut in the face of all others. As you were with us in our former chapters, you saw us stand between our mirror and wardrobe, and adorn ourselves according to the usage on bridal occasions ; thus have we been donning our attire for our survey of the new creation, and here we are, in the midst of Paradise, and shall soon see the great Creator marrying the birds and beasts; but we will take a minute survey, and avoid all undue haste. God did up his work in order, only a day's work in a day, and you will not require greater speed of us. Most writers have made only a morning call in Paradise, or at least a casual stop, but we intend to make a good family visit, of a month or so, *a la mode Virginia.* No, reader, let us make ourselves at home, get acquainted with the place, and get introduced to the Governor and some of the royal family.

'T was early Monday morning, when the uncreated, self-existing, and omnipotent Creator commenced his week's work in Paradise, to fit up an abode for the human family, and for the lower order of animals which were to be made. The first grand move was, to create the heavens and the earth. The materials were not eternal, not pre-existent, but were created at the time, and for the purpose to which they were applied. But all was yet formless and void, and darkness was on the face of the deep. The earth was as yet like an unmoulded lump of clay cast from the wheel of the potter, and floating like a porpoise in a deep sea; all was shrouded in midnight darkness. Forth came the brooding Spirit, and lifted up the eyelids of the morning, and a robe of light gathered around the infant world. God smiled on what was now done, and the evening and the morning were the first day. In something such a manner, God commenced his new creation in fallen man, and proceeds gradually, but certainly, to perfect his work. He is now employed in lifting the darkness from many a sinner's heart, and garnishing them with grace, making them a meet habitation for his Holy Spirit.

And now the second day's work has commenced. The Sovereign lifts up his Almighty hand, and a firmament of brightness canopies the newly created world. Again he speaks, and the waters are divided and take their position, like the wings of a great army, and with the heaven above, and the seas below, the second day's work is done.

And now, reader, having observed the work of creation on the first and second days, and rested for a little, we are ready for what further shall transpire. Early on Wednesday morning, we hear the voice of the Creator, speaking with authority to the scattered waters to rally to their positions. The order being obeyed, mother Earth begins to arise from the parting waves, like a huge Leviathan, and lift up her Alpine hills and Alleghany ridges, and these twin children were christened Earth and Sea. The Earth was as yet as naked as its first inhabitants were before the fall, and as unadorned as an unfurnished house. The next work was to cover the earth with a carpet of living green, as the young house-keeper covers her parlor floor; and this was adorned with flowers of every hue, from the humble violet to the night-blooming ceres and the rose of Sharon. There blooms the lily of the valley, bowing, as with meekness and reverence, to the great Creator. Enlarge the range of your vision, and you see the full grown forest—all "trees of the Lord—full of sap," from the shrub by the wall to the cedar of Lebanon, with branches extending, and leaves fluttering in the gentle breezes of the morning, the play-ground of the then uncreated beasts and birds. Trees, flowers and grass were created male and female, each masculine furnished with a little granery of seed for the next year's sowing. Added to all this beauty, are seen orchards and vineyards, bending with purple and golden fruit, so that one is almost tempted to apologize for our great-grandmother Eve, for doing as she did. There stands on a little mound, the tree of life, taller, fairer, and more graceful than the rest, its fruit most ravishing to the taste, and it is said there is no sickness or ills its leaves would not cure, if applied in due season.

Now, reader, this is just the way God proceeded when he created our souls anew in Christ Jesus. The Savior had no more beauty in our eyes than the earth when it was without form and void, and covered with thick darkness. He was to us as a root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness. But when the hand of divine grace began to restore in us the image we had lost by the fall, God began to clothe us as he did the new earth, or as the overjoyed father did his returning prodigal son. He opened our eyes and filled our whole body with light. He created in us a hungering and thirsting for heavenly food, and then led us to the tree of life, every branch of which was laden with precious fruits, although of different kinds. Mercy beckoned us to approach, and eat, and live forever. We partook largely of the fruit called love. Another limb was bending with heavenly joy, and waving over the whole was the bough of peace; and long-suffering, and gentleness and goodness, and faith, and hope, and charity were there. And though we partook freely, the supply was unexhausted; there was "enough for all, enough for each, enough forevermore." Now, reader, if you have overcome, by the blood of the Lamb, and by keeping the commandments of God, you have a right to eat of all the fruit clustering on the boughs of this delightful tree.

Now, if thou art refreshed and strong, reader, we will borrow the wings of those two angels, so sweetly conversing together, and take a little survey of this New World, see on what its foundations rest, and whether it has inhabitants or not. We shall move swiftly on such wings as these, and can soon complete our observations. Why, we have dreamed of flying before, but this *is* flying. How we cut the yielding air, sweep around the opposing mountain's peak, and skim along the plain. And what a scene of wondrous beauty greets our eyes. Surely, eye hath not seen such beauty, the ear heard such melody, nor heart conceived such profusion of fruits and flowers, as adorn this virgin sphere. There is a laughing stream leaping from the rock, baptizing the adjacent trees and flowers with golden spray, and inviting every living thing to drink and be refreshed. We pause and drink, and rise with new vigor in our pinions. Surely, it was the water of the River of Life. And now we cross the sea, and the sea is clear as crystal. We can see its profoundest depth, and its waves, as they dance along and kiss the sounding shores, raise an everlasting anthem to the Creator. And now we approach the Paradise whence we set out, and it is demonstrated that this earth has no foundations, that it is suspended over an empty sphere, and hung on nothing. Stranger still, it sweeps through space, and revolves on its axis, yet its waters are not spilled, for God had assigned them metes and bounds, that they may not pass. A thousand rivers pour into the sea, and yet the sea is not full; to the place whence they rose, they return. The most remarkable thing of all is, that there are no inhabitants of earth, or air, or floods. Our solitary wings alone waved in the heavens, no human foot trod the hills or plains, and no finny nations swarmed in the bosom of the deep. We have surveyed a wild scene of loveliness, but it is a great desolation, for there is not a man to till the ground. Roses run riot, with no hand to trail or tend them ; fruits rot untasted, and fragrance wastes its sweetness on the air.

And now some little boy, who reads the record of our flight, will cry out in wonder and joy, "what a pity that that delightful country should be without inhabitants. I mean to persuade papa to sell out his interest in this old burying ground, and emigrate at once." Amen. There is a country fairer than the one we have surveyed, in which you may all gain a home. We advise all our readers to sell out at once, and secure a pre-emption right to a home in heaven.

"There's room enough in Paradise, for all a home in glory."

And here we close up our third day's work, and get ready for the morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

Fourth Day's Work in Creation.

Well, reader, here we are, up and dressed, for the fourth day's work. For our part, we feel greatly refreshed by the taste we had yesterday of the fruit of life, and especially by the draught of water from the river of life, on the new plantation. And it is our opinion that those grapes we gathered are the same kind that Bunyan says the shepherds gave to the pilgrims on the Delectable Mountains, as they were going to the celestial city, the juice of which so stuck to their lips that they talked in their sleep, and dreamed dreams, and saw visions about the place whither they were going, so that when they awoke in the morning, they were about as happy as if they had really been there. But it ought not to satisfy us to be made partakers of these joys ourselves, for we are not at liberty to live for ourselves alone. We should increase in knowledge, that we may communicate to others; therefore, while breakfast is preparing, let us see if we cannot write some profitable things on the tablet of our memories.

> "'Tis not the much we read that makes us wise,
> But that which safely in our memory lies."

You say we are one day in advance of the Bible record—that the work now to be done ought to be called the third day's work instead of the fourth. But you must remember the peculiar manner in which the Jews reckoned time. They commenced their day of twenty-four hours at six o'clock in the evening, but in common language, a day with them was reckoned at twelve hours. In accordance with this custom the Savior asked, "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" So it is written that Jesus lay three days in the tomb. Now he was crucified on Friday at three o'clock P. M., and thirty-six hours would bring it to three o'clock on Sunday morning, the day he arose from the dead. So you see we are right as to the day.

One thing more we may learn from our three days' experience. You remember, our Savior has told us that we should take no thought for the morrow, because it was a day unborn; therefore it could minister nothing to our wants. We suppose he meant to give us to understand, each day brings along in its own satchel all necessary joys and sorrows, toils and cares to occupy all our present time and thoughts. There are a thousand people in the world, who, when they have a cloudless day, will be sure to regard it as a weather-breeder, and so fail to enjoy its sunny hours. What a pity that so many Christians imitate this unwise example. When Christ in his mercy vouchsafes some especial blessing, taking them into his banqueting house and spreading his banner of love over them, or taking them to the summit of Olivet and mantling them with glory, they are distressed with the apprehension that it is the forerunner of some fearful trial, the harbinger of days of evil ; just as ancient Israel, with their mouths filled with quail, were troubled about their next meal, and instead of rejoicing evermore, were forever grumbling. We'll tell you what it is, reader, we have seen the time in our life when it was with difficulty we could borrow a dollar, but we have never seen the time when we could not borrow any amount of trouble from the never-failing uncreated bank of To-morrow, and that too, without an endorser. It discounts freely to every applicant. There is in the world enough of real and necessary trouble, without taking pains to preserve that of yesterday or borrow that of to-morrow. In our first day's journey in the new world, every measure and quaver of our time was filled, wonders increased during the second day's observations, and yesterday we all agree was the most interesting day of all.

And now we wish to put you in possession of a little information we have become possessed of since our excursion of yesterday. We have learned that the King designs this glorious edifice for his only Son, by whom and for whom all these things were created, whom he has appointed to be the Prince of all the kings of the earth ; and that furthermore this Prince designs soon to enter into the marriage state, that his intended bride is preparing her bridal robes and beautiful adornings for the joyful occasion. And while she is making herself ready, he is preparing a place and a mansion for her. The Prince has agents in the home of his bride, and his addresses are paid to her by proxy ; but when all preliminaries are adjusted, and the bridal hour approaches, he will come personally with a gorgeous retinue as befits a royal bridegroom, bear home his espoused wife, and introduce her to his Father and the holy angels, as Isaac took the hand of Rebecca from Eliezer and introduced her to Abraham. And now we will close our morning tete-a-tete by singing,

> "Oh may I worthy prove to see
> Thy saints in full prosperity,
> To see the bright and glittering bride,
> Close seated by her husband's side."

Our morning meal now being over, and our devotions offered, we will go forth to see the great event of the day, which we understand is to hang up a chandelier of such dimensions, and such illuminating power, as to surpass the ability of imagination to conceive. This immense generator and dispenser of light is to be suspended beneath the dome of this great temple, and its walls are to be garnished with side-lights and reflectors. True, light was born two days ago, but like the unshapen earth it was chaotic, confused, and scattered. And as God gathered the waters into a great reservoir by a word, so now we see him concentrating the light into an immense fountain, whence it may send its unwasting tides over a hundred worlds. This wondrous chandelier was suspended about 95,000,000 of miles above the carpet and furniture of the Temple it was especially designed to illumine. And this chandelier has a counterpart which catches its brilliancy, and acts as its assistant in lighting up this goodly temple. If the greater light be called the King, the lesser may appropriately be regarded as Queen, and so the poets term it.. As in the absence of the father, the house is guided by the affectionate mother ; so when the greater light goes to kiss the sunny vales and gild the mountain tops of other kingdoms, the softer light comes stealing down on garden bowers, and lovers' walks, no less benignly and no less welcome than the more intense and glaring light which astronomers call the Sun.

And then all over the burning roof, and around the brilliant walls of the temple we see lesser lights scattered in infinite profusion, for the temple is ample in its dimensions, and "a great multitude which no man can number" are expected to be present at the approaching wedding. We can form little idea of the number of these brilliant reflectors. They stand thick o'er all the floor of heaven, and they stretch away far beyond the reach of our poor vision. Do you see that belt of milky white that stretches diagonally across the dome of our temple? Now put your eye to this glass and count the number of these reflectors that cross the field of your view. You have looked now forty-one minutes, and what is the result? Two hundred and fifty-eight thousand, you say. Well, this perhaps bears as great a proportion to the whole, as a grain of sand does to all that are spread on the ocean's shore. These lights answer not only an illuminating, but also a chronological purpose. They are the clocks of the temple, telling us of fleeing days and vanishing years.

And now if you are weary, sit down on this rosy bank, and we will enjoy ourselves very pleasantly, I doubt not, until summoned to our evening's refreshment, and night's slumber. Now hush! Here are a couple of little astronomers just over the bank, a brother and sister, I dare say, and they have been looking around the temple as well as we, and are conversing of all they have seen. I see from their conversation that their names are John and Mary. Now listen, and I will note down their communings.

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Mary—John, what are all those sparkling things that seem to be looking down upon us so steadily?

John—Well, Mary, I will tell you what I think they are. It is my opinion that they are angels eyes.

Mary—Why do you think so?

John—It is like this, Mary. When mother sends us into the yard to watch the baby, you know we are her eyes there. Now the Bible says that "the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous," and it is said that the angels are sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation, and I have thought that perhaps God employs angels eyes to watch us, as mother employs ours to watch the baby. And all that the angels see, they report to God, and a record of all is kept in a book, which will be opened and read in the last day.

Mary—Well now, if that is the case, I mean never to say or do a bad thing again. But, brother, even great men and ministers do not always think alike about these things, and you will not be offended, I am sure, if I do not think just as you do about them.

John—Oh no, sister, by no means. Let us hear your opinion.

Mary—Well now, they look to me like loop-holes in the sky to let the glory through. And I think it is through these that God pours down his glory into the hearts of such as love him. You know we have often heard Pa and Ma, after praying at the family altar, or after they have been to what they call a good prayer-meeting, say that their souls were full of glory.

John—Yes; and I remember that Grandpa and Grandma used to shout and clap their hands, and sing,

> "My heart 's full of glory inspiring my tongue,
> Could I meet with angels, I'd sing them a song."

But I never knew before where the glory came from, or how it got into their hearts.

Mary—Well, you know that at prayer-meetings the minister tells the people to open their mouths, and God will fill them, and this I suppose is the way the glory gets into their hearts.

John—Well, Mary, I confess your argument looks very plausible, especially when I remember that all those who go to prayer-meeting and never pray or say anything about Jesus, seem to have none of this good glory in them.

Mary—But I don't see why they need to cry about it. The tears always roll down mother's cheeks like a little flood when she gets happy ; but Pa shouts, and laughs, and acts so funny. But may be we shall understand it when we get older.

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See here, reader, we have now been in the land of dreams for half an hour, and the tea-bell is summoning us to supper. Well, it was a very pleasant half hour, and our little astronomers may be as nearly right in their conjectures as many children of a larger growth. It is amusing to see how great men will disagree, while the crowd stare at their learned arguments, but to angels who may be looking out from their invisible retreats, all their theories and arguments may appear more trifling than those of our juvenile philosophers have to us. Our Miltons and our Newtons are to them as precocious babes to us.

Well, now, our friend Thursday is packing up to be off, and we must be courteous to him as he has been to us. Well, farewell Thursday. We can never expect to see your pleasant face again, as we have already learned that time once passed never returns.—That is true, exclaims Thursday. I shall never be present to witness your well or ill doing again ; but I have written down in my memorandum book every thought, word, and action of yours since we have been together, and I am already summoned to meet you at the great assize, as a witness in behalf of the King. My book will then be opened as well as the book of your consciences, for it is written we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, and every one shall give account of himself to God, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or evil. And again it is written that for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of Judgment. Great God ! is this true? Kind Thursday, will you have the goodness to let us look at our account? "Too late," answered Thursday, "as the sun has gone down, and my book is sealed with the King's seal, and none save the Lion of the tribe of Judah has power to break the seal and cancel the account." So Thursday retires exclaiming, "We shall meet again at the judgment-seat." Dear reader, we wonder if we look as pale as you do? We have had no conception of a coming Judgment so vivid as that we now feel. There will be no bribing of the Judge, no contending lawyers, no false witnesses.

Then let us agree with our adversaries while we are in the way with them. And now we will close the day with prayer and singing.

"And must I be to judgment brought
  And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
  And every word I say?

Yes, every secret of my heart
  Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
  For all that I have done.

How careful then ought I to live;
  With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
  For my behavior here.

Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
  The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
  To all I speak or do.

If now thou standest at the door,
  O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
  I at thy bar appear"

CHAPTER V.

Fifth Day's Work in Paradise, Creation of Fish.

Well, reader, we see the King in the east again in his morning robes, "which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race." And here comes Friday, and above all the days of the week it should be most welcome to a fallen world; for on this day we were redeemed by the blood of the Lamb. This being our weekly fast-day, we turn our back upon our morning meal. Appetite may clamor as it may, but we must practice some self-denial. This is the morning of the day on which Jesus was bound, led away, and crucified. Do you suppose, reader, that the disciple whom Jesus loved, or the women who bewailed his fate, could relish their morning meal, or sip their smoking Java, while their Savior, husband, and friend, had only wormwood and gall presented to his lips?

Think, reader, for a moment, if the best friend you have on earth, were placed in the same circumstances, how would you feel, and how would your appetite be? How was it when death came to your house, and bore off father or mother, husband, wife, or child, as a wolf comes into the fold and bears off a tender lamb to his bloody den. By fasting to-day we shall bring more vividly before us the scenes of Calvary. We shall feel more fully the meaning of the words of Jesus, "the days come when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days." Our bridegroom still tarries in the heavens, and until he return to claim his bride, the Church should fast and mourn. There is the same promise made to those who fast, as to those who give alms or pray in secret. Cornelius, the father of the Gentile Church, fasted, prayed in secret, and gave alms; and what a reward was his. Let us copy his example if we would become rich toward God, and be honored of him at the last.

But the time has come for the business of the day to commence, and we have heard it announced that to-day the waters are to be replenished with fish, and the air with the fowls of heaven—a goodly day's work, to be sure. And see in this the goodness of the great Creator in providing an exhaustless supply of the most wholesome and palatable food for all the human family. Multitudes go in for a vain show, and for fine houses, and fine clothes, who will consent to live on the meanest fare. But the King's children have a well-spread table, for our Father knows that we have need of all these things, and in his sight we are of more value than many sparrows. So now he issues his royal word, "Let the water bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven." So that it would seem that fish and fowl were composed of water, as we shall hereafter see a nobler creature was of the dust of the earth. "Great whales" were first created, and these were prepared as vast reservoirs of oil for the human family. In the bow of each of these living vessels are several hogsheads of pure oil, stowed away to illuminate the habitations, and in various ways to minister to the wants of a thousand generations. Oil is frequently compared to the grace of God, and the illustration is very pertinent. Does oil light up our houses? The grace of God illuminates our hearts. Does oil prevent friction in mechanism and locomotion? What is equal to the grace of God to prevent the hoarse creakings of disordered moral machinery in the heart, or in the community?

> " 'Tis like the oil by Moses shed
> In sacred rite on Aaron's head."

By one or two sacred anointings, the rusty hinges of the proud sinner's knee, and the unbending frame of the man of dignity are made very supple, and easy to bow, and own the royalty and godhead of the Man of Nazareth. Were this oil a little more freely used by some of our Church members, it would be found a sovereign remedy for stiff joints; a disorder with which many are sorely afflicted. It is said in ancient history, that the builder of this oil vessel once made use of it as a life-boat to save a fugitive preacher, and bring him back to serve his Master. And I think he got so thoroughly oiled during the three days and nights he was in the vessel, that when he was landed he was entirely willing to go to the circuit where he had been appointed to preach by the great Bishop of souls. And I suppose, reader, that you have read the reason why the whale got so sick of his passenger, that he forsook his company and cut his acquaintance altogether. The story runs, that the Rev. Mr. Jonah was an inveterate user of tobacco, and that now in his troubles he began to smoke and chew at such a rate, that the whale gave him notice to quit at once. This is the story, but we confess we have no confidence in its truth. It is very likely to have been invented by some malicious person who professes to believe it wrong for ministers and Christians to use tobacco at all. How slanderous to charge such with being spendthrifts of God's time and money! How can any have the heart to compare them to the goat and tobacco-worm? How wrong to affirm that many are made filthy enough in their health, and mouth, and habits, to turn the stomach of a whale at first sight! I don't believe a word of that story about Jonah. And what a barbarous usage it is, to exclude smoking from railroad cars, and steamboat cabins, and ladies' parlors. And more barbarous still, to withhold this luxury and grateful soother of all our ills, from the ladies. Very likely in the opinion of "My Lords and Gentlemen," this would be unconstitutional, for they are not subject to the "often infirmities" of their husbands and brothers.

But we are digressing, while the waters around us and the air above us are beginning to teem with life. And now we will amuse ourselves with observing the habits and peculiarities of the aquatic and aerial tribes, and may be we shall see resemblances or antagonisms between them and the race to which we belong, which will be worthy to be studied and remembered.

The next great monarch of the floods is thus described by Him who created him. "His teeth are terrible round about, his scales are his pride, shut up together with a close seal; one is so near to another that no air can come between them. By his sneezings a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out. Out of his nostrils goeth smoke as out of a seething pot or caldron. His breath kindleth coals and a flame goeth out of his mouth. He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood. The arrow cannot make him flee, sling-stones are turned with him into stubble ; he laugheth at the shaking of a spear. He maketh a path to shine after him. One would think the deep to be hoary." We have copied but a part of this wonderful description, but we shall not enlarge upon it, "for who can speak after the King?"

God calls this fearful creature, leviathan ; we are accustomed to call him the crocodile. Who, think you, reader, are the crocodiles among men? They are the Pharaohs, the Alexanders, and the Bonapartes of earth. Being perfectly environed in their own scales, they know no fear, and in their wrath the nations are thrown into apprehensions like the inhabitants of the deep upon the appearance of their terrible enemy.—They seem born to command, to subdue, and to devour, and whoever will not acknowledge their power, must be crushed and swallowed. The slaveholder is a crocodile floundering in a shallow sea, and the negroes are the objects of his devouring appetite. With cannibal rapacity he devours them, their families, their industry, and their substance. While the noble whale is laden with rich blessings to comfort and enlighten the world, our autocrat leviathan swims only in blood and tears. It only requires power combined with cruelty to make a human crocodile. When men come to fear nothing, they soon cease to love mercy and practice benevolence to their fellow men.

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But you seem impatient, reader, to reach the wedding. Well, you are not exactly singular in this respect. Many young people have married in haste and repented at their leisure. The bird has been snared before the cage was prepared, and tied by a string, and then both bird and fowler lived from hand to mouth, through all their earlier and sunnier years. And it is true it is better to sit down to a dinner of herbs, where pure connubial love presides, than to feast on a stalled ox, where love does not spice the repast.

Some one has said that all a maiden wanted before marriage was a husband, and afterwards there was nothing but what she wanted. We are willing to leave the truth or falsehood of this statement to a jury of young husbands. They will testify that they first built their houses, then carted in furniture from garret to cellar, furnished supplies for the table from pepper-box to pork-barrel, then supplied clothing from a brass pin to wardrobe and jeweler's box, and then as the little responsibilities began to multiply—but tut, tut; we were to submit the matter to the jury, and we will not anticipate their decision. Whatever their decision may be, we are assured that the marriage of the Lamb will not take place until house, furniture, larder, wardrobe, and jewelry are all prepared, and then will be heard the invitation, "Behold, all things are ready, come to the marriage." Thrice happy shall he be that is called to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Another thing we are certain of. We have often heard the espoused of the Lamb relate that before her espousals, when contemplating the infinite importance of this heavenly union, her whole soul became absorbed in the topic, and like Rachel she refused to be comforted until she could declare, "my Beloved is mine and I am his." Any thing short of this would not satisfy her. Wealth, and honor, and pleasure were as nothing in her eyes; the world looked poor from shore to shore, and when earth spread out its blandishments, she cried out, "Give me Jesus, and you may have all the world." And then came those who daub with untempered mortar, and said, "We think Jesus does love you;" but like the dying child to whom these words were spoken, she answered, "Oh, I want *he* should tell me so." Second hand assurances did not answer, and a little after he had passed the faithless watchman, she met Him whom her soul loved, and ever since she has exclaimed, "my Beloved is mine and I am his, and when the shadows of time flee away, and the day of eternity dawns, he will bring me up into his banqueting house and spread the banner of his love over me."

Another thing we know by experience, that after our espousals to Christ, there was no good which we wanted but he has freely imparted it. And another thing we are assured of, that the oftener his Espoused calls upon him, and the larger the request she brings, the more freely does he bestow, and the better he loves her. You are aware, reader, that when the princes of this world make a wedding feast which is to last but a few days, they require time and incur large expense in the preliminaries; but the marriage festivities of the Lamb will not only be glorious, but they will grow in interest and enjoyment forever. So, reader, please clip a few feathers from your wings, let patience have its perfect work, for the sea has not yielded all its treasures, either of fish or ideas. There near the shore is something of the fish kind called the grampus. You would at first sight suppose him to be a great lazy, loafing, bloated rummy; but you are greatly mistaken. He was born and reared a teetotaler, and goes the Maine Law fully. What a contrast the Grampus makes with the lively, enterprising trout, and you are ready to ascribe partiality to God. The trout you say must be far the happier, for he glides like lightning among the wondering swarms, like a young prince starred with gold, while the grampus is able to see or know but little of what is passing in the liquid world. But let me tell you, reader, that the earth and the sea are full of compensations. What is denied at one point is more than made up at another. Thus for instance: if the trout has enterprise, the grampus has contentment, which is a jewel of very great price. Look now at this trout on dry land. He seems to have the cares of a little world on his hands. He hardly finds time to eat his regular meals, to pat his children on the head once a week, or break a spider's web across his pew door once a year. Dollars and dimes keep his mind perpetually agitated like the troubled sea, and amid the multiplicity of cares he has little or no rest, day or night.

But look at his neighbor Grampus, with barely enterprise enough to come in when it rains. Peace dances gracefully over his countenance. He knows or cares but little of what is going on in the world around him. But he has the jewel of contentment. Having food and raiment, he is therewith content. But there are multitudes of men and women in the Church and out of it, that were never contented. They were never contented on earth, and we fear they will not be in heaven, should they ever be fortunate enough to reach it. They may have much, more than heart ought to wish, but

> "A cruel something unpossessed,
> Corrodes and poisons all the rest."

Let us go back to the sea. See that hideous looking lobster. A striking peculiarity of this creature is that, like Bunyan's boatman, it looks one way and rows another; or in other words, its movement is retrograde. This must be a backslider. If he has been educated in a school where he was taught that he must "advance backward" in order to reach Christian perfection, there may be some apology for him. Many young converts have been instructed that their first love was their spiritual honey-moon—that this was about all the sunshine they would have during their pilgrimage. Proceeding on this supposition, they have steadily retrograded until they were so entirely in the dark that they would regard it as almost a blasphemy to say they knew they were children of God. But fortunately for us, we were not born in a lobster family, but were placed in the self-moving chariot of salvation which brought us out of dark Egypt, through the mist and twilight, into a country where the sun and the moon never go down on the soul.

Notwithstanding, the Church is comparatively filled, and as a result, the wheels of salvation are impeded by these dry land lobsters. They look toward heaven, but they travel toward hell. "They neither enter into the kingdom of heaven themselves, and those who would enter in they hinder."

Another peculiarity of the lobster is, it contains several kinds of flesh, so that the epicure can find quite a bill of fare in his little corporation. It is even so with the most of backsliders. Dissect them, and you will find that their creed is a compound of all the doctrines afloat. They can be at home in any society, and very readily adopt any creed. They can drink with the drunkard, gamble with the gambler, and at times sing and pray with the saints. Mormonism and Spiritualism find here their readiest dupes. They are all things to all men.

The lobster has two long feelers which go before him like a cow-catcher before a locomotive. With these he grabs and holds on to whatever comes in his way, even as a backslider grasps and retains all he can of earth.

Here is an oyster family. Very rough and uncouth are their exterior, but very delicious are they in themselves, even the choicest luxuries of the king's table. So many a Christian, whom the world despises, may be polished shafts in Jehovah's quiver, and like a signet on his right hand. The world may see in their rough exterior little to admire, but they are meet for their Master's use.

And here is an interesting family. They are of an amphibious race, and are equally at home on the land or in the water. These frogs might think themselves slighted if we did not at least give them a passing notice. They may with propriety be called the Church of Sardis. They all have their names on the records of the Church below, but it is to be feared that few of them have their names in the book of life. They support the minister, dress very fashionably, and in all external things appear superior to the oyster Church. It is fortunate that we came this way in the spring of the year, for this is the only season, when the pond is full, when they are in full regalia and in all their glory. They are now in the midst of a revival. They open their mouths wide as the Bible directs, they talk and sing loud about religion, fight about religion, and every thing else but enjoy and practice religion. One prominent characteristic of this Church is, their minister and his membership will out-croak any other Church on the plantation, but as soon as the sun is up, with its burning heat, and the daily cross is presented, and persecution begins to arise, with one accord they take the underground rail road to the Babylonian swamps, and you hear no more of them until the next spring's revival.

You enquire whether this class of professors are found only in one Church. We answer, unfortunate-ly, they are, perhaps, found in all. The character of the frog has never changed since the days of the seven plagues of Egypt, when they not only covered the land, but had the audacity to invade the habitations of the poor, and the bed and presence-chambers of the King and his nobility. Even so at the present day, you will find this character among every denomination. They hop into the Church in her palmy days, when the bride has her silver slippers on ; and when the days of trial come on, and the Church goes into the furnace of affliction, they hop out again. What a pity, you say, that they should be retained in the Church, to pollute it with their slime, and bring it into reproach. You know the Savior compares his Gospel to a net, which, being cast into the sea and drawn ashore, gathered every kind, both bad and good, and all that were genuine fish were preserved, and all that were spurious were rejected and destroyed.

But perhaps this Church and its members are not the most objectionable of all, in the eyes of the heavenly bridegroom, for the Church at Sardis had one qualification which the Laodiceans had not. It is the nature of the frog to be cold, and the bridegroom affirms, "I would ye were either cold or hot, but because ye are lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew you out of my mouth." Alas ! how many professors of this class are padlocked to the Church. Neither themselves nor their friends, by close examination of their pulse, can tell whether they are dead or alive.

Sometimes the stomach and the neighboring vitals will agree to retain peaceably that which is given as an emetic, and in this case, the physician orders a little tepid water, which awakens a revolt in the stomach, and the nauseous portion is disgorged. Equally revolting to the mind of Christ is the lukewarm professor of religion.

But the sun approaches the meridian, and we must close our observations at the sea. We have examined but one in a thousand of its inhabitants, for "in this great wide sea, are things innumerable, both small and great beasts." It is the producer of food for multitudes who navigate its waters and dwell on its shores. This food is produced without the labor of man, and only requires to be gathered and preserved. It purifies the air, and serves as a highway for the nations, and

> "Time writes no wrinkle on its aged brow,
> Such as creation's dawn beheld, it rolleth now."

We shall soon examine the inhabitants of the air, and our interest will grow as we advance along the wonders of creation. Even so it is in the kingdom of grace. The nearer the Christian approaches to perfection, the number and magnitude of his duties in the vineyard increases, new beauties greet his eye, and new raptures of heavenly joy salute his ear, until he strikes his harp and sings,

> "My soul doth sit and sing,
> And practices her wing,
> And contemplates the hour,
> When the messenger shall say,
> Come, quit this house of clay,
> And with bright angels tour."

CHAPTER VI.

Friday Afternoon, Creation of Birds.

We have enjoyed our rest, and our noonday repast, and are prepared to resume our observations on the growing work of creation. This afternoon, the insect swarms and feathered tribes will be created, adorned with beauty, and invested with power of song. Many will be adorned with beautiful plumage, and all will possess appetites, instincts and affections. Each, indeed, will possess a measure of fraternal, paternal, and conjugal love; they will be married, and rear families, build houses, and teach their young to sing. As their number and variety seem almost infinite, we, no doubt, shall have a very busy and profitable afternoon. In creating the inhabitants of the sea, God began with the great whale, the monarch of the ocean; and it is but fair to conclude that in creating the inhabitants of the air, he commenced with the eagle, the king of birds. Great is his strength, and bold his flight, and worthy to come forth the foremost of the fowl that are to fly in the midst of heaven. All animated nature—"beast, bird, fish, insect"—are classified into shoals, swarms, families and nations, each family having an acknowledged head or chieftain, while man stands forth the fearless monarch of the whole. No wonder when the wonderful order of things in the creation was observed by David, that he cried out, "Thou crownedst man with glory, and honor, and didst place him over the works of thy hands. Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet." Observe, now, that majestic pair of eagles, that rise into being and stately proportions at the bidding of the great Creator. They have all the freshness of infancy, all the strong impulses of youth, and all the powers of maturity. Their vision is keen, their pinions wide, their strength immense. And now observe the development of conjugal affection, not only in this stately pair, but in the gathering hosts of the feathered races that now multiply on every tree and shrub, that darken the air with their spreading wings, and that try their pipes while they discourse of love, and make arrangements for a thousand happy wedding days. Our monarch birds, as royal lovers should, settle the preliminaries in dignified and stately form, while that pair of doves bill and coo and look love in each other's eyes, and each other couple conduct their courtship in the manner which seems good in their own eyes. But our eagles are missing. Ah! they have soared away together, to that mountain peak that seems to prop up the sky, and in solitary dignity they make their nuptial banquet, not of a bleeding kidling, for they are vegetarians now, and find sumptuous fare without the shedding of blood. And see their eyrie teems with an infant brood. And now the matron "eagle stirs up her nest, hovers over her young, takes them, bears them on her wings." She shakes in pieces their soft cradle, removes its moss and down, and makes their nest uncomfortable, that they may be induced to leave it; hovers over them to teach them how to fly, and bears them on her wings, to prevent their fall, and protect them from every enemy. And all through the groves of bliss are heard wooing strains and songs from marriage feasts, and all the mingling voices of connubial, filial and parental love.

But we shall not have time to examine all these songsters of the grove; and as we have looked at the most magnificent specimen, we will only pause a moment to look at the minutest among them. He is called the humming bird, and is scarcely larger than the greater of the insect race. See him lead forth his youthful bride, whose coat, like Joseph's, is of many and brilliant colors. Surely the all-wise Architect reserved his finest pencil and most glowing tints for these tinny wonders. The honey hid in the cup of the flower, and the dew sparkling in the light, compose their delicate and daily food. Let us learn this lesson of trust, that if God clothe and feed the sparrow and the humming bird, we shall not be neglected. The humblest among us may feast on the richest dainties of his grace.

In our last chapter we examined some of the scaly tribes, and compared them with our biped race, and now we will clamber up that ledge of rocks, and make some further observations on the habits of the inhabitants of the air and of the grove. See ! the air and the branches are swarming with happy life. They dwell peacefully together, and yet they dwell in families according to their affinities. The falcon does not pounce upon the dove, and bear her quivering and bleeding toward the clouds, and yet the falcon and the dove have their separate homes and habits, and looks and loves. None of them are clothed alike. Each seeks the companionship of one of his own kith and kin, and each family have a language peculiar to themselves. And what is remarkable is, each one proceeds as handily to his work, in the first instance, as though he had served a seven years' apprenticeship under the eye of a master builder. Sir Christopher Wren, who, after the studies and labors of a life-time, completed

St. Paul's church in London, was in no ways a better architect than Sir Feathered Wren, whom you see building his nest in yonder peach-tree. Of Sir Christopher, it was written on the master-piece of his skill, "Would you see his monument, look around." Would you see the sagacity of Sir Feathered, look at his little palace. A coarse but substantial frame-work of sticks and clay, is first built, and this is interlined with feathers, wool, or down, for the comfort of his future progeny. And as Abraham staggered not through unbelief, each parent bird proceeds to prepare a home and food for unborn birdlings, with as much of earnestness and faith as though they had heard young fledgelings peeping for their morning meal. Reader, you see nothing here which looks like padlock ; all is wedlock, pure, genuine and holy. Each pair has a through ticket for the whole journey of life.

Seventeen centuries later on, after the fall of earth's monarch had introduced derangement into all departments of the creation, we see the feathered races crowding together to their places in the ark, each bridegroom attended by a happy bride ; for, during these wasting centuries, they had lived and loved, and married, and builded their nests, and reared their young, as they began in Paradise.

Like the eagle and his queenly bride, all keep the honey-moon of their first love, yet each in his chosen home, and each youthful pair according to their preferences and tastes. Like the children of God, when fully redeemed, they do not look alike, nor are their by-laws for the government of their private affairs alike; their nests are constructed differently, but they live in peace together, loving their brotherhood and honoring their Creator, and never violating his laws, by one tribe intermarrying with another. Surely, this looks like a bird-millennium. The eagle and the humming-bird, the hawk and the canary, are all on neighborly terms; there is nothing to fear, because there is nothing disposed to harm. But hark! they are offering a song of praise to the great Creator. The air seems one great orchestra, and while the nightingale leads off the song, the whole choir pour in their concordant strains, and bush, and tree, and distant grove, are vocal with harmony. The air is filled with praise, and the whole rises as grateful incense to the Creator. And now their marriage festivities over, each family betakes itself to the sober duties of life. Each pair locates a nest, to which God gives them a pre-emption right, and which none will presume to dispute. Mark the ingenuity employed in erecting their habitations. Each family has architectural rules of its own. While the eagle seeks the highest and most secluded cliff, the sparrow is content to build her humble home beneath a clod in the valley. And now six thousand stormy winters have flung their snows upon the earth, and stripped the branches bare, and driven the warbler of the groves into winter retreats, or far off to sunnier climes, yet do they love and marry still. A naturalist built a martin-box upon the peak of his dwelling, and for twenty successive springs the same identical pair of martins made it a home for themselves and a nursery for their offspring. It is affirmed by some, and believed by many, that the fourteenth of February, or St. Valentine's day, is the great bridal day among the birds—when all hatched on the preceding spring select their partners and commence the sober duties of wedded life. It is also believed that there are no old bachelors, or old maids among them. Such an anomolous bird would be like a drone among the honey-bees, and would not be suffered to dwell in God's great aviary.

It was expressly enjoined upon ancient Israel, that their sons should not marry the daughters of other nations, and their disobedience in this regard brought upon them the displeasure of the great Law-Giver; and our feathered families have, in the main, been obedient to the instinctive law written on their hearts. Man has, to be sure, made fearful invasions into the aviaries of earth, and as Pharaoh and Herod undertook to slay all the male children of certain tribes and cities, so man has seemed determined to well nigh annihilate the males among our domestic fowls. Here and there a Solomon is left to strut, and swell, and exhibit his plumes among a family of wives almost as numerous as that ancient monarch. How very like to a gobler turkey is the Sultan of Turkey, in this respect ; and Brigham Young, and the Mormon Elders of Utah, belong to the same school. And Pharaoh and Herod, how like are they to the aristocratic peacock, who seeks to destroy his own offspring, lest he should find a rival in a son. Not so the affectionate mother, who, like Jochebed hiding Moses, will protect her tender young from the rage of the tyrant father. Would you see Nebuchadnezzar in the poultry-yard ? See him in the male turkey, as he struts and swells among his many wives. You would almost suppose that he owned an empire. When opposed, he turns blood-red, and gobles forth all threatening things, as did that impious monarch, when the three faithful ones refused to obey his commands, and laughed at his heated furnace. The Czar of the hen family has less of brag and bluster than the Sultan, but much more of real courage and gallantry. No rival can be admitted there, until he has proved his right by his might. He is particularly attentive to his family, keeping them in sight, sharing with them the most delicious morsels, and defending them against all aggression. In one little heart we see concentrated conjugal love, courage, power, gallantry, and jealousy, and the beauty of it is, all are employed in the right direction—in cherishing the dependent and defending the weak. There can be no jealousy where there is no love. Now God says to his people, "I am married to you," and he declares that he is jealous of his bride. This is holy jealousy, resulting from his holy love, and his intense yearnings after the purity of his chosen one. But human jealousy is a green-eyed monster, as cruel as the grave, and his arrows dipped in the devil's gall, have caused many a heart to bleed, and cut down forever the sprouting glories of many conjugal loves and domestic joys. Well, reader, we are approaching the close of St. Vallentine's day, and we will leave the bridal chambers, and look in upon the domestic life of some of the feathered tribes. By the side of this young warrior, is a female of the same species, doubtless his bride. There is no bloody diadem on her head, no warlike spurs on her heel, no princely mantle, with its variegated colors, on her shoulders, but her adorning is a meek, quiet and patient spirit, and her diadem is a mother's love. Behold her, exposing her life, as she patiently sits for a month, day and night, patiently waiting to hear the first peep of her chickens. Look at her again, and you see her busily and intently employed in caring for her children. Her familiar voice keeps them by her side. A peculiar note summons them to their repast, a different one admonishes them of danger, and at nightfall, a sound as well understood by them as the curfew bell by Saxon ears, summons them to their resting place under her maternal wings. So One mightier than the sons of men, declared that he would have gathered the inhabitants of Jerusalem under his wings, and so he would save all wandering souls, if they in their obstinacy do not refuse to come to him.

We wonder if no passer-by, surveying the monarch arrayed in his joyous robes, clapping his wings, and crowing a challenge to any antagonist, like Goliah, enquiring, Where is the mighty warrior who dare accept the challenge of Philistia's Chief? and then again surveying the affectionate mother, patiently toiling from morn till night, forgetting herself, amid the manifold cares of her family—we wonder, we say, if such are not ready to declaim against the order of society, the laws of nature, the decrees of God, and become strenuous advocates for women's rights.

It is a wise provision of our natures, that we can accommodate ourselves to our circumstances, and believe, that so far as the orderings of Providence are concerned, "whatever is, is right." We have often met with people who were deaf, who have said that they prefer their infirmity to ours, and we have as often replied, that we prefer our sightless eyes to their deaf ears, so each party congratulates himself in his condition. You will find this to be so, in the walks of wedded life. The male delights in his proud regalia, his power and glory. The female finds her highest joy in domestic life, in home joys, and in maternal love. So both are happy, and both contented. This is as true in the palace as in the poultry-yard—at least in all the palaces and all the cottages where love reigns, and in all those instances where "God hath set the solitary in families." In all such cases, the wife is never humbugged, and the husband is never hen-pecked, and if each would seek to occupy their true position, and were faithful to all their duties, the devil would never find market for another family jar; there would be no complaining about man's rights or woman's rights, but the happiness of each being suspended in an even balance, each would rejoice in his own lot, and in that of his chosen one. But, reader, as we understand you are not a married man, we are dwelling in a region of domestic joys to which you are a stranger, and our attempt to portray them is like describing the joys of Christian love to unconverted men. But in both cases we speak what we do know, and testify what we have enjoyed. Pray receive our testimony, and if it seem good to you, follow in our steps. And now we will let two or three of the poets deduce from what we have seen, a few moral lessons, and then we will leave the birds undisturbed, to sing among the branches. Let us first learn a lesson of *humility.*

> "The bird that soars on highest wing
> Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
> And she that doth most sweetly sing,
> Sings in the dark when all things rest:
> In lark and nightingale we see,
> What honor hath humility."

Let us learn a lesson of *gratitude.*

> "The drooping bird, with frozen wing,
> That feeds in winter at your sill
> Will trim his glossy plumes in spring,
> And perch about your window still."

Finally, let us learn a lesson of *duty* to our own offspring.

> "And as the bird each fond endearment tries,
> To tempt her new fledged offspring to the skies,
> Employs each art, reproves each dull delay,
> Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way."

CHAPTER VII.

Friday Evening, Insect Wonders.

We are closing up the day, and some may say that we are engaged in small business, for, unless men, like Jonah, get well oiled up, they cannot stoop to notice anything much less than a mastodon or an elephant. They forget that the omnipotence of God is seen in the two extremes, of magnitude and minuteness. In the former light, we see God stretching the north over the empty space, and hanging the earth upon nothing, and then peopling it with its more stupendous animals. And now we see the great Creator about to fill up the interstices of space with insect life. Of these, he creates not less than four thousand species, each differing from the rest, in size, color, shape and habits. At a certain point in the descending scale, they become so exceedingly minute that the human eye can no longer discern them; and as in the starry heavens our discoveries multiply in proportion as our telescopes are complete, so here new wonders burst on our view, as our microscopes possess more and more of magnifying power. Wisdom shines in the organization of an insect, as truly as in the huge behemoth, and no less skill is seen in the construction of an atom than in the mechanism of a world. We are not, reader, teachers of comparative anatomy, or naturalists, in the technical meaning of that term ; but are students with you, of the creative power, the providence and the grace of God. And these will be seen in the humblest and most familiar of the insect hosts that swarm around us. Take a common house-fly, and place him before a microscope, and he swells to the dimensions of an elephant. And how beautiful and glorious an object he is. When a child, we supposed that a fly had but two eyes, and that these were the two smooth spots in the temple. But seen through the microscope, he presents to us seven hundred perfect eyes, three hundred and fifty on each side. He is like a Christian, whose eye is single, his whole body is full of light.

Look again, here is a very familiar acquaintance, the musquito. There is no backwardness or cold formality about him. He makes himself free on short acquaintance, with the beggar and the princess, and is never afraid to present his bill to any man. Like Ishmael, his hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him.

But, as in the case of Ishmael, he has never been conquered. Alexander boasted that he conquered the world, but he neither conquered the Bedouins nor the musquitos. Their song is doubtless very pleasant to their own ears, but to us it is as unwelcome and as ungrateful as Yankee Doodle to a Briton, or as the tongue of a perpetual scold is to her husband. This last, Solomon declares, is like the dropping of water, which, in due time, wears a stone; and an apostle declares, that while beasts, and birds, and fishes, and serpents have been tamed, the tongue is an unruly member, and no man can tame it. But we believe the apostle did not include insects, and we have never known the musquitos either tamed or conquered. We did hear of a detachment of them being *captured* by a shrewd son of the Emerald Isle. The story is, that Pat, being lighted to bed in New Orleans, found his bed curtained around and above with gauze-work, called musquito-bars, leaving but a small entrance for the lodger to walk in and shut out his invaders. But Pat, supposing this to be a trap for the insects, laid himself upon the bed, by way of bait, leaving his door open, and when the last warrior had entered, he slipped carefully out, and closing the door upon them, made them all his prisoners, and then enjoyed undisturbed slumbers upon the floor, until morning.

How many husbands have been driven to similar extremities, by the still-beginning, never-ending, curtain-lectures. How many would prefer to measure swords with a host of musquitos during a night in the dismal swamp, rather than encounter "the unruly member, full of deadly poison, set on fire of hell."

Reams of paper have been written, and gallons of ink shed, and any amount of eloquence employed in painting the sorrows of the drunkard's wife, and the half has never been written or told, and will not be, until the books shall be opened, in the last Great Day. But who can tell how many husbands have been driven from what should have been their earthly paradise, to the hell of the drunkard, by discontented, fretful and scolding wives? God gave to woman a grace, a loveliness, and a soothing power, denied to man's harder, rougher nature, and when this double-refined love, this pure milk of domestic kindness, becomes changed by home-made thunder and lightning, "Oh, what a fall is there, my countrymen." It took an angel to make a devil of, and in the case supposed, how appropriately may it be said,

> "How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning."

But such cases, we rejoice to believe, are few and far between. We hope our reader will never have the misfortune to be padlocked in a cage with such a bird.

Reader, if you have ever read the history of our humble life, which we have given to the world, you will agree with the phrenologist, that we are something of a lady's man, and we now believe, were they banished from the earth, nearly every door-knob and gateway might appropriately be adorned with crape, so that you will not impute our remark to a sour, misanthropic spirit toward the race. Lest, however, you should so conclude, we will throw in a few make-weights into the other scale. Look at the hundred thousand growling Missouri bears, called husbands, who glory in abusing their power over their better half and those who are obliged to call them father. Take a sample: A young husband being unexpectedly elevated to the rank of fourth corporal in a militia company, and having taken a little of the sop, the devil entered into him, and accompanied him home. He must, of course, make an exhibition of his authority, and, going home, where wife and children waited to greet their husband and father, he soon gave them to understand that whisky and worldly glory could, in a few hours, change the kind-hearted man to a tyrant and a brute. Crimination and blows were followed by outcries and tears, until the neighbors were aroused, and rushed in to enquire the cause of such strange proceedings. He informed them, with all the dignity of his office, of the honors he had received, and affirmed that he saw no use in clothing a man with power, without the privilege of using it when and where he pleased.

Our corporal is a specimen of a class of men whom we could bear to see given over to the tender mercies of the fabled Amazons, of olden time. How unlike the noble Chanticleer, who summons all his power to cherish and protect his little domestic kingdom. Neither man nor woman can appropriate all the virtue left in a fallen world ; it belongs to individuals in both sexes, and in both there are individuals who are sold to do iniquity. Let neither weave a fig-leaf garment, to hide their moral deformity, but let each confess their sin to God, and secure his pardoning mercy and his renewing grace, then shall all unruly tongues be tamed, and fierce passions put in chains. Hymen's yoke will be lined with love, and from cabin to castle will be found a "paradise regained."

But we have preached a long sermon from a small text, and that text a musquito. If you please, we will bid the musquito good evening, and pass on. Here is a curiosity, it seems, to occupy a connecting link between the insect world and decaying vegetable matter. Hid beneath a humble canopy of bark, it seems like an insect corpse wrapped in a winding-sheet, and laid in its sepulchre. But see, it exhibits signs of life, and while we look, there seems to be the development of a new existence. An insect of wondrous beauty bursts from the living tomb, and now arrayed in such robes as Solomon never wore, decked in colors of more than queenly beauty, it spreads its gilded wings and soars away in the bright sunshine. It may be only a pleasing fable, that there is among these birds a bright and beautiful one, who builds her own funeral pile, and like an Osage Chieftain, sings her own death-song, and then, being consumed by the fires of the setting sun, sends forth her successor from her own ashes, to soar and sing, "another and the same;" but the transformation we have witnessed is no fable, but an ever-recurring reality. Come with me to the old grave-yard, skeptic, and let us consider this matter. Perhaps you are a Sadducee, and deny the resurrection of the human body. Is not your skepticism rebuked by every butterfly that sips nectar from the flowers, or floats on gossamer wings along the summer air? See the sexton, who is sinking a grave for some one who is coming to claim a place in the dust. He disturbs the resting-place of one who long since "said to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister." "Corruption, earth and worms," are all that remain of one who was once covered with the dew of youth, and whose countenance was radiant with beauty. Start not, when we tell you that this corruption shall soon put on incorruption, that this mortal shall be clothed with immortality. Yet it is even so. These putrescent remains shall again enshrine an immortal spirit; that shattered cell, where the worm riots, shall be the seat of a glorious intelligence, and this fallen temple of humanity shall be re-edified and re-adorned like unto the glorious temple of our Savior's body. And all this shall be effected by the same glorious and Almighty Being who now from a worm makes a butterfly.

Do not turn away with such a loathing look from those ten thousand worms that are wallowing and feasting in a wilderness of mulberry leaves. Soon all this unseemly mass will be changed to silken robes, meet to be worn by such as dwell in kings' houses. And that gay young lady prepares from this same slimy substance her bridal robes, and the winding-sheet of the silkworm soon becomes the canopy of a monarch's couch. Thus the grave of the worm is plundered to prepare robes for "man, who is a worm, and for the son of man, who is as a worm." Let us never forget, that man and woman's brightest ornament is a meek and quiet spirit—that religion is to its possessor an ornament of grace, and chains of gold about his neck; and that, thus ornamented and clothed, we shall not be excluded from the banqueting halls of the king, when he shall prepare the marriage supper for his son.

Do not put your foot so rudely on that poor spider. A hideous fellow he may be, and many of earth's tender daughters have fainted to see him crawl, but he was created for some good end, and we may do well to let him pass under the scrutiny of our microscope. Surely, the fellow is a perfect spinning-jenny, and he seems to have an unfailing supply of material on hand. Indeed, there are numerous spinners, each producing an attenuated thread, and these are, by complicated machinery, combined into one, which he ingeniously throws from point to point, weaving and interweaving it into delicate net-work, which becomes at once its home, its banqueting table, and its dormitory. An observer, of more critical eye than ourselves, declares that he has counted some four score fibres in a single thread ; and he supposes, that, could all be seen and counted, they would swell to thousands. Well, now, its web is woven, and its occupant seats himself to wait for his customers and his victims. Soon a silly fly approaches.

> " Will you walk into my parlor, says the spider to the fly,
> 'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy,
> The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
> And I have many pretty things to show you when you're there."

Flattered with the invitation, the guest walks in, but it returns no more. At a proper point, the murderer drops a cord around his victim, and he is lassoed to the wall. The victor, sure of his prey, is in no haste to dispatch or to devour him. He retires a little distance, to watch his fruitless struggles and enjoy his agony. At intervals, he drops around him another coil, each tighter than the former; his bones crash like those of a horse in the embrace of a boa-constrictor; the struggle ceases, and the murderer becomes the gormandizer.

Reader, did you ever see a human spider? Oh! there are multitudes of them, who prey upon their fellows as remorselessly as the spider on the fly. See the silly ones, who gather in troops to the harlots' houses. They go as the ox to the slaughter, not knowing that the dead are there, and that all former guests are in the depths of hell. And see that bloated spider, that the world has named Boniface. He has spread his tempting baits of sparkling wine and foaming beer, for the young; while for the confirmed inebriate he prepares the stronger and deadlier potions. He seats himself at the door of his slaughter-house, in the chief places of the city, and he calls to every passer-by, "Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither, and as for him that lacketh understanding, he saith to him, Come, drink of the wine that I have mingled." With an inward chuckle, he sees the unsuspecting enter his den, and each successive day he gathers around him the fatal cord, and smiles to see him struggle, and rave, and die. And so the devil, as a roaring lion, or a venomous spider, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour, and many is the luckless youth, for whom he spreads the snare of pleasure, and many the grey-headed man, for whom he baits his trap with gold. My son, be admonished, go not in the way of evil men ; turn from it, and pass away, so iniquity shall not prove your ruin.

But, reader, the king of day is retiring, and we are admonished that we should also retire, and seek needful repose, for "to-morrow the Lord will do great things" in creation, and we must be on the alert in season, to profit by all we behold.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sixth Day's Work in Eden.

It seems that the order of the morning is to create the domestic animals, for the special service of man, then those that run wild and roam in the forest. There are several hundred species of them. But, as we pass around this great menagerie, it may be profitable for us to stop, as we did with the birds, fish and insects, and contrast the character of a very few of them with that of our own race. But, the reader may say, you are taking a new route through Paradise, a different track from any writer we have ever seen. That may be true. Most writers have gone through Eden on the lightning train, so that they hardly had time to make a bow to a friend, or wink at a country village. But we intend to look for the old paths. You remember, we told you in a former chapter, that we were reared in the country, and the scenes of our boyhood cannot be erased from our mind. We distinctly remember the first village we ever entered, As we walked very deliberately through the middle of the main street, we turned on the right hand and on the left, and made ourselves familiar with what was going on, on both sides of the street ; reading all the signs, especially those in golden letters ; so that, when we returned home, we were prepared to make a lengthy and minute report to our country playmates, of the wonders we saw in the village. And we presume we felt ourself to be of quite as much consequence as some do who take a trip to Europe, and return to tell the wonders they have seen. And forty years, with their stormy winters, have not been able to blot out that scene, which is now fresh in our memory. Even so, dear reader, we have been five days strolling along the main street of Paradise, looking both sides of the way, and we think you will agree with us, that every day increases in wonders and glories. And this day is to crown the whole.

As to our comparing the character of animals, insects and birds with man, if modern writers have not done it, God has, in the Book he has given to the world ; showing, in many instances, that man, whom he has crowned with such unequalled glory and honor, has so degraded himself since the fall, that the lower order of animals would blush to own him as their brother; and as we have all the Bible writers to endorse for us, in our mode of procedure, we will go through the ranks of domestic animals.

Here we are introduced to the horse, the most noble and beautiful of all domestic animals. Very honorable mention is made of him in the Bible. The horse is used in four instances to symbolize spiritual warfare. The red horse denotes bloody war; the pale horse, death; the black horse, calamity, misery; the white horse indicates happy conquest, the work of the rider. In the nineteenth chapter of Revelation, St. John, while on his visit to Patmos, said he saw heaven open, and there he saw the Captain of our salvation mounted on a white horse, and clothed in a vesture dipped in blood, and "on his head were many crowns." And in his train, he saw his illustrious troop, all mounted on horses of spotless purity, clothed in fine linen, clean and white. And they made war with the beast, and kings of the earth, and gained the victory. And St. John said this army was not in heaven, not in the kingdom of glory, but here on earth. Christ started eighteen hundred years ago, with only twelve of these illustrious troopers, to take the world. Millions have since enlisted and joined the army: and He will never quit the field until every knee shall bend or break, and the old Usurper is cast out. Then shall we see Paradise regained, and the new heavens and new earth appear in native glory and lustre, the everlasting habitation of His happy bride.

The horse is chosen to denote his warlike and aggressive movements. It has been said that Napoleon, after a warfare of many years, found that there were a few horses which had stood through every battle He gave them an honorable discharge from service, and ordered them to the best pastures, as long as they lived. It is farther said of these veteran warriors, that every time it thundered and lightened, they would rally themselves at once for battle, and move forward in solid column.

And if all Christians had fully overcome the world, the flesh and the devil, and had on their spotless robes of fine linen ; or, in other words, were sanctified, soul, body and spirit ; then, when the clarion sounded for battle, it would be as joyful to them as the thunder of the captain and the shouting, to the old war-horse. And then should we enjoy

"A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt."

And next in order comes the humble ass. In him we behold an exhibition of meekness and patient endurance—two of the brightest and most useful gems that ever adorned the Christian casket. He is generally despised and down-trodden, and is beaten more by man than any other animal. Notwithstanding he was chosen of God, in preference to any other creature, to carry our Savior into ancient Jerusalem, amidst the shouts and hosannas of an exulting multitude; who, like the animal he rode, was despised, beaten and rejected of men. And we have great reason to thank God, that he still deigns to use those who are weak and of no repute, in the eyes of the world, to humble the proud and bless the meek of earth; that upon those vessels that are dishonorable in the eyes of the proud, he lavishes the most abundant honors.

"Let us be little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone."

Despised as the ass is, God made use of him on one occasion to rebuke the money-loving Balaam. The dumb ass spake with man's voice, and forbade the madness of his covetous rider. And on another occasion, God made use of one of his jaw-bones, in the hands of Sampson, to slay hundreds of his enemies, of the most gigantic stature. And let me tell you, gentle reader, until we become as indifferent to the fear, honor or applause of this world, as that jaw-bone was, in the hands of Sampson, God can never do much with us, in pulling down the strong hold of the adversary.

The ass sometimes backslides, as too many professors do, becoming presumptuous, self-willed and stubborn, filled with his own ways. I presume you are aware he has enormously long ears, the cause of which happened, it is said, at the time he entered Noah's ark, (though we never believed the story, any more than we did about Jonah smoking and chewing tobacco in the whale's belly.) It is said, as the story goes, that when all the animals, birds, &c., had taken their places in the ark, this four-legged dignitary stood out, like some very smart intellectual gentlemen of modern times, on the subject of moral reform. Noah and his sons, in the first place, it is said, used moral suasion, spoke of his comfortable stall, the plenty of provisions provided for him, and the danger he would be exposed to from the impending storm. But he replied, that he was a gentleman who had a mind of his own, and should not be persuaded or dictated to. But as Noah began to hear the distant muttering thunder, he thought proper to apply the Maine Law, and he and his sons took him by the ears, and, in spite of his presumption and self-will, they dragged him and his dignity into the stall just in time to shut the door, before the storm came upon them. And this, it is said, is the cause of his long ears. And after the storm commenced, and he saw the danger he had escaped, he brayed or shouted louder than any other animal in the ark. Now, we have not told this anecdote for the sake of the story, but as a physician spreads a plaster, and then claps it warm upon the wound, let us try on this coat, and see how it will fit us. Reader, this will exactly fit your humble author, as well as thousands of others, at the present day, both on the subject of moral reform and religion. If you have read the history of our life, you are aware that we were more than forty years old when the compelling power of God's free grace brought our soul into the ark of His boundless mercy. We say compelling power, not physical power, to draw us in against our will.

Permit us here to relate a circumstance that transpired while we were in our sins and iniquities. A few years since, in the State of Pennsylvania, we were approaching the banks of the Juniette, on horse-back, about ten o'clock at night, during a terrible thunderstorm. There was no bridge across, we therefore gave a slack rein to our horse, who brought us gallantly to the edge of the river, the landing-place of the ferry-boat. There having been a heavy rain, the river ran with full banks, in maddening fury, and the horse being used to plunging into and swimming across rivers, would, without fear, have plunged in and struggled with the torrent. But at this furious stage of the river, it would have been certain death for both horse and rider. As we approached to the very verge of the high and swelling bank, there came a flash of lightning, accompanied by a heavy peal of thunder, showing us that if we had advanced one step more, we should have been lost, inevitably lost, both soul and body, for we were there in our sins. We were compelled, at that point, to check our horse, and turn suddenly upon our heel. Oh! how many times we have thanked God for that flash of lightning. It was the means of our salvation from hell. Even so, the lightning of Sinai, with its muttering thunders, showed us our danger, if we advanced another step in the way of sin, while the voice of mercy said, "Turn, turn, why will ye die?" We were therefore, dear reader, compelled to reflect upon our dangerous condition, turn from our wickedness, and seek a resting place in the ark of safety, or be lost.

And if the ass, who had no soul to save or lose, could, in his own way, shout and praise God, for the salvation of his natural life, what should be the exultation and triumph of a soul who has found a safe hiding-place in the cleft side of his blessed Redeemer. And before we close this paragraph, we would most affectionately advise all our readers, who are sporting with their own deceivings, saying, "am I my brother's keeper?" and that there is no danger of a storm at present falling upon their guilty souls, that they had better step into the ark, before God shall arise and shut the door, and swear in his wrath they shall not enter.

And now, we will, for a moment, contemplate the humble ox. God has said, "the ox and the ass, [two of the most stupid animals of the race,] both know their owner, and their master's crib," and offer, as far as they are capable, grateful acknowledgments for their food. But, "Israel," he said, "did not hearken or consider" from whence all their blessings, both temporal and spiritual, came. And, reader, we may gather the crimes of a whole nation in one pile, and the sin of ingratitude for blessings, both temporal and spiritual, will weigh down the whole. This, doubtless, will be a mill-stone that will be hung on the neck of millions, and sink them below the Sodomites. And the stupid ox and ass will rise up in the Judgment, and condemn them.

And now comes the domestic cow—a fountain of benevolence, the milk of true kindness, whose streams, like those flowing from the river of life, have made the world rejoice, both rich and poor. Much has been said, for and against females taking an active part in the affairs of Church and State, or even speaking in the courts of the Lord. But in the 6th chapter of I Samuel, we see two fresh milch cows harnessed before a new cart, on which was placed the ark of God, which had been taken by the Philistines. Here we behold something out of the line of natural events. Their young calves, to whom, by natural cords of affection, the cows were strongly bound, were taken from them, and they moved off with the ark, without a visible conductor, along the highway, lowing loudly as they went, for several miles, until they entered into the field of Beth-shemesh, where they were offered a burnt offering to God, on a rock, the new cart being cut to pieces, and served for wood. Cart-loads of books have been written of what men have sacrificed for the cause of religion, but very little has been said about the sacrifices made by Christian females, who, like the two milch kine, have left their happy homes and friends, for the cause of Christ. We shall doubtless find, if we are so happy as to land our souls in the regions of bliss, an innumerable multitude of Christian females, wearing a martyr's crown, who went to heaven from dens, prisons, faggots, and a fiery flame. We have observed, in modern times, on conference and love-feast occasions, nearly one-half of the witnesses will thank God for a pious mother, whose maternal hand moulded them into the very image of Christianity, as a co-worker with the Spirit, sowing the seed of the kingdom in the mellow furrows of their youthful hearts. We have reason to thank the Lord, that the gag-law against female testimony and audible prayer in the house of God, is nearly abolished, and that daughters, as well as sons, are beginning to prophecy, and are going forth in high-ways and humble places, and if not lowing, they are shouting and proclaiming a free and full salvation, in heathen and in Christian lands. The first time we ever remember feeling our frozen heart really begin to melt, was under the fervent prayer of a female in Baltimore. And in a few weeks after, our soul was happily converted under a sermon about five minutes long, from an aged maiden sister, about three feet and a half high, bearing on her back a mountain of rickets. Her theme was, the simplicity of faith. Oh, that all could understand it as I then did, and cast themselves into the arms of their bleeding Savior. O Lord, swell the number of Dorcases, Marys, Lydias, Chloes, and Phebes, to aid in spreading Scriptural holiness throughout the land.

And next comes the little calf. How fat and plump he is, something like the one that Abraham slew and served up, for the three heavenly visitors, under the oak, on the plains of Mamre, the day before Sodom was destroyed. And when the prodigal son returned, there was a fatted calf killed and served up among other good things, on the table. And we have understood they had a great time of rejoicing—so much so, that they were heard by the people on the outside of the house. But there was one long-faced Pharisee there, who was angry, and would not go in.

Young Christians are commanded to grow up as calves of the stall. They always have their mouth at the rack, or in the milk-tub ; and such are always ready, as a sacrifice, for the Master's use. But those that stroll away in the world's goose-pasture, and get a little skim-milk, are unfit to be offered, and cannot be termed healthy, growing calves.

Last, but not least, we behold the domestic sheep, a chosen emblem of the disciples of Christ. He is clothing to the naked and food to the hungry. We remember when a little boy, from ten to twelve years old, following, almost daily, our grandfather into the sheep-pasture ; and the sheep seemed as glad to see him, as children would be to see a returning father. He always carried a little basket of corn or salt, and at the first call, about one-quarter of the sheep would answer, and run with all speed to meet him, and receive their supply, whilst a part stood back in the rear, and merely got a lick, after the shepherd went away. It is even so with many Church members. There are a small portion of them that are always ready to do duty at the call of the leader. These get the greatest part of the corn from Canaan's ripe shooks, from the hand of the Shepherd. But the fearful and unbelieving, who need so much persuasion, before they will take up the cross, get but a mere trifle. The great Shepherd of the sheep loves those best that draw nigh unto Him with holy confidence, and partake freely of the Gospel provisions. Such disciples are pillars in the Church, and when they are removed by death, or otherwise, all seem to feel and mourn their loss, and say, another Stephen has fallen.

Another trait in the character of the sheep is, they are united in a social band, and, like true Christians, they like to cluster together. "My sheep," says Jesus, "know my voice, and follow me ; a stranger, or hireling, they will not follow." And so long as the sheep continue to follow their good Shepherd, there is no danger of their being overcome or lost. The same hallowed lips have warned us against following hirelings, who will always flee in time of danger, when most needed. A lay member to be deceived, is like a man having a watch running a little too slow, so that he arrives at the depot just in time to see the cars move off, leaving him and his baggage in the rear. But a minister is like a town clock, if too slow or too fast, he deceives the whole multitude, who are looking up to him for counsel and direction. And I fear many a false teacher and preacher will desire to send back from the eternal world some heavenly messenger, to warn men on earth from drinking in his errors, and following his pernicious counsel, to endless perdition, thus to augment his misery, and forever charge home upon him as being the instrument of their eternal damnation. Great God, where is a balance on earth able to weigh the responsibility of the most humble minister of the Gospel? But we will close this lengthy chapter by singing,

> "Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
> To Thee for help we fly;
> Thy little flock in safety keep,
> For oh, the wolf is nigh!"

CHAPTER IX.

Creation of Wild Animals.

We will proceed, without delay, to feel with one hand a few of the phrenological bumps of the *wild* foresters, while with the other, we will run our fingers through the hair of our kind readers, where alps on alps arise, and compare (disagreeable as the comparison may be,) the disposition of the two animals. We will see then, which has the greatest reason to blush, or to exalt themselves. The lion is chosen in the Scripture, and emblazoned on Britannia's flag, as emblematical of kingly power and glory, therefore we will introduce the reader to him as the prince of his tribe. Christ is called in one place, by St. John, a Lion, and in the next breath, a Lamb. The first symbol denotes his royal power and God-head ; the latter is to set forth his extreme meekness, humility, and innocence. The phrenologist talks freely about a well balanced head, and it is equally necessary that we have a well balanced soul. Whilst Christ is clothed with omnipotent power, we see the meekness and gentleness of the lamb, balancing the scale.

If the kings and queens of the earth had more of the spirit of the lamb, they would soon become nursing fathers and mothers to the most feeble of their subjects, instead of looking down with disdain upon them. For our own part, we do not wish to be divested of any of our holy boldness or courage, as a Christian, but we do often feel the need of an increase of lamb-like meekness, in order to keep our soul and body properly balanced.

We see the principle of an adult Christian fully developed in the den of lions, where Daniel was cast. God did not send down an angel to disable them in any way, or to put them in an iron cage, but he converted them, or restored them to their primeval state, when in Eden. Therefore, when Daniel met them, he found in them all the developments and powers of a lion armed to the teeth, and in the same bosom he found more than a mother's love, so that all their power of destruction was turned into the channel of benevolence and pity, making them guardian angels, or, a body-guard, while he sweetly slept, pillowing his head on the downy side of the young and gentle lion.

This is what religion can accomplish, for the most wicked sinner on earth, when all its powers are fully developed. As to the principle of love to God, it is not enough that the scales exactly balance between the love of God and creature love. We behold Christ, after the resurrection, weighing Peter, saying to him, "Lovest thou me, *more* than all these?" As much as to say, can you put in one scale, wife, children, friends, property, honor, and reputation, with yourself in the balance, while supreme love to God weighs down the whole? Thrice he interrogated Peter with the same words, and when Peter could throw open the folding doors of his heart, inviting Christ to search, and know for himself, the large tear at the same time rolling down his sun-burnt cheek, then, and not till then, did the Master deem him qualified to go on to a circuit and feed his sheep. An Irishman was once asked the reason that Christ told Peter twice to feed his sheep, and once to feed his lambs. He replied, that he supposed if the old sheep were well fed, the lambs would all thrive and be fat. Is not this one of the principal causes of so many dead lambs in the flock? They do not find nursing fathers and mothers, whose bosoms swell with the milk of Christian benevolence.

As we turn away from the lion, we pay our respects to the elephant, the typic sultan of the animal kingdom. He is considered the most respectable of all animals. In size, he surpasses all other terrestrial creatures, and in understanding, he is inferior only to man. We have a few elephants of our own race, in both church and state, in nobleness of mind, if not in bulk. When their great powers are all consecrated to God, like an ancient Noah, Job, or Daniel, all their paths drop fatness. And their influence in the neighborhood where they live, is like the dew, or the gentle showers upon the parched field. In the ranks of the truly pious, it is now, as in the days of the Apostle, when he said, "Not many wise men, (after the flesh) not many nobles," are seen laying down their sceptres, and following the meek and lowly Nazarene. Yet there ever have been a few in all ages in whom we find the lion and the lamb sweetly blended; and in church and state, millions have risen up and called them blessed. They have been modern Jobs, eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, clothing to the naked, and food to the hungry. But on the other hand, where Mammon sits on the throne in regal power, with his concentrated wealth, it is the same to the poor and needy, that a certain long-eared dignitary (whom we mentioned in a former chapter,) was to a hungry little brood of chickens. The story goes thus:

He was standing at his manger laden with provender, and would occasionally scatter here and there a kernel at his feet, which drew about him a brood of small chickens, and every little while, he would stamp down his large foot and crush a chicken, while under the other foot, he would have half a dozen legs or toes, and the owners crying for mercy, to which cries and entreaties he would answer, "Gentlemen, let every one take care of their own toes, I'll take care of mine."

Mr. Speculator in breadstuffs, of the present day, this illustration is meant for you. Money has made you a tyrant king. While God in his providence has laden the earth, and filled the store-houses and barns with the luxuries of life, and dainties of the season, eight or ten wealthy men in each county, in concert with some millionaire in the city, will gather all the surplus provision in a few mammoth store-houses, and turn mammon's bolt upon them, with the declaration, that every one must come to their terms and prices, or starve, knowing that all a man hath, will he give for his life. And in the midst of cries and tears of widows and orphans, they turn and insult them, saying, as the ass did to the chickens, "let every one take care of their own toes, we will take care of ours!" These, in our opinion, are looked upon by God as the Beelzebub sinners of the day, but, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Dives was not sent to hell because he was wealthy, but because of the manner in which he disposed of his riches. What sin was it that brought forth the awful mandate from the Judge, saying, "Depart ye cursed?" Why, reader, it was the very popular sin of the present day. "I was an hungered, and ye fed me not." The sin does not consist in the gathering, buying, or selling of provision, for there can be nothing more commendable than trading in this manner, when it is done for the good of the public, and not to enrich a few, who already know not what it is to want. It is the excess and extortion that will pierce the soul with many arrows, whether it be in the producer or seller. Such elephants will have hard work to squeeze through a needle's eye, and be welcomed by the Judge, and pronounced a good steward of the manifold gifts of God. The Judge cannot lie, reader. He cannot say to us, "well done," if, in his absence, we have lavished all his gifts upon ourselves, and left his wife and children destitute of the comforts of life, but will surely say, forasmuch as ye have not done it to these, my wife and children, whom I left in your care, you have not done it unto me. Oh, Lord, drive home this tremendous truth, as in the case of Nathan to David. Speculator, "thou art the man."

As we turn away to look for something else, we will make our bow to the majestic elephants of the day, without asking any pardon for what we have said against them, or any glory for what we have said in their favor. Truth can stand erect without propping, either with flattery or frowns, for it is like God's eternal will. Here, reader, we will introduce ourselves to the camel. From his appearance, he belongs to that class that would give a stranger a hearty welcome, were he ever so poor and humble. The appearance of the lion and the elephant are always repelling to the timid. Poor Lazarus, covered with sores, hungry and destitute, dared not approach any nearer to them than the outer gate that leads to the kitchen, hoping the compassionate dogs might divide with him the shaking of the cloth from the rich man's table. There was always a gulf between the rich and the poor, the proud and humble. And if the Gospel does not bring them to a level, *death* will, for it is written that every valley shall be exalted, and every hill, or high head, shall be brought low. We will now draw our pencil and see if we can take the likeness of a camel. But, you say, he is the homeliest creature you ever saw, and that he looks like a lump of clay marred on the wheel of the potter. Allow us to say to you, dear reader, that you judge not righteously, but as the proud world judgeth from outward appearance. God never made a homely man or beast. This camel is like the Savior in the eyes of proud sinners, they see no beauty in him. He is to them as a root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness. But when we become experimentally acquainted with him, he is the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely. We shall find it so with the camel, when we contemplate his character. It is not the shape, or form of the casket that wise men value, but the jewel it contains. A beautiful face on a man or woman, without discretion, Solomon has compared to a jewel in a hog's nose. If a person possess exterior beauty without the grace of humility, ten chances to one, if they are not inflated like a soap bubble, with their own vanity, and burst into thin air. But a handsome casket filled with pearls, is a precious gift.

The camel may truly be said to be the ship of the desert. They are sometimes laden with more than a thousand pounds of the richest spices of the eastern world. This heavy burden is laid upon their back, and topped off with the merchant, who drives them eight hundred miles across the sandy desert, under a burning sun, and all this to spice our dinner, and load our tables with the luxuries of life.

And so the blessed Jesus hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows over the barren deserts of this world, and, like the camel, not for himself, but for fallen man ; that his soul may be spiced up with the richest dainties of Heaven. Notwithstanding he was esteemed stricken and afflicted of God, yet, he is still traveling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save, inviting every afflicted soul to cast all his burden on Him, for he careth for them, whether they be little or great. It is said that a certain king was passing through the country in his chariot of state, and overtaking a poor man traveling under the burden of a heavy pack, the king halted and invited the traveler to take a seat with his footman in the rear of his chariot. The astonished man bowed, and was soon esconsed in the proffered seat. On arriving at the place of destination, the king was surprised to find that his passenger was sitting in his seat with his burden bound firmly to his back. The monarch inquired, why he had not laid aside his burden, when the pilgrim meekly answered, "I thought it was enough for you to carry the likes of me, without carrying my pack also." This illustration is for you ! my dear brother, or sister, who are traveling with us on a pilgrimage over the burning deserts of time. Years ago, the King overtook you, and took you up into his chariot of salvation. You were weary and heavy laden, but you heard the voice, not of the rough Jehu, but of the blessed Jesus, saying, "Come up into my chariot," and e'er you were aware, your soul was made like the chariot of Aminidab. I have often heard you speak of the honor thus conferred upon you, and have heard you sing,

> "I then rode on the sky,
> Freely justified I,
> Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
> My glad soul mounted higher,
> In a chariot of fire,
> And the moon, it was under my feet."

But you have borne a heavy burden these many years. Though "justified freely," you have not been "sanctified wholly." When God said to you, son, or daughter, "thy sins are forgiven thee," he also commanded you to "go on unto perfection." It is your privilege and duty to be sanctified, soul, body, and spirit, and then through faith in Christ, to be kept blameless until his coming. Perhaps you have said, "is it not enough that my Savior should carry the likes of me, without carrying all my burden also?" You have said, you did not feel worthy to claim the blessing of perfect love, therefore, you bear your burden still. If the monarch was grieved with the folly of the poor man, will not your heavenly Father be much more grieved, if you refuse to cast your burden on the Lord?

But our burden-bearing camel can teach us other lessons. It is said, that "once on a time" a family were crossing the desert on the back of a single camel.

Missing their way, which led by a green oasis, where they intended to replenish their "stay of bread and water," they journeyed on until their supply of water failed, and death began to stare them in the face. They yet had bread, but inspiration and experience had taught them that man could not live by bread alone. If we are to live, not only must bread be given us, but our water must be sure. In their extremity, they remembered that their camel had taken in a prodigious quantity of water on starting, and they had heard that each one of these desert ships had a large tank of water on board, and as a last resort the beast was slain, and his water and blood was their salvation. To such an extremity is the sinner reduced before he comes to the fountain opened for sin. In a land of drouth and death, he hears a friendly voice exclaim, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." And when he answers, "I am poor and have nothing to pay," it is replied, "He that hath no money may partake freely." But without shedding of blood ther is no remission. Hence, Jewish altars were daily baptized with typical blood, and hence, we have been "redeemed, not with corruptible things as silver and gold but with the precious blood of Christ." Unless th blood of the innocent camel had been shed, the famil would have perished on the desert, and unless th Lamb of God had bled, the fountain of the water o life could not have been reached. Doubtless, parents and children wept on the desert, to see their friend bleed and die for them ; and so have our hearts been dissolved in tenderness, and our eyes melted to tears, as we have read the story of Gethsemane and Calvary. But when we have seen the purple tide issuing from the fountain which was opened by the soldier's spear, in our Redeemer's side, we have thanked God for the unspeakable gift, and sung,

> "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee;
> Let the water and the blood,
> From thy wounded side which flow'd,
> Be of sin the double cure,—
> Save from wrath and make me pure."

But see, here comes a giraffe, like the palm-tree among the trees, or like Saul among his countrymen. He reminds one of a marble pyramid in a graveyard, looking down disdainfully on the graves of the poor, which are indicated only by a humble slab. Could that monument speak, it would probably say, "I am here to guard the dust of the great, against the tread of plebeian feet. Just at my base lie the remains of a warrior chieftain, who has shed more blood, burned more cities, and made more widows and orphans, than all the thousands that lie unknown and unhonored around me." True, one whom the world calls great, lies there, but the epitaph *lies* in a worse sense, when it proclaims his worth, his virtues, and tells the reader of his high place in heaven.

Not many years since, several officers who had fallen in the battle-fields of Mexico, were exhumed by order of our government, and brought to New York for burial. The gorgeous pageantry moved on to the grave amid the thunder of cannon, the flourishing of trumpets, and the waving of banners. The coffins were adorned with gold, and covered with evergreens, and above their graves a monument arose to kiss the sky, which was covered all over with inscriptions, recounting their achievements, and heralding their virtues and their fame. Two humble sons of Africa looked on with wonder, as the stately cortege moved on with funeral tread, keeping step with the beatings of the muffled drum. At last one exclaims, "Tom, what's de use of all dis fuss? Why don't dey let um sleep on de battle field 'till de resurrection mornin', den let God raise 'em up?" "Why," says, Jerry, "bery likely dis resurrection is all de glory dey eber will hab, for when de Lord raises up his warriors, who hab fought a good fight, dese fellows will hab to take de background." Jerry's theology may be found to be more true than fanciful.

Oh, reader, when we sleep our last sleep, let it not be on a bed of human glory,

"Though Honor comes a pilgrim grey,
To muse awhile at close of day,
And Freedom should awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there;"

but let us sleep as did the warrior of whom it was written,

"In a lone, silent spot, 'neath the sad drooping willow,
Where the grass and the vine matted over his grave,
A soldier of Jesus lay pressing death's pillow,
Whose watchword was love, and whose aim was to save.
He sleeps there in peace, no dangers can harm him,
Though battles may rage, and the wild tempest roar;
His rest is unbroken, no sound can alarm him,
In quiet he slumbers—his conflicts are o'er.

The cross was his standard, its beauties he blended,
He offer'd salvation, and bade all rejoice;
But his work is now finish'd, his battles are ended,
His labors are over, and hush'd is his voice.
His form, cold and still, in its damp bed is sleeping,
The eye is grown dim that with lustre once shone;
No friends mourning o'er him in sadness are weeping,
And the tear-drop of sorrow falls not on his tomb.

But soon to the slumberer, command will be given,
To cast off the fetters that cling to him now;
An army of angels shall bear him to heaven,
And garlands of glory be 'twined round his brow.
While anthems of praises around him are ringing,
His body, immortal, in brightness shall rise;
While millions of ransom'd hosannas are singing,
In triumph he'll enter his home in the skies."

But we should beg pardon of the giraffe for some of the analogies into which we have run, for though he receives all the boquets which an admiring multitude throw at his feet, as though they were his rightful due, though he carries a high head, and is very stiff-necked, yet he is unstained with innocent blood; unlike the conqueror, he has not snuffed the thunder of battle, and unlike the war-horse, he has not laughed in the valley of death, nor trailed his fetlocks in the blood of the slain. But on the other hand, he lives in vain. His brief biography is, he was born, carried the highest head, looked down contemptuously on his fellow brutes, and lay down and rotted. Not a line of eulogy could be written of him, not an act of kindness or usefulness can be recorded of, or attributed to him.

Is not the world filled up with human giraffes, both male and female, in Church and State.? They answer the same purpose in the world as the giraffe in the menagerie, namely, to be looked at. They are the drones in this great bee-hive, they are the codfish aristocracy of the age. Job says of them, "They chant to the sound of the viol, they lead forth their little ones as a flock, and their children dance." David says, "pride compasseth them about as a chain, violence covereth them as a garment, their eyes stand out with fatness, they have more than heart can wish."

Would you read Isaiah's description of a female giraffe? Read his third chapter, about the daughters of Jerusalem, who walk with *stretched out neck,* (how literal the description,) and wanton eyes, all decked out in the bravery of tinkling ornaments. Well, there are giraffes in modern times also. There is the Rev. Mr. Giraffe, who *reads* in ——— church, in our great metropolitan city. We were preaching at the Blind Institute in New York awhile since, and after service one of the servants was inquired of, where he had been to church, and he answered, "To ——— church." "Did they let you in?" said his enquirer. "Oh, no;" replied he, "I only peeped in at the door." We ventured to enquire, why he did not go in and take a seat. The mystery was then revealed by an intelligent bystander. A portion of the nobility had erected an edifice with a steeple a little higher than that of Trinity church, and which, perhaps, cost more money. Its velvet cushions were of the costliest kind, and the silk robe of the minister was of the finest material. None but the giraffe stock were admitted to that church. No Janitor of Bridewell is more careful to keep his prisoners in, than is the sexton to keep the vulgar *out.* But then this Church were very considerate to the poor. True, they did not exactly say, "Let the rich and the poor meet together, for the Lord is the Maker of them all," but they removed their old church edifice to the rear of their lot, and hired a common preacher for the common people. "I wonder," says another, "if they expect to worship in heaven together?" "Most assuredly," was the reply. "All the difference is in the manner of getting there. Those in the new church take cabin fare, and those in the old, sail in the steerage." There are giraffes, not only among the D. D.'s, but among the M. D.'s, and if the former title is an abreviation of Double Dunces, the latter indicates at least Middling Dunces. Then there are Honorable giraffes, some of whom go to Congress, and some get to be President. There are giraffes in the monetary world like the Rothschilds, and those of lesser proportions are found in every city and every village on earth. Most of these live only for themselves. They look abroad in their estates, like Nebuchadnezzer on his capital, and say, "Is not this great Babylon which I have builded for the honor of my house, and the glory of my majesty?" But as God changed the Babylonish giraffe into an ox, so all that are proud in heart he is able to abase. "The meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace." "Though thy dwelling be among the pots, yet will I make thee as the dove whose wings are as silver, and whose feathers are of yellow gold."

We will take a survey of only one more animal, and then we will pass on to the coronation scene. We beg you will allow us to look at this animal, or rather the species quite minutely, as there is something so *human* in their appearance that they seem almost to claim alliance to our own species. There appear to be connecting links between the vegetable and animal world, and here we seem to have a connecting link between the animal and human. Boswell told Johnson that he had always held that a man with a black face was a connecting link between the brute and the man. "And I," thundered the great Lexicographer, have always held that a man with a black heart was the connecting link between the brute and the devil." At all events, this is an interesting family, known as the ape, monkey, baboon, or orang-outang family. They are sprinkled over most lands, are from six inches to four feet in height. They have hands, arms, feet; and face much resembling our own. Now we do earnestly beg pardon of the monkey, for the comparison we are about to make, but it is so natural to associate a monkey with a dandy, how can we help it? We confess we are getting down very low among the human species when we speak of dandies, but we believe they are usually regarded as at least remotely related to the genus homo. Fish and fowl, insect and beast, have each been passing before us, and from the eagle to the humming bird, from the giraffe to the musquito, we have gathered instructive lessons, and here we close up our analogies at the point where the beast rising highest, and the man descending lowest, seem to meet and blend. Do not tell me that the pride of the dandy will be offended at my comparison. I tell you, dandies have no pride. Nay, do not look so surprised, as though you would say, they have little besides pride. I will venture the price of a last year's almanac, that neither genuine monkeys nor dandies have any thing which comes nearer to pride than vanity.

> "Weighed in a balance, both appear,
> Light as a puff of empty air."

The giraffe family have some foundation for their pride. They have the independence which wealth gives. They have education and social refinement. They know almost every thing but themselves, and the God who created them. Many of them boast of a long line of ancestors. They can follow up the stream of their own blood for three or four generations, before they find their ancestors in a felon's cell, or dancing at the end of a rope ; but in a general way, one or two generations is as far as they find it convenient to trace their pedigree. But what has a dandy or a monkey to be proud of? Neither has much, except his powers of imitation. At circuses, menageries, and traveling shows in general, the monkey is an important character. While elephants and lions make up the more substantial parts of the entertainment, monkeys are thrown in by way of condiment. They will ride the ponies as gallantly and proudly as a human monkey, i. e., a dandy. Multitudes will stare and applaud, and we have heard (you know we *can't* see,) of professors of religion, meeting with the world on these commons of the devil, and joining in the sport. The Lord have mercy on such professors, for surely they are nothing but professors. When the marriage of the Lamb to his chosen bride shall be celebrated, they will be excluded from the wedding feast.

We attended a Sunday School celebration once at a museum, and among the objects of interest to the children, was a venerable looking monkey, with spectacles mounted on his nose, seated on his arm chair, examining a newspaper wrong side up, as sanctimonious as a divine, and as intent in his studies as a politician. Alas ! how many have their Bibles inverted, and that which should be first, last ; and that which should be last, first ; in their regards. Their ethics and their theology are like a pyramid standing on its apex. They are one idea men, and their one idea is self, and around this point, every thing must revolve, as Ptolemy makes our little world the centre of the universe. And if some faithful delineator of truth draws their portrait, or holds a mirror before them so that they can see their true image reflected, they become as pugnacious as a certain cat our mother once had, who seeing her image in a mirror, and supposing it to be an antagonist, after some interchange of menaces and defiances, sprang upon her adversary, and of course demolished the intruder and the looking-glass together. But we must not forget our comparison.

The ape is great on caricature, and so is the dandy. We have seen many of them who could counterfeit the *gentleman* so handsomely, that it would take a practiced eye to detect the cheat. Let us take a stroll up Chestnut-street, or Broadway, on a sunny afternoon, and we shall meet multitudes of human monkeys of both sexes. Take a sample of each. Here goes one of the male species. Mercy on us, what a crop of whiskers and mustaches he does cultivate on such a shallow soil. Were there not others of the same species around us, we should suppose that "the bearded lady" had escaped from the custody of Barnum, and was perambulating the streets in male attire. His dress is in the height of the ton, from exquisite hat to tip gaiters, and his gloved hand was never hardened or browned by honest labor. Here goes one of the female species, sailing by like a full-rigged clipper. She is a traveling advertisement for the dry goods' merchant, the milliner, and the jeweler. Her curls must be so adjusted as to exhibit her ear-drops, or else what good would they do if they could not be seen; and for a similar reason one hand must be ungloved. A lily hand is that; ah, she herself is one of the lilies of the field, for she "toils not, neither does she spin." And yet she does nothing else, she toils at her toilet, and she spins street-yarn. We have often wondered how monkeys and dandies live; but the true answer is, they live at the expense of others. The clown told the miller, that he knew that millers had good hogs, but he did'nt know whose corn they were fatted on. So, we always knew that dandies dressed well, and lived well, but we never knew exactly where the money came from. Our curiosity, however, has been gratified in part, as we have learned that they are employed to a great extent by managers of theatres, and circuses, by rum-sellers, and by certain females who keep most respectable houses of fame. They are very useful at mock-auctions, are proficients at "drop game" and "confidence" schemes. The business of multitudes is to look after green-horns, and especially to take charge of their surplus funds; and many an unsuspecting and confiding youth has had occasion to say of them, "I was a stranger, and they took me in." There is one at the Astor House, picking his teeth with a silver tooth-pick, just as the crowd arise from the table. He enters into casual conversation with a country merchant, who has just arrived with plenty of money, and who is anxious to see the lions of the city. "Monsieur la Confidence" becomes his cicerone, conducts him to the theatre, adjourns with him to the saloon, introduces him to his friends, stupifies him with drugged liquor, robs him of his money, and leaves him to come leisurely to the conviction that he has fallen into "a den of thieves."

There is one of the other sex who has become an adroit administrator of chloroform, and habited in widow's weeds, she is passing over the principal Rail Roads, seeking whom she can decoy, and whom she can devour.

Nor do all the apes congregate in our metropolitan menageries. Little six inch monkeys are found in all our villages and hamlets. With few brains, but much braggadocia, little money, but much display, little information, but great assurance, they drive a great trade on a very small capital, and trying to live on their wits, generally fail for want of stock. What galley slaves many a father and mother make of themselves, that their sons and daughters may ape after the children of wealth and fortune. If this disposition existed in the outside world alone, it might be tolerated, but it has invaded the courts of Zion, and ascends the sacred pulpit. The ministerial ape, that Cowper sketched a hundred years ago, who mounted the pulpit with a skip, and reading what he never wrote, just fifteen minutes, and then skipped down again, has left some successors ; at least we fear the race is not extinct. Too apt is the young divine to ape the gesture, voice, and air of some favorite or popular preacher. Be yourself, young man. Don't try to put on Saul's armor. The lion's skin ill becomes the donkey, and the peacock can never imitate the nightingale's voice. Of all employments, aping pays the poorest. The first great sin of Israel was to demand a king *after the manner of the nations*, and God gave them one to their own destruction ; and our modern Israel has not ceased to clamor, after the titles, the honors, and the wealth of worldly men, and are not content to share the honor that cometh from God only. Oh ! had Christ appeared on earth as a conqueror, or a monarch, with a jeweled sword on his thigh, and a sceptre in his hand, he would have been heralded by the mighty, and obeyed by the masses, and every where might have gazed "on hearts and passions prostrate at his feet," and not only the Pope with his tiara, and cardinals in scarlet robes, but the proud and popular in every land, and every age, would delight to walk in his steps. But because he practiced and enjoined humility, they exclaim, "we will not have this man to reign over us." Fashion is the god of the world, and he rules his subjects with a rod of iron.

We talk of the horrors of southern slavery, and perhaps the half of its horrors have never been revealed, but if there is one overseer in all the land of blood, as ruthless and imperious as the Tyrant Fashion, the Lord have mercy on his victims. As Shylock would have his pound of flesh, blood or no blood, and as the Egyptian taskmasters demanded the tale of brick, straw or no straw, so Fashion demands that her subjects shall wear her livery, money or no money, God or no God. A maiden sister once came to a friend of ours, and asked employment in his family, for a few weeks, saying, that she wished the money "to get some little things for her comfort." She was feeble in health, and wrought in pain by day, and passed many sleepless hours at night. Her contract was completed, and her money expended in "some little things for her comfort." What were they, reader, think you? Some soothing balm, or medicinal appliance, you say, to heal her bodily disorders. Not so. There were higher claims to be satisfied, and louder clamorings for her hard-earned money. Sisters A, B, and C, of the giraffe family, had heavy Italian silk fringe dangling upon their silk capes, while hers had nothing but a plain hem, and who could enjoy the sermon, or take any comfort in church, making so odd an appearance. So her wounded pride was soothed for a while, by this Italian panacea. My story, reader, is like a grain of mustard-seed, very small; but I tell you, that the evil I rebuke, is like the tree which Chaldea's slumbering monarch saw ; it drops its boughs around the world, and millions of our cherished sons and daughters have eaten of its deadly fruit. Its leaves are borne on the breath of the simoon, and lodged by many of the firesides of our Zion, and by many of the altars of our God. Our church members partake of its poisonous fruit and grow sickly ; our young converts nibble at it, and they die. How many husbands have baptized the fields with the sweat of their sunburnt brows, that their wives and daughters may buy vanity, and be like the giraffe family. How many mothers have toiled day and night, lest the young ladies of the household should soil their lily hands, and be suspected of labor, which would be a bar to their admission into the circles of fashion. Reader, I am a blind man, and cannot see the "chains, and bracelets, and mufflers, &c.," which are exhibited in our churches and elsewhere, but I tell you there is an Eye which sees the display, and understands the motive, and God will judge righteously at the last, and all the proud shall be as stubble before his wrath.

This evil must be rebuked from sanctified pulpits, and by Christian men and women everywhere, or they will be partakers of the sin, and sharers in the condemnation. I warn the church that little foxes are destroying the goodly vintage. I warn parents that little monkeys are leading their children in a race to hell. And from their distant home on the far-off coasts of the lake of fire, the voice of warning comes from multitudes, who were once clothed in purple and fine linen, saying, "Come not to this place of torment." Oh! Lord, make the warning emphatic on the ears of a proud world. Amen.

CHAPTER X.

Adam.

"The marriage of the Lamb" is an event not yet celebrated, for the "bridegroom tarrieth," and the bride doth "make herself ready." True, the banns have been published through heaven and earth, preparations are going on, the bridegroom has gone to prepare a place for his affianced one, and has promised to come again and take her to himself. Now, while we are in waiting for his coming, we can complete our survey of the temporary home of the bride, and get a more familiar acquaintanceship with the "high contracting parties." We have surveyed our earth while her brow was wet with the fresh baptisms of her God. We saw it slowly rising into being and beauty, as his successive commands went forth, until in stately proportions and attire, it stood before us the abode of beast, bird, fish, insect, and the whole crowned with waving forests, and illuminated by the great lights of heaven. The earth, reader, is our mother. As the mother embosoms and nourishes her babe, so we came forth from the dust, and the Great Maternal Bosom yields to all, a bountiful supply for all their wants. And as the tired child seeks his rest in his mother's arms, and his solace from his mother's heart, and in death seeks to lean upon the bosom of that truest, trustiest friend, so, many a weary pilgrim has sighed for the grave's peaceful rest, exclaiming, "The clods of the valley shall be sweet to me,"

> "For misery caught me at my birth,
> And cast me helpless on the wild:
> I perish! Oh, my mother earth,
> Take home thy child."

Well, we saw our primal mother created, we saw her laid in her airy cradle, curtained by stars and rocked in the firmament. Then as she grew up in maidenly grace and beauty, we saw her clothed in her dress of green, and her head crowned with a wreath of flowers, while the most delicious fruits hung over her on boughs of love. Then we saw a gorgeous chandelier, hung high in her palace, and the walls thereof adorned with millions of side-lights and burning reflectors. Again, her fish-ponds were replenished with finny tribes, dulcet voices were heard coming from a thousand groves, where aerial nations talked and sang of love.

We saw the kine, with streaming udder, and flocks with backs burdened with superfluous clothing, and the swift horse, and patient ox, wondering that none directed them to their labors, or in their race. We saw fruits falling, with none to gather them, and vines running astray in wild luxuriance, with none to train their wanton tendrils. We heard the music of the ocean, as its waves now danced upon the golden sands, and now, as they brake in thunder on the hoary cliff. But no plough had struck a furrow in the valley, no ship had plowed its way across the sounding sea. But God made the earth to be inhabited. He designs to have its susceptibilities tested to the utmost—to have every vale and savannah support its Nineveh and its Tyre, and every sea be a highway for nations. And now, notes of preparation are heard, and the voice of the Trinity, in council proclaims, "let us make man in our image and in our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth on the earth." God gave to the work of his hands *degrees* of excellence. This was essential to variety, and variety is essential to perfection. It was fit that he should proceed in his work from the lower to the higher, and have the last and crowning work his master-piece. The stateliness of this procedure, the announced purpose of the Godhead, the position to which man was assigned in the creation, and the divine benediction pronounced upon him, all indicate that a being of higher order and nobler destiny than all previous occupants, was now introduced into the world. In an eminent sense, he was the master of the lower creation—the representative of God on earth.

But before completing our survey of man, we should a little more minutely study the character and attributes of his Creator, for he is the heavenly bridegroom, who has redeemed the Church with His blood, and made it meet to share His holiness and His throne. The most which we wish here to say is, that the Creator and King, whose voice we have so often heard, was none other than the Lord Jesus Christ, in his pre-existent state. True, Moses asserts that *God* created the heavens and the earth, but John, the annotator of Moses, declares that the Word, which was made flesh and dwelt among us, was with God, and the Word was God. And again, that "all things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made." Equally explicit is another witness. Paul says, "By him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, or principalities, or powers, all things were created by him and for him." We are anxious to establish this point, as it harmonizes the whole Scripture, and enables us unhesitatingly to say to the Church, "thy Maker is thy husband." All agree that the Jehovah of the Old Testament is the Jesus of the New. He sat with Abraham under the oak at Mamre, and partook of the hospitalities of his patriarch host. With him, Abraham pleaded, when he was on his mission of vengeance to Sodom. He was addressed by the title of, "Judge of all the earth," and we know that all judgment is committed to the Son. He wrestled with Jacob at Peniel, talked with Moses from the burning bush, and going into the furnace with Shadrach, he "quenched the violence of the fire." His appearance, in this early dispensation, was doubtless in the human form. Not that we contend that man was formed after his physical image, but He *put on* a physical form like ours. "Being found in *fashion as a man*, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death." "He took the form of a servant," not only when the fullness of the times was come, but when he first put himself into communication with the human race. He put on and put off his human form, as it pleased him, even as we robe and disrobe ourselves at our pleasure. He did the same thing while on earth, and after his resurrection. He could vanish from the sight of his enemies, and could appear in the presence of his disciples, when they had shut the door "for fear of the Jews." In his human form, he rose from the height of Olivet and was lost to the view of his disciples, by entering into a bright cloud, which may have been a battalion of angels, sent to escort him home.

It is regarded as an act of great condescension, when a prince prepares an outcast, by a long course of training and cultivation, to be his bosom partner, and at last to bring such an one up into his banqueting house and his bridal chamber, and make her to share in all his honors and all his wealth; but here we behold the Sovereign of all worlds, creating for himself a bride from the dust, and assigning her a probation, as Ahasuerus did to Esther, until the bridal day should come. But hear with wonder, O ye heavens, and be astonished, O earth! Let the heavens be hung with crape, and let its dark drapery sweep the world; let the clouds weep tears of blood, and the sun turn to darkness, at the recital of the shame of the affianced Bride of the Son of God. She forsook the husband of her youth, and followed after many lovers; she forgot her Maker, and lightly esteemed the Rock of her salvation. But the heavenly bridegroom had set his love upon her, therefore he cried after her, "Return unto me, and I will return unto you; return unto me, for I am married unto you." To cancel her shame, he blushed in blood; to ransom her from death, he paid the price of his own life, and during these rolling millenniums, he has been sending messages of peace, and suing for reconciliation. We anticipate just a little, to exhibit the character of the bridegroom, and shall now return to a more careful examination of his chosen one.

At the voice of God, and from his plastic hand, came forth a being of complicated and wondrous structure, who, under God, was to be lord of the whole earth. We may suppose, from the account, that God proceeded in the work of his formation, with skillful fingers, and a steady eye to the position he was to occupy, and the work he had to do. A frame-work of bones was first erected, fitted together with joints and sockets, or hinges, as the case demanded. Run your eye over them, and you can count not less than two hundred and forty-six of these bones, so arranged as to impart the freest movements and the greatest strength to the frame. This frame-work is now bound firmly together by muscles stronger than bands of steel, yet so flexible as to move, contract, or stretch, at the slightest bidding of the will. By this arrangement, we walk or recline, open or shut our eyes, raise our hand and let it fall. In the cavity of the skull is deposited a mass of matter which we call brains, from which a silver cord extends down the spine, and from this, delicate tissues, called nerves, extend to every part of this living temple. These nerves are the telegraphic wires of the system, and, like the best lines, which have duplicate and parallel wires, they start out from the spinal cord in pairs, and soon uniting in one trunk, proceed along together, bound up in the same sheath, as the wires across the straits of Dover are enveloped in a tube of gutta percha. One of these is the nerve of voluntary Motion, and its office is to carry the commands of the will to every limb and member of the body, as swift couriers carry the commands of the Czar, from St. Petersburgh to Kamschatka and Sevastopol. The other is the nerve of Sensation, whose office it is to report to the presiding intellect whatever occurs at any point of the body, as returning couriers inform the monarch of all that transpires on the frontiers of his empire. From the great fountain of nerves in the brain, a separate line runs to the eye, and ear, and palate; one sees, one hears, one smells, one tastes, and one feels. Each one attends faithfully to his own affairs, and no one interferes with the employment of his neighbor. Happy would it be, if in every community, and in every Church, every member would be quiet and do their own business—no "busy bodies in other men's matters"—but each as prompt in duty as the lightning lines which permeate every part of this goodly temple.

A sanguineous tide springs from its central fountain and is thrown through the arteries to every part of the system, and returning through a thousand veins, is again sent through the tissues of the lungs to be purified, and thus it courses on, until the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the golden wheel at the cistern, and then the dust returns to the earth as it was.

The food is received into its appropriate reservoir, and, by the action of a solvent of wondrous power, is converted into a pulpy mass, and this again is examined and separated by a self-generated chemical agent, and while all that is nutricious is retained, all that is worthless and vile is cast away.

The soul has windows through which it surveys the external world, and sweeps along the high places of the universe, and there is only now and then one who, like your humble author, rolls his eyes in vain to find the piercing light; and but for these instances which awaken your commiseration, and sometimes elicit your charity, you would less highly prize that instrument of wondrous mechanism and power, which puts you into communication with all that is visible, and aids you in rising to a contemplation of the God who is invisible. But why need we linger here, when, as we have so often intimated, this is but the temple for an indwelling inhabitant? A goodly temple, no duubt, it is, but it was built from dust, and will soon mingle with the dust again. We are more concerned to become acquainted with the spiritual and immortal tenant residing here. We have alluded to the *will*, which is but one faculty of the soul, or rather one process by which the soul acts. Sometimes it is called an iron will, a head-strong will, and when unsubdued and unrestrained by reason and by grace, it is imperious as a tyrant, and as cruel as the grave. See its power in the great Corsican. He stamps with his foot, and the nations tremble and thrones fall. He beckons with his hand, and obsequious hosts gather to his standard, ambitious, for him to bleed and die. He waves his sword, and from the pyramids of Egypt to the plains of Waterloo, the earth blushes itself to crimson, nations turn pale with fear, and monarchs kneel in craven homage before him, but still his insatiate sword gathers in its bloody vintage. See its doings in a smaller man, in still later times. The demon of Intemperance had been scourging the earth for centuries ; no tongue can speak, no pen can write the enormity of its horrors. Napoleon had slain his thousands, but Drunkenness had slain its tens of thousands. The blood and tears it had shed would fill the ocean, and the voice of wailing it had caused had fallen on the ear of Philanthropy like the voice of the apocalyptic thunders. Patrician and plebeian life, wealth and poverty, the university and the theatre, the pulpit and the bar, had each furnished multiplied contributions for the prison, the poor-house and the potter's-field ; and still the fiery stream swept on, until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. Youth, and age, and maidenhood and widowhood, pleaded with God, and remonstrated with man, until the voice of authority went forth from the legislative halls of a great State, containing the Tyre of the the western world, saying, "here shall thy proud waves be stayed." But one "man, dressed in a little brief authority," played such a part before high Heaven as made the angels weep. He dared to "take the responsibility on himself," to demolish the breakwater which had been built, and let the lava-tide roll on. We are loth to disturb the ashes of the politically dead, but where else could be found a fitter illustration of the power of the will, or of the evils it may accomplish when left unrestrained, or when it enters the market-places of the earth, and proposes to barter away right for glory or for gold.

Erastratus burned Diana's temple at Ephesus, which kings had delighted for centuries to enrich and adorn, that he might be remembered in after times. And he gained his end. He *is* remembered. Infamy has snatched his name from oblivion and loaded it with execrations, and passed it down from generation to generation. And he who dared to laugh at the prayer of the widow and the orphan—to oppose his official act to the will of the people he was appointed to serve,. would do well if he can, to purge away the deed with tears, lest his name be remembered in the future only in association with one who sold his country, and another who sold his Lord.

The will is more than mighty. In its own province, it is omnipotent. It determines men's present and eternal destinies. Men do not come to Christ because of impassable barriers in the way. They will not come to him and have life. He would, but they would not. Oh how important that a faculty of such fearful power should be rightly trained. In the cause of right, let it be as unbending as marble, but let it be as a docile child, when addressed and led by reason and religion.

We must not fail to speak of Conscience, another and most important faculty of the human soul. This sits in high precedency over the moral man, and when its eagle eye is not dimmed, or its voice drowned, it will clearly see and indicate the right. Multitudes hear not its voice, because the auditory nerve of their moral nature is paralysed, and others because of the raging of stormy passions and the clamor of unholy lusts. But, as when the prophet trod the cliffs of Carmel, and heard not the voice of God amid the earthquake's tread, nor saw the symbols of his presence in the fiery winding-sheet that girded the mountain, but yet distinctly heard his God in a still small voice, when he wrapped himself in his mantle and meekly bowed his head: so, when the voice of interest, and passion, and prejudice, is stilled, and the soul is left to commune with itself, if with the humility of the child-prophet, it exclaims, "speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," it will not fail to be taught of God. Not only does conscience discriminate, but it furnishes motive power to stimulate the man to high endeavors and holy attainments. It goes in advance of him, to show him the way he should take, as the pillar of fire pointed out the Israelites' path; it travels by his side, to whisper warnings and encouragements in his ear; it follows in his rear, to reward his obedience with commendations, and to lash him with its sting for his waywardness and his sin. Conscience is our friend, and because it is our friend, it reproves our faults, it smites us for our healing, and lashes us solely that we perish not everlastingly. Its smile can compensate for the loss of the world's favor, its approval is only second to the benediction of God, and its frown only less to be deprecated than the gnawings of the worm that never dies. And how can its reprovings be endured when, with perfect power to discriminate, and full ability to punish, it shall follow in the wake of the unredeemed, like a remorseless fiend, to transpierce the spirit forever?

> "Conscience, the torturer of the soul, unseen,
> Shall fiercely brandish her sharp scourge within;
> Severe decrees may keep the tongue in awe,
> But, to the thoughts, what edict can give law?
> E'en you yourself to your own breast shall tell
> Your crimes, and your own conscience be your hell."

Memory is the secretary of the soul. It is her office to keep a minute and faithful record of all its actions, utterances and volitions. This office it faithfully discharges. Perception observes them, Conscience determines their moral character and locates them according to their affinities, and Memory writes them down "in leaves more durable than leaves of brass." The careless eye will call her remiss and neglectful of her duty, but nothing escapes her notice. Each day she writes her page, and each year her volume, and all are preserved until the day when "the books shall be opened." We forget the events of yesterday, and to-morrow the transactions of to-day are seemingly obliterated, but all will be brought fresh to our recollection when faithful Memory shall open her records, in a coming day. Sometimes a view of these records is obtained before death. A man once fell from a building, and he declares that during the moment he was suspended in the air, the record of his life was all unrolled to his view. So Memory may come and whisper reproachful things in the sinner's ear, when he is on his bed of death, and during his long, long voyage over the lake of fire, may be whispering in his ear, "son, *remember.*"

Not only do Memory, Conscience and Will make their abode in this living temple, but Understanding, and the whole family of the affections, reside here.

And in the case of this patriarch of the race, whom we have seen rising from the dust, his understanding was clear, his affections pure, his conscience undefiled. He shone forth in the moral image of his God, in righteousness and true holiness. No stormy passions shook his soul. In harmony with God and the universe around him, man was a noble being. His body bore the most illustrious evidences of creative skill, and his soul was only lower than the angels, because time had not matured his intellect and developed his virtues. The excellences of animal and angelic life met in him. As four rivers rolled forth from Eden, each with full banks, but each in a different direction, so from the Eden of man's unfallen heart went forth holy streams of love toward God and those with whom he was to be associated as fellow subjects of the Eternal. Oh, if sin had not entered, the leaves of the trees of Paradise had not faded, and man had been immortal. Then, at any period in human history, might an angel have pointed toward our happy climes, exclaiming, "Come with me, and I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife."

CHAPTER XI.

Adam Crowned.

Whether the promise, "Thou shalt be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God," was made to Christ, to the Church generally, or to the Jews specifically, we are not careful here to enquire, since it is elsewhere affirmed that God crowned Adam with glory and honor, and placed him over the work of his hands, and put all things in subjection under his feet. As a crown placed on the head of royalty puts the monarch in possession of dignity and authority, so the coronation of man by his God, was his royal investiture with dominion over all the works of his hands. As the prophet poured consecrated oil on the head of Israel's prospective king, and set on him a royal crown, so God made man from the dust, and set him as a royal diadem, on the brow of all his lower works. We saw man created in the divine image, with powers habitually conformed to the will of God, his understanding clearly discerning, his judgment entirely approving, his will cordially choosing, his affections freely embracing that will as his supreme good; without error in his knowledge, disorder in his passions, or inordinancy in his appetites, all his senses being inlets to enjoyment, wisdom and virtue, and all his faculties of body and mind subservient to the glory of God. Here we behold a Christian before the fall, and as his body is an everlasting refutation of atheism, so his soul is evidence of the high susceptibilities of our nature, in righteousness and true holiness. From the disastrous effects of the fall, our bodies will not recover, until the mighty transformation of the resurrection shall come over us; but why may not our souls be restored through the second Adam, who is the Lord from heaven, to all that was lost in Eden, and every redeemed soul know the full power and blessedness of "Paradise regained?" A great cloud of witnesses arise from the past, to testify to the efficacy of atoning blood to cleanse from all sin; and, hid from the eye of casual observation, are living witnesses, who can attest, that though the earthly house of their tabernacle is rickety and about to fall, and though the judgment is slow, and often erring in its decisions, and the memory is weak and treacherous, yet the soul lives in an atmosphere of love, and is filled with all the fullness of God. Such have love without hatred, humility without pride, peace without interruption, and resignation without petulancy or distrust. "They are no more children, driven to and fro, and tossed about by every wind of doctrine, but having received the truth in love, grow up into Christ in all things." But if children, they may still be perfect and symmetrical children, and with humble faculties, may yet have all those faculties consecrated to God. A child with broken limbs may love his father perfectly, although he may only be able to serve him very imperfectly. This thought is greatly encouraging to the author of this humble production, whose broken windows have not conveyed a ray of light into the house of clay he lives in for the last thirteen years, but he lives and feasts on the promise of his Savior, that when he cometh, "every eye shall see him." He that "formed the eye" at the first, has lost none of his skill as an oculist, and when he shall replace the glasses of our broken telescope, we shall see him as he is, our eye shall see the King in his beauty, and we shall dwell in the land that is very far off. If a father sets his child to play a tune on a shattered instrument, and its broken strings yield only imperfect harmony, yet if he do his best, he will receive as cordial commendations as the seraph that sweeps the golden harp, and leads the celestial choir. God requires all we have, but nothing which we have not, or might not have had, therefore let us consecrate to him our all without reserve, and then, with all our redeemed powers, we "shall perfectly love him, and worthily magnify his holy name." Let us now take a conspicuous seat, where we can see all the wonders of the first great coronation day.

As Christ once invested his disciples with power over unclean spirits, to cast them out and to heal all manner of sicknesses and diseases, so the great Creator appoints man his earthly viceroy, and places "all sheep and oxen," all beasts, small and great, and "whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas," under his authority, and puts the fear of him, and the dread of him, into them all. And now observe the trooping hosts approach their monarch, to make their court and acknowledge their allegiance. Male and female, bridegroom and bride, they come, as though they would have their Lord approve and recognize their union. The inhabitants of the seas, from the great whale, who makes the deep hoary with his wild play, to the little minnow, that at sun-set leaps into the air, in the exuberance of his gladness—all pass by in stately procession, and paying their reverence, and receiving their names, pass off to their appropriate element. The sky is now darkened by the fluttering of wings, and from every tree and forest, the dwellers in the air approach. The eagle, king of birds, and his queenly consort, lead the feathery hosts, and humble insects flutter in the rear, until all have been christened and remanded to their employments and their homes. And now the earth is burdened by the tread of quadruped armies. Behemoth, that "trusteth to draw up Jordan into his mouth," the elephant, resembling a mountain of flesh and blood, the horse, "whose neck is clothed with thunder," the lion, whose roaring makes the forest tremble, pass by, receiving their names and making their obeisance, and in like manner whatsoever the Lord God had made. There is no failure of names, and all are descriptive of the characteristics of the animals to which they are applied ; and did you observe, that in all the vast procession that moved before us, there were no two that perfectly resembled each other. In proportions, dress and voice, they are all dissimilar, and wise reasons may be assigned for this dissimilarity. Among the human race, it sometimes happens that twins are born in a family so nearly resembling each other that none but their parents and most familiar friends can distinguish between them. What confusion would result, were this uniformly the case among us, and every man were the fac-simile of his brother ! The enemy could not be distinguished from the friend, the relative from the stranger, and thus imposition and fraud would multiply in the earth. Similar confusion would result, if the races of animals, or the individuals of those races were exactly alike. And the likelihood is, there never was a man or woman who had an exact counterpart, nor a beast or bird that had a fac-simile fellow.

And now, the newly crowned sovereign gathers his subjects together into an immense orchestra, to offer his and their joint orisons to the Lord of the whole earth. Some historian has said that Solomon had six steps, which led to a seventh or summit of his throne; that artificial lions stood on each side of the throne, and that boughs and vines ran along the sides and over the lofty roof of his palace—that these were filled with birds of every hue and voice, and that whenever the monarch mounted his throne, the moment he stepped upon the platform, he pressed a thousand concealed springs, which, being connected by wires with every beast and bird, there burst forth a grand oratorio, the birds singing air and the lions growling bass.

Similar but grander is the scene before us. He who directed pairs of all living creatures to their places in the ark, and turned the swarming fishes into the disciples' net, and sent a money-bearer to Peter's hook, gave to Adam such control over the animate creation, that at his command they came to join him in his worship and his song. Somewhat different was Adam's morning worship from that of his posterity. Christian fathers gather together wife and children, and the stranger that is within their gates, but Adam had as yet no wife or child, nor had stranger feet trodden the virgin soil of Eden; and yet Adam must have his matins and his vespers, his morning and evening worship. They read the story of creation's scheme and redemption's plan, but he had only "the elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand." They sing from books, and by rules of modern art, he had only the language of nature, the voices of untrained songsters, and the melody of the sighing winds and the sounding sea; and yet, to how many cottage homes whence rises the grateful song and fervent prayer,

"Does heaven come down, their souls to greet,
And glory crown the mercy seat!"

And now, the patriarch, arising in meekness and majesty, exclaims, "Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord," and the world is all turned to melody, as from an organ of a thousand pipes in a great cathedral, there come waves of melody from a thousand harmonious voices. The bass thunders along the ranks of the mammoth species, and birds of every hue pour in their sweetest airs, yet there is no discordant note, each fills its place in the grand diapason, and contributes to the great result.

" The valleys laugh and sing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands. The anthem rolls toward the heavens, the stars join in the strain, the angels stoop to listen, and "all the sons of God shout for joy." Perhaps you would like to know the words of their morning song. Well, you have made rather a larger draught on our bank of knowledge than we are prepared to honor, but we can safely tell you what the song was not. It was not the song of redemption, for there were then none to be redeemed, because none had sinned. They did not sing, " Unto him who loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be honor and glory, forever and ever ;" nor was it the angels' song, " Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing ;" nor yet the chorus of which the seer of Patmos speaks, "And every creature which is in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, heard I, saying, blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." Many great and good men have supposed, that in the resurrection morning, the whole animal creation would arise and sing—that to everything that hath drawn breath, it will be said, in that day, "Awake, and sing ye that dwell in the dust"—and that in concert with the dead bodies of saints and prophets, they shall arise. However this may be, "the graves of all the saints are blessed," for they shall open at the coming of the heavenly bridegroom, and their occupants shall be caught up, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall ever be with the Lord. We can give the song which will be sung on the occasion of "the marriage of the Lamb." It will be chanted by a great multitude, with a voice like many waters, saying, "Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth; let us rejoice and be glad, and give honor to him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready, and to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." Blessed, everlastingly "blessed are they who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." Reader, are you to share in that blessedness? We expect to be there, to see as well as hear. We have a ticket which will admit us to a seat on that great bridal occasion. We received it thirteen years ago, the tenth day of last August, about one o'clock in the morning, and have kept it safe ever since. We calculate to be there. How is it with you, reader? Are you ready this moment to give a reason of the hope that is in you? Do you know that you are among the chosen of the Lord? Have you your ticket at hand? Have you the white stone, with its joyful inscription? Have you on the wedding garment, and is it without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing? Is your lamp trimmed, and your light burning? Would the voice of the archangel, saying, "Behold the bridegroom cometh," be music in your ear? If so, here is my heart and hand, to meet you at the wedding.

And now, the morning devotions being ended, the Son of God appears, and the first and second Adam walk forth, amid the bowers of the garden, while the lower animals, in happy pairs, go forth to their daily employments, and, under the genial influences of devotion, the labors become the pleasures of life. But what manner of communications are these between the Creator and the creature? Ah! Adam is receiving instruction in horticulture, learning the uses of the plants and fruits, and being initiated into his duties and prerogatives, as Lord of creation and father of the race. "Out of the ground the Lord God had caused to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also, in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil." Each tree, low bending with its golden burden, and vines with purple treasures, are pointed out, and their qualities and uses specified. Taste, to perceive beauty and enjoy melody, and appetites, to relish delicacies, are implanted in the man, and around him is whatever can please his senses, gratify his tastes and satisfy his heart. Reader, "every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving; but never forget that we should eat to live, and not live to eat. He who devours more than nature demands, or what is injurious, abuses the good gifts of God, destroys his capacity for enjoyment, and hurries himself to the grave. Gluttony is classed among the crimes, by one who cannot err. It is more than a peccadillo, to eat or drink what cannot be done for the glory of God. But although Paradise has faded, and the seat of Eden cannot be found, yet still the earth is fruitful, for God is still bountiful. Eat thy bread with joy and thankfulness, O man, but do not gather thy manna and forget thy God, nor let the gift steal thy heart from the giver. Dost thou not give thanks at the breaking of bread? Then renounce thy claims to manhood, and go and dwell among thy fellow brutes. Do you eat and drink, and rise to play? Beware, lest a doom more dreadful than Korah's be thine.

We are approaching an era of awful interest in the history of our great ancestor. Hitherto, he could hardly be said to be in a state of probation, for no commands or prohibitions had been laid upon him. His fidelity to his King had not yet been tested, but now a test of obedience was instituted. The largest permission was given to eat of every tree in the garden, even of the tree of life, where he might gather immorality. But one tree was prohibited. Could there have een a fairer probation? Were not the chances of ailure reduced to the lowest possible point? Let us emember that God will have a tried people, and that side from trial there can be no virtue. "Blessed is e that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he hall receive a crown of life." Adam received a comnand, to dress the garden and keep it. Learn hence, hat labor is honorable. If the patriarch of the race, ith a prolific soil bringing spontaneously to his lips hatever he could desire, was required to labor, how nexcusable for any man to look upon labor as disreutable. I turn my eye toward the land of the pomeranate and orange-groves, where cotton-fields of mimc snow stretch on beyond the ordinary range of vision—here groves of cane exude with sweetness, and as I ook I see embruted gangs of sable men and women, noving on under the keen eye and cruel lash of a reentless overseer, in unrequited and unending toil. What is the foundation of a system which thus

> "Makes man the slave of man to toil,
> Yoked with the beasts, and fettered to the soil?"

Evidently the false idea, that labor is disreputable. For what other reason do thousands of unjust stewards xclaim, "I cannot dig," and seek to live by speculaion, by chicanery, and by crime? Labor was ennobling, even in Paradise, and is both a physical and moral necessity, since the fall. It is God's great ordination, that he that will not work neither should he eat. But, as night, with its solemn stillness, and its deep darkness, gives the body its needful repose, and brings it, with fresh energies, to meet the demands of to-morrow, so God has a day of rest for the soul. "God rested the seventh day, and hallowed it," and appointed it as a day of holy employment throughout all generations. On this day, the hum of industry should subside, clattering machinery and rushing locomotives should stand still, as in the presence of the God of the whole earth. Now let the husbandman leave his plow in the furrow, and the artizan drop his implement, and wipe his sweating brow, and all the marts of traffic be closed ; but let every temple of God throw wide their joyful doors, and let all the sons of toil, and all the sons of wealth, crowd the gates of Zion. "Here let the rich and the poor meet together, for the Lord is the Maker of them all." Let there be one spot on earth where the rich shall not jostle the poor—where fashion shall not display her attire—where the daughters of music shall not warble to their own glory, but where all shall gather as common worms before the great Creator, and seek, in humble prayer and heart-felt praise, toward his holy temple. On this day, too, Mercy may go forth to relieve the retched, Love may kneel by the sick one's couch, and kill hold cordials to his lips, and Instruction pour er counsels on the ear of youth. Each passing hour hould be employed in doing or receiving good.

> "In holy duties should the day,
> In holy pleasures pass away;
> How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
> In hopes of one that ne'er shall end."

Perhaps, reader, you have thought it strange, that garden so perfect as Eden must have been should reuire pruning and dressing—should demand the vigiant eye and diligent hand of the lord of creation, that t might be adorned with augmented beauty, and shine orth in higher perfection. Reader, hast thou dared o believe that the garden of thy soul has been reormed by the hand of the great Proprietor? Were ll the bitter and baleful weeds extracted? Were the eadly night-shade of Pride, and the poisonous hemock of Passion, and the destructive fox-glove of Unbeef, all destroyed? And was the whole domain occuied and adorned with goodly graces and holy affecions? And did you say, now I have no need to be igilant and active?

> "My mountain stands strong, I shall never be moved."

Ah, my brother, of all the mistakes you ever ade, that was the most serious, and unless counteracted, will be the most destructive. Every talent you have must be a consecrated talent, every grace you have gained must be turned into working capital, and employed for God. If the serpent entered Eden, and threw his deadly charm around the heart of guileless innocence and spotless virtue, take heed, lest, that as the serpent beguiled Eve, by his subtlety, he also lead thy feet astray, and it ultimately be said of thy garden of spices, that the boar of the wood hath wasted it, the serpent hath trailed his slime among its glories, and the feet of an enemy hath trodden it down.

When the seraph had laid his coal of fire on the prophet's consecrated lips, and pronounced his sins forgiven and his iniquities purged, he was just prepared to respond to the enquiry, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" Before his consecration, he would have said, "Ah, Lord God, I cannot go, for I am not eloquent, or I am a child;" but now, his response is quick and earnest, "Here am I, send me." Men have vainly said, "If we are fully sanctified we shall no longer be fit to live on earth." Was Adam unfit to live before he sinned? and are we not better fitted for life and happiness, for duty to God and usefulness to man, when our bodies and spirits are sanctified wholly, and filled with all the fullness of God As Adam found full employment in watching and essing his amaranthine bowers, so the sanctified inister or Christian will find full employment for all s time and all his powers, in guarding and developing s own graces, and doing good to others, until his obation has expired and he is summoned to the ies.

As yet, we have seen Adam sole monarch of all he uld survey, with no rival, and no prospective successor, and yet Adam was not perfectly blessed. No an is perfectly happy who possesses unsatisfied deres and feels the reachings forth of his heart after an nattained good. All Adam's bodily appetites were et by a bountiful earth, all his religious aspirations ere satisfied by the favor and fellowship of his God, it deep in his heart was implanted a social principle, hich nowhere found its appropriate gratification. He ghed after companionship, he groaned after social y, he wept that he was alone. Eden smiled around m, but it was tinged with a slightly sombre hue; the asts gamboled before him, but among them all was t found an help-meet for him; angel wings fanned e air, but they moved in a higher sphere, and could t perfectly sympathize with a being of flesh and ood.

> " The earth was sad, the garden was a wild,
> And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled."

The foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, where they could talk and sing of love, and rea their young; every living thing had its mate, and al the endearments of social and domestic life were foun in eyrie and in lair; but Adam wept on a lonely pillow—wept for one ungratified desire—wept that h was alone. We shall be asked for our authority, i thus asserting that man was not supremely blesse before a companion was formed for him. That authority is found in two facts, first, that God asserted tha it was not good for man to be alone, and then proceeded to fill the vacant place in the creation, and i the heart of man. It would seem that Adam, a least, tasted the sweets of celibacy. If not an *ol* bachelor, he knew something of bachelor life. Ho long he thus lived, we know not. True, it is sai God finished his work in six days. But may it not b that Eve was created in Adam—bone of his bone, an flesh of his flesh—and that her subsequent formatio was at a remoter period in the history of time. Tru many of the infelicities of bachelor life were not know to Adam. His fig-leaf robe was not yet prepared, an his apartment needed not the housewife's busy care the culinary art had not yet reached its perfection, n did man's appetite demand other dainties than thos which nature furnished; but his heart had apartmen to let: there was an aching void, which could be fille only by the counterpart of himself, his other and bett

rt. But in all the world, there was no being, of frame
ect, and beaming eye, speaking a language intelligi-
e to his ear, or bearing a heart in sympathy with his
n—none with "grace in her steps, heaven in her
e, and in her gesture dignity and love." Had man
en created with no capacity of thirst, the absence of
ter would be no privation, and so of any sensuous
social joy. Had he no yearnings after companion-
ip, his solitude had been satisfying. But, with a so-
l nature, how could he rest alone. Said Rosseau,
Were I banished from my kind, and compelled to
ss my life in the wilderness, I would seek out a tree,
d call it *my* tree ; I would make my home beneath
branches ; when its leaves faded, I would teach my-
lf to mourn, and when it rejoiced, I would rejoice
ng with it." But neither trees nor flowers, nor tints
bright vermillion on the morning and the evening
y, nor birds of Paradise, with golden plumes—no,
r angels gathering around the hermit's home, offer-
g him their sympathy and friendship, could satisfy
e demands of his heart. As his physical nature de-
nded bread, and could not relish stones—as his
ral nature demanded God, and could not be filled
th earth—so his social nature cried out for a com-
nion, a spouse, and could accept no substitute.

CHAPTER XII.

Adam's Second Crown.

Much of the joy of life springs from contrast. Labor makes rest delightful, and hunger gives relish t our feasts. Health is prized when the shadow of th wasting pestilence has passed away, and peace neve smiles so sweetly in the valley as when the sword ha been bathing itself in blood. Canaan looked attractiv from the howling wilderness, and home is almost hea en to the Siberian exile. Elijah rode freer in his cha iot of fire when he remembered the sorrows of his juniper shade, and the crown of Paul looked bright when contemplated from the dungeons of Nero. S now we see Adam, about to throw off the solitude c his hermit's life, and put on the second crown, whic his Maker will prepare for him. The wisest of tl sons of men has declared that "a virtuous woman is *crown* to her husband." A crown is an object of higl st ambition to the sons of men. Whether secured y inheritance, by artifice, or by valor, it is sought ith avidity and retained with tenacity, although no onarch will deny that

> "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

nly here and there a Diocletian and a Charles V., attered along the line of history, have acknowledged at the crown was too heavy to be borne, and volun- rily resigned it, while many have sought, in this re- ect, to emulate the Apocalyptic Lamb, and have eir heads burdened with "many crowns." Most en may, and should have a coronation, that is, a bridal y—as "a day much to be remembered" among the ys of their pilgrimage. All men should be satisfied ith a single diadem, and this they should wear until od lifts it from their brow. For the hardness of eir hearts, men were permitted to multiply or put ay their wives, but from the beginning it was not ; and marriage, as instituted of God, and not as cor- pted by man, is the true type of "the marriage of e Lamb."

The time now approaches for the filling up of the p of Adam's joy. See him standing at the entrance his bower, surveying the beasts and birds, who seem have one inlet of joy of which he knows nothing.

"No sin his face defiling,
The heir of nature stood,
And God, benignly smiling,
Beheld that all was good;
Yet, in that hour of blessing,
A single want was known,
A wish, the heart distressing,
For Adam was alone."

"And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept, and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof. And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made he a woman, and brought her to the man." When modern surgeons have a difficult and dangerous operation t perform, they know how to throw their patients int such a "deep sleep" that they can hew them to pieces as Samuel did Agag, and the patient be conscious of no pain. Is God less skillful than one of his creatures who has wrung from nature a few of her secrets Very likely, while the Divine surgeon was employed Adam, as Milton supposes, may have been in ros slumbers and pleasant dreams. "He made *a* woman." "And did he not," enquires the prophet who closes u the ancient prophetical line, "make one? Yet ha he the residue of the spirit," and therefore might hav created more, "and wherefore *one*? That he migh seek a godly seed"—that the entire wealth of man affections might be poured upon a single object, an that the olive branches which should grow up around his table might trace their lineage to a common parentage, and, under the training of parental love, might grow up a family for heaven.

Observe next, the fact that woman was made subsequent to the man, and from him. The inspired commentary on this transaction is, that man is invested with the headship of the household—that the man was not made for the woman, but the woman for the man—not for his slave, nor to minister to his caprices or to his lusts, but for his companion, his counsellor, his solace and his friend. Man was formed from native dust, and his nature is of a rougher cast; woman was formed from dust already refined, and is the weaker vessel, frailer in form, yet possessing a beauty, grace and loveliness denied to her hardier companion. Man is the sun-flower, lifting its rough, coarse face to the sun; woman the lovely violet, which all admire—man the sumach that points its cornucopia of seedy crimson defiantly to the storm; woman, the sensitive plant, that cannot bear the rough breathings or rude approaches of the world.

" Man is the rugged, lofty pine,
" That frowns o'er many a wave-beat shore;
Woman the tender, graceful vine,
Whose curling tendrils round it twine,
And deck its rough bark sweetly o'er."

The moon may repine because her light is milder than the sun's and her sphere subordinate to his, but who would agree to invest her with all his brilliancy and power, at the expense of moonlight nights and lovers' walks, and silver sheen on mountain and on lake? The transition might seem grand at first, but perpetual day would soon become a monotony not to be endured. So at first, it may seem vastly desirable for woman to don the attire, and invade the sphere of her hardier partner, but soon would she sigh again for her pure home pleasures and domestic joys. A ministering angel is woman—the light of man's dark hours, the solace of his sorrows, his counsellor in trouble, his nurse in sickness, "heaven's last best gift to man." Next to his God, let man love and cherish her. "Even so ought a man to love his wife as Christ loves his Church."

There was a propriety in selecting a rib from which to form the partner of man's life. Man would have been disfigured and maimed, by parting with hand or foot; and, as a great scholar has said, "woman was not taken from man's head, to lord it over man, (hear it ye viragoes, the *lapsus naturæ* of your sex;) nor from his feet, to be trampled upon by him, (remember it ye tyrant husbands, the disgrace of humanity;) but from his side, to be equal with him—from under his arm, to be protected by him—and from near his heart, to be beloved. There was reason, too, for the shedding of blood in the transaction; it was the sealing of the marriage covenant, and an adumbration of the fact that Christ, our heavenly bridegroom, has, by the shedding of his own blood, redeemed to himself a glorious Church, or bride, without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. Was the side of the first Adam opened while in a deep sleep, and a being of wondrous beauty step forth, to gladden the heart of man? So was the side of the second Adam opened, while he hung in the sleep of death on the cross, and his own chosen bride soon stood before him in robes of fine linen, clean and white, for she "washed her robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb;" for it is written, "as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall the Lord marry thee, and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." The earth now received its primal baptism of blood, and never, save in the case of the second Adam, was blood so freely shed, nor yielded so rich a blessing in return. The surgeon on this occasion was doubtless the blessed Jesus, who himself was put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the spirit. He extracts a crooked, bloody bone, and closes up the wound, and man, though he has furnished the material for the counterpart of himself, has incurred no loss, but secured a priceless gain. And now behold a wonder! Under the forming hand of the divine Creator, that little bone grows up into a beautiful and stately woman! Her golden tresses wanton gracefully in the breeze, her eye glances with light and love, her lips are like rubies, and her voice gushes forth from the exuberance of new-found being and new-found joy. And so, when the second Adam, who is "the Lord from heaven," shall appear in power and great glory, flanked by battalions of bright angels, and shall speak, "arise ye dead and come to judgment," every old charnel-house shall quiver with sensation, every grave-yard throb with the pulses of returning vitality, every valley re-enact the scene which the prophet saw amid the visions of Chebar.

> "The mountain-side, the sea, the woods profound,
> All this wide earth, the fertile and the fair,
> Is one vast burial-ground."

And at the bidding of that Omnific Voice, every bone shall seek its fellow, and every particle of dust hasten to its place in the living temple, and there shall start from the sleep of centuries, "multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision." And as from an uncouth bone there came forth a glorious bride for the first Adam, so, from the putrefaction of the grave, a renewed and glorious bride shall come forth for the Son of God. Then, from angel choirs shall be heard the voice of gladness, saying,

"See truth, love and mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature, all glowing in Eden's first bloom.
On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

Some have erred, saying that the resurrection is past already; others equally err, saying, it will never come. The truth lies between them. It has not yet come—that great bridal day of saints—the parties are engaged, the wedding robes and bridal feast are being prepared, and the guests are all invited, and they will soon come, crowding joyfully to the banqueting halls of the "King of kings."

A joyful meeting is that between awaking Adam and his virgin bride. The intuitions of their hearts inform them that they were made for each other. The accounts which we have of "love at first sight," may be only the fancies of the novelist, but here is one true record of congenial hearts, finding in each other a satisfying good. "Like kindred drops, they mingle into one."

I fancy there was no protracted courtship here. As there were no pre-contracts to cancel, no old lovers to sacrifice, no separate interests to guard, the preliminaries were soon adjusted, and the marriage consummated. Their Maker pronounced the nuptial benediction, and the happy beasts and birds attended as witnesses. There must have been a little time between the engagement and the wedding. And this and every heart-union are but typical marriages: the everlasting union is yet to be consummated. Very beautiful was the conception, and sublime the expression of the martyr wife of Simon Mareshal to her martyr husband, when they were led out to be burned for their love to Christ. "Dear husband," said the departing heroine, "our marriage has hitherto been but an engagement, this is our true wedding day; when, after this trifling torment, the Son of God will marry us forever." True, sainted one! but not to each other, "for they who shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are like unto the angels of God." But he will marry thee to himself—he will take thee up, in connection with all who have been baptized with the baptism of blood, for his name's sake, and all who have "fought a good fight and kept the faith," and place thee on his right hand, amid the greetings of saints and seraphims.

We may not invade the sanctity of the hymenal bower, nor listen with curious ear to the communings of wedded love. Some poet has fancied their first approaches to be something like this. He makes Adam say:

"A unity in love cemented,
Blest by thy presence, and by thee
Gilded with smiles and purity,
May make my exiled soul contented.

Oh sister, daughter, fairest bride,
What shall I call thee? Paradise
Has million flowers, that smiling rise.
To kiss thy feet, well satisfied."

To which Eve replies:

"Love! one shall be our will, and one
Our fate; from the first dawn of day,
When the bright sun begins his way,
To when his weary course is done,
Peace, tenderness and joy—a shrine
Sacred to cheerful love, and praise
To him, the Lord of ceaseless days,
Who blended thy fond heart with mine."

Our great ancestors may have been better, and may have been worse poets than are here represented, but it is certain there have been few happier weddings than this. We said the beasts and birds were the joyful witnesses of the nuptial ceremony, but there were other and more deeply interested spectators. Angels hovered on glad wings above the bridal bower, and their utterances of greeting and congratulation floated sweetly away on the vesper breezes of Paradise. And Oh! how deeply interested are all the angelic hosts, when the banns are published between Christ and another consecrated heart. We know not that they behold an earthly coronation with much of interest or joy: rising and falling empires may be to them as the merest incidents of human history; but we know that the tear glistening on the cheek of penitence is of more value in their regards than the brightest jewel in Victoria's crown; the prayer, "God be merciful," has in their estimation a deeper significance than the waves of melody which rolled over the plains of Dura, and the first accent of praise ascending from a redeemed heart is caught up in angelic anthems, and rolled in everlasting cadences over the white plains of heaven, and lingers long in still answering echoes among the Jasper mountains. And if there is joy in heaven, when *one* sinner repenteth, how will that joy be multiplied when, on the great rising day, all the ransomed of the Lord shall return to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. Then the marriage of the Lamb shall be consummated, and the bride received to the mansions prepared for her.

In the marriage of Adam and Eve, as in every other earthly union which is approved of God, there were reciprocal promises made and obligations assumed. They were briefly these: love, which was to be mutual, protection to be accorded by the husband to the wife, and obedience rendered by the wife to her husband.

"Love! What a volume in a word,
What an ocean in a tear,
What a seventh heaven in a glance,
What a whirlwind in a sigh,
What a millennium in a moment."

This love was to be reciprocal, like the ebbing and the flowing tides—deep, like the ocean on whose surface these tides chase each other in their everlasting play, and enduring until there shall be no more sea. It is to be exclusive, restricted to its object; not that others are to be loved less, but the chosen companion more. The heads which slumber on a common pillow should think alike—the hearts which beat against each other should beat in unison—their interests, joys, hopes and sorrows should be one. Such is wedded love, of which the blind poet sings:

> "Hail, wedded love, only bliss
> Of Paradise that has survived the fall."

Protection is clearly due from the husband to the wife of his youth. This includes defence against all, of her life, her honor and happiness, and provision for all the wants of her physical, social, mental and moral nature.

These thoughts are to be expanded hereafter, but are just stated here as texts of thought. We say woman is entitled to all this from her husband. His is the stalwart arm and the fearless heart, and all this love prompts him to do. If the reptile will lift its crest in defence of its partner, and the paternal bird assume a hostile bearing toward any who dare invade his quiet home, much more should man be toward his better half, a powerful protector and kind provider—

and be ready even to lay down his life in her defence. On the other hand, nature and revelation conspire to say that woman should obey her husband. This will grate harshly on many a reformer's ear, but before it can be successfully combatted, her womanly intuitions must be overcome, her physical powers made equal to man's, and the word of God disproved ; and the same principle of love of which we have spoken will make this a willing and joyful obedience. But Oh ! how sweetly are all these offices fulfilled in that higher union which subsists between "Christ and the Church." Is there no mutual love between them ? He loved the Church, and gave himself for it. His love transcends all human love—it passes the love of woman, and is only feebly adumbrated by the holiest type of human affection. This mutual love is believed to be illustrated in Solomon's Song of songs—the royal preacher regarding the theme most worthy of his inspired muse—at all events, the love of Christ is the burden of evangelical history, and lay at the foundation of our redemption.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made
Were every blade of grass a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade ;
To paint the love of Christ above,
Would drain the ocean dry ;
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky."

And is not this love reciprocal? Does it all flow earthward? Are there no tides of holy affection turned towards the sweet heavens? Oh, yes; there are dwellers on the mountains, and on the plains—there are those who inhabit the cities, and navigate the seas—there are paupers in the poor-houses, and slaves in the coffles—men of every language, and men of every hue—who can "lift an unpresumptuous eye to heaven, and smiling say, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee."

As a pledge of Christ's love to his people and his union with them, he vouchsafes to them his Almighty protection. As the bride leans confidently on the strong arm of her husband, so the Church may rely on the pledged protection of her heavenly bridegroom. True, the Church has mighty enemies. Hell has roared with rage at the prospective dismemberment of its empire. Intellectual giants have arisen and said, We will annihilate it with argument. The princes of the earth have said, We will quench its light in the blood of its votaries. And it seemed as though they would succeed. The martyrs went to the stake and the cross as to a bridal feast, exclaiming, "crowns are to be distributed in Paradise to-day, and we go for our share." The bickering flames gathered into haloes around their heads, and they ascended in a chariot of fire, wearing crowns of martyrdom. Persecution thus replenished heaven, but did it depopulate the Church? On the contrary,

> "Like Moses' bush, it mounted higher,
> And flourished, unconsumed, in fire."

True, they fell,

> "Their ashes flew, no marble tells us where,
> No bard embalms or sanctifies his song with their names,
> And history, so warm on meaner themes,
> Is cold on this."

But everywhere their ashes flew, they flew as heralds of the cross. Every particle was seminal with spiritual life, and where'er it fell, on plain or mountain, there sprung up the rose of Sharon. Christ ever has and ever will protect his Church. Enemies without and traitors within, may combine, and, flushed with anticipated success, may enquire, "Where is now thy God?" and the Church, pointing serenely upward, may answer, "Our God is in the heavens." And when they again enquire, "Where is the Church now?" her answer is, "just where it ever has been, resting under the shadow of Jehovah's shield." Who is he that can harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good." "We may therefore boldly say, the Lord is my helper, whom shall I fear." When Luther was beset by his enemies, and the Reformation seemed pressed to the wall, and his friends were desponding, and his enemies exulting, he was accustomed to exclaim, "Let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' &c."

Out on the stormy deep, a ship was once fiercely driven by the tempest. It seemed to be given over to the mercy of the storm-god. Death grinned horribly from the halyards, and peered enquiringly down the hatchments, as though counting his victims in advance; and, tramping along the deck, laid his hand on every shoulder, and with the other, pointed down into the deep, deep sea. The lady of an officer shared in the general consternation, while he seemed calm and untroubled. In a lull of the tempest, she enquired if he were not afraid? Laying his hand on his sword, and presenting its glittering point to her heart, he demanded if she were afraid? In answer to her smiling negative, he again demanded, why not afraid? "Because," said she, "my husband holds the hilt." "And," replied he, "should I be afraid, when I know my Father holds the winds in his fist, and the waves in the hollow of his hand?" My desponding brother, dismiss thy fears. Thy Father's at the helm. Throw yourself under his shield, and you are safe. Just as surely as you may write "Ebenezer" now, you may write on all the dubious future, "Jehovah Jireh," for assuredly the Lord will provide."

In return, the Church owes obedience to Christ.

"The married woman careth how she may please her husband," and if she truly love him, will delight to regard his wishes, co-operate in his plans, and yield to his authority; and should he be long absent, her great anxiety is, so to demean herself, that at his coming, she may be rewarded with his smile. Such a woman is indeed a crown to her husband. "Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of his life. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her." And is not this a type of the loving, constant obedience which the Church owes to Christ? "If ye love me," says Christ to his affianced one, "keep my commandments." You can exhibit no more unfailing test of love than this. Why, oh false one, do you cry, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which he requires. "Obedience is better than sacrifice, and to hearken, than the fat of rams;" and he who humbly pursues the path of obedience, though the world may not know or honor him, shall be brought forth amid the acclamations of the saved, and rewarded with everlasting life, while many who have not demonstrated their faith by their works, shall stand without, saying, "Lord, Lord, open unto us," but who shall find no admission there, and be remanded to the master they have served, and the doom they have coveted. Arise, and trim your amps, ye slumbering virgins, for "behold the bridegroom cometh."

Perverted blessings become the bitterest curses of ife. That which yields the richest joy, when misemployed, sends over the soul the bitterest waves of sorrow. Life itself may be a terrible inheritance to its possessor, and a rejected Gospel be a swift witness against him who has heard it. Good had it been for other men than Christ's betrayer, if they had never been born, and had never known the way of life. Even so,

> "Marriage, rightly understood,
> Gives to the tender and the good,
> A Paradise below."

But to the unlovely and unkind, the sensual and the false, this Paradise is turned into a desert, on which grows no green thing. To one, it is a Pharas, which ends the cheerful light of joy, and love, and hope, over he wastes of life's stormy sea ; to another it is the ava stream which rolls down the mountain side, scathing the olive groves, consuming the vineyards, and desolating the cities in its path. To one, the springing of Hymen's bolt is like the smiting of the rock by Moses, which sent the glad waters, laughing and leaping, into the camp of the Israelites, changing their sadness to joy, and their wailings to hosannas ; to another it is the hoarse croakings of the bolt which locks the felon's cell, consigning him to a living and perpetual death. In one case, marriage is "the silken tie which binds two willing hearts;" in another it is the loathed chain, with which

> "The God-contemning Tuscan, tied
> The living to the rotten dead."

We have told you, reader, that in the one case, it is true wedlock formed in heaven, in the other, it is padlock, which God disowns. In the one case, the honey-moon stands in full brightness over the valley of Ajalon, in the other, it wanes rapidly to its crescent, and goes out in darkness.

The first marriage, of course, was formed in heaven, and when consummated on earth, all were well pleased and happy. The bride was conducted through all the apartments of her new abode, and made acquainted with all her partner knew of the garden, its vegetable productions, and its humble inhabitants. He paused in solemn thoughtfulness, before the tree of knowledge of good and evil, near which spread the luxuriant branches of the tree of Life, and repeated the awful sanctions of eternal law, which invested tha single tree with fearful interest. It pointed, as with an index finger, to the skies, reminding the beholde of the holiness and authority of the infinite Law-giver There it stood, in the midst of thousands, yet invested with solitude and sublimity—at once a test of loyalty and a beacon of warning. Silently they gazed, and bowed and prayed for strength, erecting there a family altar to the Lord. Beautiful scene! Heaven bent lovingly over it, and "aside the devil turned, for envy."

So time passed on, with no chronometer but the joy of holy affection, with no dial but the shadow of evening, that brought no gloom, and the dawn of morning, that revealed more of the glorious Giver, and added new notes of praise to their hymns of worship. A faint type, this, of our future Paradise, when the heavenly bridegroom shall lead the footsteps of the sought-out, the called, the chosen, the elect bride, into green pastures, and beside still waters, and along the golden pavements of the city where the sun never sets. That union shall be followed by no alienation, no divorce, and no death. The city shall ever be luminous with the glory of God, and all the nations of the saved shall walk in the light of it. Its gates of pearl shall never close against the beloved and espoused wife of the Lamb, for her name is written, not only in the book of life, but on the palms of his hands. Now let us sing to the tune of Lilly Dale:

" We speak, we speak of the realms of the blest,
  Of that country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed, confessed,
  And what must it be to be there?

We speak, we speak of its pathway of gold,
And its walls decked with jewels most rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold, untold,
But what must it be to be there?

We speak, we speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within, within,
But what must it be to be there?

Then let us, let us, midst pleasures and woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know, shall know,
And feel what it is to be there!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Temptation and Fall.

“ The soul has its feelers, which, like cobwebs float- g in the wind, will catch events at their approach ith sure and apt presentiment.” So says the author f Proverbial Philosophy, and so we have found, in our ourney through Paradise, that even amid the groves f bliss, we have seen the coming of disastrous events, y the shadows which they cast before them. The riginal dwellers in Eden could not have been blind the possibility of these coming woes—at least after he utterance of the prohibition, and the threatened enalty. We, who have seen bleeding generations eap the thorns which in an evil hour they scattered, ould scarcely fail to anticipate the events we know so ell, even while desiring to linger beneath a sky that ore no cloud, and to enjoy a bliss which we would in believe could have no close.

It is with profound reluctance that we must turn our sorrowing steps toward the *finale* of the nuptial festivities we have witnessed. We saw happy beasts and birds commence their wedded life together; and after Adam had for a time lived his life of single blessedness, we saw a glorious bride prepared for him, an saw them begin together the duties and enjoyments o domestic life. The cup of bliss now seemed swimmin to its brim; there was room for no added drop. Th cheerful light and warmth of woman's love diffused itself through all the chambers of Adam's heart, and hi frailer partner was upheld by his stronger arm, an comforted by his manly voice. But when were huma expectations all realized? Where is the wedde couple who have long breasted the billows of life together, that have realized all their golden dreams Such cases there are, we well know, but are they no the exception rather than the rule? And as gettin married is one thing, and keeping house quite anothe so getting religion is one, and a very blessed thing, an living, enjoying, and keeping our religion is quit another and still more excellent thing. Young converts too frequently, in the first gush of their new-found joy, imagine that now every enemy is subdue that storms will never howl along their sky again, tha the fountain of their holy joy shall be ever flowing an ever full. But in the very hour of their exuberant glad ss—when they are whispering congratulations to eir own souls, their baffled enemy is devising their r subjugation and ruin. As the exasperated slave-lder hunts the fugitive that has eluded his vigilance d escaped to freedom, so does the enemy of souls ess hard in the wake of every deserter from his ndard; and as the re-captured slave is doomed to more cruel and hopeless bondage, until his bleeding me sinks away to the refuge of the grave, so, when tan recovers his deserting subjects, he demands of em a more rigorous service, and more unhesitating edience, until he remands them to their own place. h! how many bright mornings have turned to dark d cloudy days! how many hopeful beginnings have ded in disappointment and sorrow!

How long our primal parents walked in innocence d happiness we may perhaps never know. It may that not only many pleasant days and tranquil ghts, but that many vernal and autumnal seasons lled around, before the dreary change came on. It ay have been long before the deadly train was laid, d the plot developed, which resulted so disastrously them and us. And oh! those were halcyon hours, ose were sunny days, those were golden years. Their overeign talked with them as a man with his friend. s with Abraham at Mamre, he communed with them, nd as with the travelers to Emmaus, he may have partaken of their hospitable fare. And still the very same Jesus lives, and still he holds a spiritual communion with all his children, and makes them to taste of the provisions of his table. And O how sweet the dainties he provides.

> "Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
> How sweet thine entertainments are;
> Never did angels taste above,
> Redeeming grace and dying love."

Oh! we love to linger here, we dread to advance and yet advance we must. As the traveler lingers long on the frontiers of the land of flowers and fountains, and dreads to strike into the domain of dreary and drifting sands, and ever and anon turn back to catch again the beauties vanishing from hi view, so we turn very reluctantly from our loved retreats, exclaiming,

> "Must I thus leave thee, Paradise?"

It is a merciful dispensation that hides futurity from our view. Could every young couple, or every young convert see all the trials that await them in their eventful future, they would perhaps shrink from walking in a road so beset with difficulties and hardships. But every trial has its moment for endurance and each duty its period for performance, and then alleviations are provided, and grace and strength prom ised according to our day. And he who cares for our happiness has warned us against borrowing trouble from to-morrow, assuring us that "to-morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." So it was perhaps well that the dwellers in Eden could not have looked down the stream of history, and seen the everlasting waves of sorrow and death which were to roll in mountain billows over swift-coming generations; else all their joys would have vanished, and all their nectar have been turned to gall.

But, reader, could you have imagined that there were beings anywhere, who have been looking on all this loveliness with an evil and jealous eye, and plotting with inveterate hate and cruelty, the ruin of the unfallen pair, the desolation of their Eden home, and the everlasting misery of all their unborn descendents?

And yet a spirit dark as Erebus has been hovering near—the captain of a mighty host, all like himself active as only spirits can be, cruel as only a fallen angel could become, the proud, determined foe of the Most High, and of all that is pure and lovely in his empire. When the air of Eden was first stirred by the waving of angel-pinions, there was also heard the heavy flap of raven wings. When voices of love were borne along the balmy air, a horrid hiss mingled with the melody; and when the bannered host encamped around this germ of a mighty empire, an enemy was also there, saying, "They may plant, but I will pluck up, they may build, but I will destroy." This unscrupulous foe could stoop to any meanness, employ any artifice, and in the cause of evil could put forth his full powers of strategy and might. And now what an opportunity to work ruin on a magnificent scale. Nero, in his frantic rage, wished that all Rome had but one neck, that he might depopulate it at a stroke ; and Satan thought to do for the race what Nero desired to accomplish in a single city. He saw before him the guileless parents of multiplied generations. They were in the infancy of their being. The lights of history had not kindled about their path. Protracted acquaintance with the ways of God had not operated upon their hopes and fears. They were unversed in all the artifices of the devil. Every voice was regarded as the voice of kind solicitude and real love. How vulnerable to temptation ; and the fall of one is the fall of the race. But too great eagerness may ruin the whole plan. "In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." The snare and the fowler are alike concealed, and the tempting bait alone exhibited.

The approach was made first to *Eve*, perhaps because of her more confiding nature, and perhaps because the interdiction had come to her at second hand. It was made to *one*, lest the combined sagacity of both should detect the cheat, or the combined strength of both should foil the Tempter. Adam was perhaps employed in some horticultural avocation, pruning the luxuriant vines, or guiding their truant tendrils, or gathering in the ripened fruit, for the cares of a husbandman were now upon him. His partner having completed her morning duties, walks forth to breathe the balmy air, and to commune with God through his works. Perhaps she pauses beneath the prohibited tree, and blesses the Lord that she has been preserved from temptation. Ah! guileless heart, cease thy congratulations! Thou hast erred in straying from the husband of thy youth, and even now temptation tracks thee, and malicious eyes leer at thee. Would you know more of this subtle Tempter? The Bible is full of information respecting his existence, his character, his employments, and his final doom. Of the origin of his evil nature we know but little, and may hardly dare conjecture, where God hath not spoken. He was undoubtedly created by God, for all things were created by him; he was created good, for God creates nothing evil. But he fell; fell without foreign interference. "He abode not in the truth," "he left his own estate," and became the leader of a fearful rebellion, which, of course, resulted in his being cast out of heaven, and "reserved under chains of darkness unto the judgment of the great day." But though a state prisoner to the King of kings, he is *on the limits*, and however limited or extensive these are, they embrace our world, which he can traverse with the speed of light, and having a vast force at his command, he disposes them like a skillful general, to hold in subjection the world he has conquered. Knowing his doom to be sealed, and the time of his final sentence to be near, he has grown desperate by despair, and his mission is to do the greatest possible evil in the briefest time. Whether worshiped as Moloch or Mammon; whether leading the dance, or stamping the die, or filling the drunkard's bowl; whether tempting an infant to lie, or reveling on the battle-field, where the earth is drunk with the vintage of the sword: whether whispering words of flattery in a maiden's ear, or nerving a duelist's arm; whether in robes of light, blandly suggesting "thou shalt not surely die," or, putting on his native malignity and hissing, "sin, even if you die;" always and everywhere is he the same malignant fiend, the same implacable foe of God and man. In the form of a counsellor and friend, he approached the mother of the human race. Whatever the original form of the *serpent* was, this was the form the devil took. This form may have been the most graceful, even as now it is the most hideous among animals. Soft and insinuating were his words, and as Eve knew no sin, she felt no fear; even the novelty of hearing the serpent speak may have arrested her attention, and allured her to the parley.

That parley was her ruin, and so is it the ruin of any who listen to, and reason with the devil. It is an undoubted fact of natural history, that some serpents possess the power of charming birds, by voice, or motion, or eye, or all; they hold them in their fatal power, until they are seized and destroyed.

Oh! there is a charmer, who beguiles unstable souls, who holds men and women in a fatal spell. To parley with him is to yield to him, and to yield is to be devoured by him. He charms with glory, and he charms with gold. He charms with the wine-cup's glow, and with the harlot's tongue. He sought to charm the fasting Savior with bread, and to seduce him to one act of worship, by the proposition to abdicate the throne of the world in his favor. To Eve, who had everything yet to learn, he offered a talisman which would at once make her the proprietor of all knowledge, and open to her the stores of all wisdom. But that talisman was nothing less than an apple from the interdicted tree. This proposition of course aroused the opposition of the unfallen woman. Her loyalty to her God rose up to repel the unholy suggestion. But still she parleyed, and quoted the prohibition and penalty threatened of the Lord. Satan advanced next to strike down her faith in God, "thou shalt not surely die." Christian, Satan always assails thy faith first. If he can destroy thy confidence in

God, he has secured an advantage which he will not fail to improve. Oh had Eve but used the Christian's weapon, faith and prayer; had she repelled the first suggestion, with, "get thee behind me, Satan," what a different history might have been written of our world. Adam seems to have gone into the paths of transgression more understandingly, and hence more recklessly. "Adam was not deceived, but Eve, being deceived, was in the transgression." The records of this most distressing and fatal deception are scanty, and we have no wish or heart to invoke the aid of fancy to supply the chasm which the word of God hath not filled. But if the particulars of the fall are few, the plan of redemption is amply unfolded, and the path of our return to God is made very plain. A professed seeker of salvation was once in conversation with a minister of Christ, and was apparently in great anxiety to know where he got his bad heart. His counsellor sought to show him that a far more pertinent and important enquiry was, how he could get rid of it; yet still the ever-recurring question was, "where did my bad heart come from?" At length his instructor said, "You remind me of a man who had fallen into the water, and when a rope was thrown to him and he was exhorted to lay hold of it, he enquired, 'How did I get in here?' 'No matter how you got in, lay hold of the rope.' He sank, and rose, and each time was exiorted to seize upon the means of escape, but still he ried out, 'How came I here?' and, with the means f salvation at hand, he miserably perished." Oh how many sinners indulge in vain speculations upon the rigin of evil, who fail to lay hold of the hope set before them in the Gospel, and perish in their sins, in full view of Calvary.

No doubt the temptation was presented in its most plausible light. The ear of the unfallen one having been gained, the next appeal was to the eye. The fruit was presented to her in a fascinating light, and,

> "An apple, all fair to see, destroyed a world of souls.'

Oh, reader, make a covenant with your eyes. Look not on forbidden objects, lest the eye incite the desires, and insensibly thy heart be led astray. Many will look upon what they will not approve or practice. Such are in the direct path which leads to all evil. Familiarity with vice lessens one's sense of its enormity.

> "It is a monster of such horrid mien,
> That, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> But, seen too oft, familiar with its face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The fruit was, moreover, pleasant to the *taste.* Here a third sense was assailed and vanquished. Another avenue was found leading to the heart. And as the devil was so successful in his appeal to the appetite, he has ever regarded this as among his most powerful auxiliaries. He who knows not the power of a diseased appetite, has reason to thank God for his blissful ignorance. In its demands it is as insatiate as the grave. It is a Moloch that cannot be satisfied with blood. "Put down that cup," said a warning voice to one who, with trembling hand, was raising the wine-glass to his lips. Turning his blood-shot eye on his kind mentor, the wretch replied, "sooner roast in hell." Dost thou blame the man whose appetite has become impervious and uncontrollable? Oh pity him, too, for the coils of a Python are around him, his path is beset with enemies, and his powers of resistance are almost exhausted.

But the resources of the Tempter have not yet been all employed. An appeal was now made to the "*pride* of life." She was ignorant, and the fruit would make her wise. She should become like God, to know good and evil. Ah! this was knowledge she had better have never gained.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Hitherto she had known nothing but good; and well might her relentless assailant taunt her, when she had reaped her full harvest of sorrows, when Paradise had faded, when angels were weeping, and fiends exulting, and say, "did I not tell you, you should know evil?"

Oh Eve, Eve, how couldst thou listen to the voice of the foul seducer? How couldst thou parley, and hesitate, and yield? But thou wast deceived, and oh! how many of thy frail daughters, like thee, have been deceived and ruined. The Tempter has come with protestations of love on his lips, but full of deceit inwardly; his "words were smoother than oil, but they were drawn swords." Onward he led his confiding victim, until the Rubicon of virtue was passed, and the ruined, deserted one was turned over to misery, madness and death.

> "When lovely woman stoops to folly,
> And finds, too late, that men betray,
> What charm can soothe her melancholy,
> What art can drive her fears away!
> The only art her guilt to cover,
> And hide her shame from every eye,
> To give repentance to her lover,
> And wring his bosom, is—to die."

Say not, that there is no tempting devil, for he has humble imitators in the flesh, not only in a Tamerlane and a Mustapha, who emulate his cruelty, but in every seducer from the paths of virtue, who copies his powers of deception and betrayal. He who writes the indecent ballad, or polluting novel, and scatters it in the path of the young, is acting the devil, according to his capacities and opportunities, as truly as he who casts poison into the fountain of water which supplies the great city, or directs the enginery which mows down thousands in the thunder of battle. He leads the hearts of multitudes into all impurity, acclimates them to the effluvia which genders in the nether hell, baptizes them with the slime of a drunkard's den, and lands them in the purlieus of the pit.

Our ancestors were not constituted impeccable. This would have defeated the ends of moral government, and they could not have been a tried people. The possibility of withstanding temptation implies the possibility of yielding to it. Through some such ordeal every moral being has passed, human, demoniacal and angelic.

But Heaven needs not our pen to justify its ways. Our office is to chronicle the history of the bride, her fall, her recovery, and the crowning glories of the bridal day, and we may safely leave the heavenly Bridegroom to vindicate his own honor against all who dare asperse it.

The story, then, may as well be told. Overcome by soft persuasion, deceived with flattering words, thrown off her guard by cherishing the idea of transgression, and holding a conference with the devil, she put forth her hand,

> "She plucked, she ate;
> Earth felt the wound."

"And she gave to her husband, and he did eat." By his one act, he threw off his allegiance to his God, iolated that solitary command which was the test of iis obedience, and openly joined his fortunes and his estinies with the enemy of God and man. We may ell suppose that what the poets assert was true, that ature sympathized with the moral interests of this iomentous hour. If angels ever weep, they wept ow, every one apart in his bower ; if hell ever trimphs, she now held a jubilee, which no preceding or icceeding day has equaled. And we may well supose that heavy clouds shut out the light of the sun, hat thunder growled in wrath, and lightnings leaped long the heavens ; that the trees bowed their heads ad wept ; that the beasts became frantic with ferocity, ad that briars and thorns sprang up on all the face the ground. At all events, man was changed. He ad lost his purity, and the favor of his God. The own of joy had fallen from his head, and the myrtle-ugh that had waved around his heart was seared as by ie breath of winter. His robe had hitherto been the be of innocence, and no necessity for any other was nown. But now a fig-leaf garment became essential, id when the sighing winds blew fiercely, and winter wled along the chilly air, they were glad to clothe iemselves with the skins of beasts slain for sacrificial ferings. Dark, dark was the first night that settled wn on Eden, after the fall. Long and dreary were its hours, which brought to the guilty pair only troubled sleep and horrid dreams. But the longest night has its morning, and now, with its breaking light, the voice of the Lord God was heard walking among the trees. But the scene was changed. The beast started from his lair, and slunk away, looking behind him with suspicious gaze. The birds had no morning anthem with which to greet the great Creator. Adam and Eve were not to be found.

> " He seemed like one who trod alone
> Some banquet-hall deserted,
> Whose lights were fled,
> Whose garlands dead,
> And all but him departed."

" Adam ! where art thou ?" was now heard sounding through the garden. And every grove and hill sen back the enquiry, " Where art thou ?" A closer search revealed the fallen couple, hid in the deep recesses of the wood. But no word of confession is on their lips No humble prostration, no earnest entreaty for merc characterizes the interview. On the contrary, the ma criminates the woman, and indirectly charges the fault o both on the Creator. " The woman whom *thou* gaves to be with me, gave me, and I did eat." The woma throws back the criminality on the Tempter, and th interview closes by the Judge pronouncing on each th sentence their disobedience demanded. Reader, eve man shall answer for his own sin. Our influence may extend forward, but our responsibility cannot reach backward. For what we do, and for what we influence others to do, we shall be answerable, but for what our ancestors have done, God will summon us to no account. I shall never perish for the sin of Adam. But if I reject the Gospel, I shall be rejected from the marriage supper, and be consigned to the abode of the devil and his angels, and my blood will be upon my own head.

We have no heart to dwell on the darkening scene before us. Like hot and heavy thunderbolts, fell the denunciations of an offended God, against the guilty trio who have conspired or consented to the infraction of the law of Heaven. And still the serpent trails itself in dust, and lifts its poisonous fang to bite the heel of the seed of the woman; and still, in pain and sorrow are children brought forth; and still does labor wage a fierce warfare against briars and thorns, and wipe its sweating brow; and still does an everlasting antagonism exist between the powers of light and darkness. As hostile fleets gather around some little island of the sea, and make it the battle-ground where the fate of empires is to be decided, so our little planet is the great moral battle-field of the universe—the prize for which celestial and infernal agencies contend.

In marking the varying fortunes of the bride of the

Lamb, we have been compelled to walk in familiar paths, but we have endeavored to gather instruction at every step. We were present at the first joyful wedding on earth, we saw the sun of human happiness rise in glory, but while it was yet morning, we saw it hide in awful eclipse from our view. And while waiting for its emergence from the cloud, while the guilty ones are driven from the garden, and flaming cherubim guard the approach to the tree of Life, let us retire, and for a moment commune with our own hearts :

1. Behold what a day may bring forth. What changes it wrought in Eden, and what changes it may produce in the condition and fortunes of us all. "To-morrow," said Pharaoh, "I will let Israel go ;" but wailings all over the land of Egypt told what changes death had wrought, ere to-morrow's sun arose. "To-morrow," said Senacherib, "I shall smite Jerusalem," but the darkness shook pestilence and death on his host.

> "And the foam of their gasping lay white on the turf,
> And cold as the spray on the rock-beaten surf."

To-morrow, thought the rich man, I will pull down my barns, and build greater ;" but God said, "This night shall thy soul be required of thee." And so multitudes have thought, and said, "To-morrow I will repent ;" but alas, for them no morrow ever came, or if it came, it witnessed their weakened purposes, and their further procrastination. No more extreme folly is known on earth, "than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn." Fortunes may melt away, thrones may fall, the greenest chaplet fade, and the most precious life go out in the darkness of the grave, before to-morrow's sun shall rise.

2. Learn the fearful results of a single sin. Oh who can compute the ruin wrought in that one rash hour? Two hundred bleeding generations have been reaping the thorns which were scattered in a moment. Then was sent forth, as from Pandora's box, wars and woes, diseases and death. An enormous tide of humanity has been pouring into the insatiate grave, and into the bottomless pit, and yet death and hell do not cry, "it is enough." Oh ye who are sporting on the sunny banks of early life, avoid the first transgression, and shun the smallest sin, for,

> "A pebble in the streamlet scant,
> Has turned the course of many a river,
> A dew-drop on the baby-plant,
> Has warped the giant oak forever."

3. Learn never to parley with temptation. "Your adversary, the devil, still goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," and he will present himself to you at every turn in your journey, and with fair speeches seek to beguile you to your ruin. But

remember the Lord your God; cry to him for deliverance, and turn your eye away to that Eden which no tempter shall ever enter—whose groves are perennial, and whose songs are everlasting.

"Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
Oh, may our souls on God be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer."

CHAPTER XIV.

Something New.

Have you ever visited the city of New York? If you have, you have heard the praises of Croton water, and seen its sparkling jets gushing from the fountains, and spouting from the hydrants all over the city. An immense viaduct conducts the waters of the river to a vast reservoir, situated on the highest grounds of the city, thence it is conducted by large iron pipes through the principal streets, and then, by smaller pipes, piercing these, it is conveyed to every man's dwelling.

David had his eye on something like this, when he said, "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God." In the case of the river which supplies New York, and in the case of the one of which David speaks, there is a reversal of the natural course of earth's "broad rivers and streams." These are made up of rills and rivulets, and swell to enlarged proportions, until they find the "outgoings thereof in the great seas." But here we see the great river divided into many branching streams, which satisfy every thirsty soul that drinks thereof, whether he drink of the streams of earth or of the water of the river of life. This river takes its rise in the heart of Deity ; through the medium of Christ, it finds its way to earth,

"And, from the fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,"

it sends a stream to every man's dwelling, and comes invitingly to every man's lips. A thousand watchmen take their stand on the banks of the river of life, and cry to all the thirsty nations, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, let him come and buy, without money or price."

"No lack in that fountain, it always is full."

Now, every human heart is a pitcher, and faith is the conductor through which the water of life flows into the heart. Prayer opens the sluiceway, and salvation flows into the soul, until the joyful spirit cries out with David, "my cup runneth over."

Let us look in again upon the Paradise where our steps have lingered so long. But in our brief absence, fearful changes have come over the scene. "How has he gold become dim, and the fine gold changed!" Vhat mean that slow tolling bell, those muffled rums and funeral dirges! What mean those dying roans, those bitter cries and tears, amid the tumbling lods of the valley, falling on the narrow house of the over and friend? Why does the assassin's knife drip ith the heart's blood of his fellow man? Why are he iron gates of the doleful prison closed upon millions f fathers and brothers, husbands and sons, yea, and housands of earth's fair daughters? Why do the our winds bring to our ears the booming of thundering annon, and the rattling of smaller arms, while the ext gale brings the unearthly groans of dying men? Let us trace this awful state of things to its source. We know that if the fountain that supplies the great ity was poisoned, death would immediately be carried hrough all its streets, and Gotham would be like Egypt, when a great and bitter cry went up to heaven, because there was not a house which death had not isited. Even so, the waters of human life and happiness were poisoned at their very fountains, and hence death, natural and spiritual, has been communicated to every generation, and to every individual. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed on all men." Oh wretched ancestors of a wretched posterity! But yesterday, as happy as the favor of God and a home in Eden could make them; to-day, overwhelmed with sorrow and despair. Yesterday, hope, happiness and prospective heaven were theirs; to-day, there is written all over the darkened canopy of their sky, "mourning, and lamentation and woe." But in the midst of the gloom, there was one bright star of hope, looking from behind the cloud. It was the promised "Star of Bethlehem." God had promised that a son should be born unto them, that should bruise the head of their cruel enemy, who had been the cause of their fall and expulsion from Eden.

Besides this hope, they had only each other, and in each the other had a treasure, compared to which the treasures of the world were toys and trifles. Wedded love was their crown in Eden, and it was all that was left when Eden faded. It is still, as we have argued before, the light of our darkness, the joy of our sadness, the paradise of our earthly deserts. See that desolate old bachelor, in his lonesome sick-room. If he has money, he may hire nurses and attendants, as he could for his horse and his dog; not that they would have any particular love to the patient, but a very especial love for his money. If he has not that all-potent charm, money, he may perhaps find some one kind enough to make known his wants to the poor-master, who will forthwith give him an excursion to, and apartments in the poor-house, and thence he will be borne to a pauper's grave, "Unwept, unhonored, and unknown."

But Adam went not forth to his exile alone. Celestial angels drove him forth, but a terrestrial angel, though of clouded glory, accompanied him. As the ivy clings to the oak in the heat of summer, and amid the desolations of winter, so did Adam find himself embraced in the affections of his wife, even when Eden receded from their view.

> "Two are better, far, than one,
> For counsel or for fight."

So said the poet, so say the Scriptures, and so says the experience of mankind. For all that Eve could do for her husband in his sickness and in health, she asks only the return of her husband's gratitude and love, and the luxury of doing good ; and for all that Adam could do to provide for, protect and comfort his fallen Eve, he finds a full equivalent in having the wealth of her affections flow towards him alone. There, reader, is marriage in its purity. Time, adversity, and fearful changes cannot rob it of its sanctity and its joy. Each could say to the other,

> "Did I but purpose to embark with thee,
> On the smooth surface of a summer sea,
> But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
> When the winds whistle and the tempests roar."

The antiquated bachelor or maiden know no more of this joy than the sinner does of the love of God. There was no padlock in that first union. However it may have been with others, this was "a marriage made in heaven."

We have had a glance at some of the woes introduced by the fall. We have felt some of these results in ourselves, and seen them in the physical and moral history of bleeding generations. For the diseases of the body and the mind, man "has sought out many inventions." When one is smitten down with sickness, eager physicians and pretenders are at hand, with prescriptions and infallible remedies. The sovereign panacea, the true elixir of life, has been found in the mineral and vegetable world, in homœopathy and hydropathy. Each is officious to have the efficacy of his pill or his potion tried. Each has assured the world that the waves of death may be stayed. But in spite of all, an enormous tide of humanity has been pouring into the insatiate grave.

So, there have been in all ages many who professed skill in curing the diseases of the soul. Each has propounded his theory, and enunciated his principles, the adoption of which, by the world, it is contended, will heal its social disorders and bring on a joyful millennium of holiness, and brotherhood, and love. But theory has superceded theory, and system followed system, and still sorrow and desolation, and broken hearts and blighted hopes abound all over the world.

And we are free to admit, that for many of these woes, heaven has provided no remedy until the earth and the sea shall give up their dead. Death will foreclose his mortgage on every man, and will find no successful antagonist, until the trumpet of the archangel shall pour its thrilling thunder, in the dull, cold ear of death, which will then be swallowed up in victory. The remedy for the diseases of the soul may be applied earlier. By a right and timely use of the Gospel prescriptions, it may be fully restored to the divine favor, and preserved blameless until the coming of the Lord.

"First, you must take *exercise* : and I recommend that you *walk* daily in the paradise of God's word : that you *work* in the vineyard of God's Church : that you *bathe* in the fountain of redeeming blood : that you keep up *fellowship* with lively Christians : and that you *exercise all the graces* of the Spirit. Attend particularly to these points, for, 'it is for your health.'

"Second, pay attention to your *diet* : let your *food* be the best ; the bread of life and the living waters of salvation are recommended ; they satisfy and sanctify ; they make healthy, and keep healthy : be sure you take *sufficient* ; a little will preserve life, but much is necessary to health : take your food *regularly*, for regularity is important; you cannot prosper and be in health, unless you live upon Christ, and live upon him every day.

"Third, as to your *medicine:* it is made up of the bitter herbs of disappointment, losses, crosses, temptations, bereavements, troubles and trials of various sorts; it is very unpleasant, but very profitable; unless taken, and taken pretty freely, you will be laid up with idleness, carelessness, anxiety, pride or selfishness; but this medicine is intended to prevent or remove these evils. Your heavenly Father will *prepare* it: divine Providence will *present* it: you are to *beg* the divine blessing upon it; *take it,* and *expect* benefit from it. Do not despise your medicine, for 'it is for your health.'

"Fourth, we prescribe *tranquillity:* you cannot be healthy, unless you preserve tranquillity of mind; in order to which, *live in peace with God,* as a loving child, with a kind and tender Father; cast all your cares upon Him, daily confess your sins before Him, and get a renewed manifestation of His pardoning love: *be content with your lot,* it is appointed for you by Infinite Wisdom and Love; it is the very best that can be, and this you will see and confess by-and-by: *trust the promises* and *providence of God* for the future; live by the day; take no anxious thought for the morrow, but leave the future with the Lord, for 'it is for your health.'

“ Believer, God designs to preserve or restore thy iritual health in all he does. Does he require you obey his wise, his holy, his flesh-displeasing pre-pts? ‘It is for your health.’ Does he afflict you? It is for your health.’ Does he try you in your tem-ral circumstances? ‘It is for your health.’ Does bereave you of your beloved relatives and friends? ven this ‘is for your health.’ The cup is bitter, but e design is gracious; the draught is nauseous, but e effect is sweet. ‘All things work together for od, to them that love God, and are the called ac-rding to his purpose.’ If we use much exercise, y strict attention to our diet, and live in holy tran-illity, we shall not want much medicine; but if we come inactive, feed upon the vanities of time, and e anxious and troubled about many things, we shall ten need a regular course of medicine; and as sure we need it, we shall have it; and if we complain or pine, our Heavenly Father will silence us, by point-g to our folly and asking, ‘Hast thou not procured is unto thyself?’ ”

The efficacy of these remedies has been tested by ousands, and though sometimes the medicine is bit-r, and the knife of excision keen, yet the prescription for our health and for our salvation. The author of is humble volume has felt the sharpness of God’s o-edged sword, and,

"Is bold to say, his hallowing Lord
Has wrought a perfect cure."

We have already given a volume of our experienc to the world, but as this may fall into some hands wh may not have access to that work, we will make a little extract, which gives a rapid summing up of ou history and experience, down to the time when w were set down in great triumph in the land of Beula We quote from "Trials and Triumphs," page 234

"Dear reader, are you weary in traveling with m thus far? If so, gird up your loins, and buckle o your sandals, for we are now coming into the *gold regions.*

"You have traveled with me from my youth. Yo have seen me scattering wild oats over the broad field of hilarity and mirth, and few, perhaps, have reaped more abundant crop of sinful pleasures. All has bee vanity! vanity! You have followed me through th labyrinth of worldly business, and seen me, for mo than twenty years, through storms and sunshine, striving for the gold that perisheth. You have seen m raise up villages, and go off by the light of them. Yo have seen me pulling down mountains, and raising u valleys. Almost every succeeding year you have foun me just ready to lay my hand upon the long-sough treasure. You have as often seen fickle fortune snat it from my grasp, and leave me again worse than eggar, at the foot of the hill. You have seen death ome in like a ravenous wolf, and take my lambs one y one, and lay them in the dark grave. You have een poverty come as an armed man, and rob me of all arthly possessions. Quickly following in his train, ou have seen total blindness come and drop his sable urtain, shutting out forever the sun, moon and stars, ith all their radiant glory, earth with her green car-et, and, worse still, forbidding me ever again to look pon my dear wife and children. Thus you found me n 1841, on the hills of old Virginia, like an old horse hat had become worn out and blind in the service of hard and unmerciful master, turned adrift to graze few days in the corners of the fences, to starve and ie.

"My dear reader, I do not ask you to pause here, nd drop a sympathizing tear; no, I ask you to rejoice ith me. Do not call death, poverty and blindness *nemies*, for I certainly number them among my dear-st friends. They were not my Savior, it is true; but hey were sent by a kind Father, to lead me *to* my avior, and to perpetual peace and joys immortal.

"But, says the reader, how can these things be? I ill tell you.

"When death came and took our little idol Fanny, ith scarcely a moment's warning, and left our hearts leeding, I knew she had gone to heaven; and, like the men of Galilee, I began to turn my eyes away from earth, and gaze up into heaven. This was a great work, wrought to get a sinner to turn his eyes from earth, and look upward; and God well knew that death was the only messenger that could accomplish this thing. O, how thankful should I be, that he selected one of the family that was fully prepared for glory, and gave the wicked father and mother space to repent and prepare to follow the dear child to the realms of bliss! O remember, reader, that he who lets such an affliction pass without profit, loses a greater blessing than earth can afford!

"My second friend came in the form of another fell disaster, that, like one of Job's heralds, trod close upon the heels of the first. My earthly possessions took to themselves wings and flew away.

"The men of this world are like the vine, which, having loosed its fastenings from the branches of the lofty oak, and fallen sprawling upon the earth, fastens its hundred tendrils around every filthy weed and briar with which it comes in contact. O, if I have tears to weep for one more than another, it is for the rich of this world, who have no Christ in their souls, and know not that they are poor and wretched, miserable, blind, and naked! How many times have I heard paupers, in the various county poor-houses, thank God for poverty, while my soul responded a hearty Amen! For

od hath said, he hath chosen the poor of this world,
ch in faith, to be heirs of the kingdom which he hath
romised to them that love him. Mark the last sen-
nce. It is to the class of poor that love him.

My third friend is blindness ; and God knows, if I
er offered him one sacrifice of praise, honest and pure,
ep and fervent, it is for this, which my friends all
ok upon as an affliction. This certainly, to me, is
e of the mysteries and wonders of redeeming grace;
at one of my stiring ambition should never have the
ast desire to see. And God knows my heart, that if
ght was proffered to me this day, I should receive it
ith a trembling hand. I am perfectly satisfied to
dure, as seeing Him who is invisible. I have said
at I never desired to see : there have been a few ex-
ptions. When I have sat under a powerful sermon,
here the veil of the future has been drawn and the
vful destiny that awaits the incorrigible sinner and
e infinite glory of the righteous portrayed, I have
ished that I could have one beam of sunlight, that
ould direct me to some trembling sinner, with the
ar of repentance on his cheek. I would take him by
e hand and lead him to Jesus, who would say to his
oubled soul, as he did to the Sea of Tiberias, ' Be
ill ;' and in the channel of those penitent tears send
rth the rivers of love and heavenly joy.

" O, how often have I returned from an evening of social prayer, when I could wring from my pocket handkerchief tears, like phials of dew-drops fallen from the rose of Sharon ! But they are all bottled by Him who numbers the hairs of my head. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb forever ! I do not wish to be understood in what I have said, as undervaluing earthly blessings but, to me, the loss of my property was like losing sixpence and finding a guinea. The losing of my children resulted in the finding of Christ. The loss of my natural sight was like blowing out a candle and letting the sunlight of glory blaze perpetually in my soul. S much for my three friends."

To this testimony, we wish, here, just to add, tha since it was written, nine stormy winters and as man scorching summers have passed over us, and we hav been able to prove, not only the purifying but the preserving power of Gilead's balm and Gilead's Physician With us,

> "The winter's night and summer's day,
> Glide imperceptibly away,
> Too short to sing God's praise."

We are happy in continued blindness and poverty, an are on the look-out for the time when we shall see th King in his beauty, which is the first object we expec to behold.

We have said that our great Physician has provide o remedy against the death of the body, but has set ver against it, by way of equivalent, a glorious resurection. But he has extracted the sting of death, and made it a minister of glad tidings to all the redeemed. By a word, he might invest us with earthly immortality, but this would be to us a terrible inheritance, nd if there shall be in heaven one gust of praise louder than another, for the mercy of the Lord to fallen man, it will be for the cherubim and flaming sword, which guarded the way to the tree of Life, lest man should eat and live forever. Should the sentence of death be now repealed, and all condemned to breast orever the waves of sorrow and sin which roll over the earth, doubtless wailing millions would join the smitten patriarch in saying, "I would not live alway."

> "Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die."

Happy is the condition of that female who is united o a husband and physician who would be ever present with her, and possessed of skill and power which would nable him by a look or a word, to heal all her infirmiies, and assuage all her fears. Glory to God, the Church militant, which is the Lamb's wife, is united o such a husband. She need not ascend to the heavens to bring him down, nor descend to the dark tomb, o bring him up, but he is ever by her side, to wipe away her every tear, to beguile all her sorrows, and make all her bed in sickness. She may lean with confidence on his bosom, and, casting all her care on him, she will be abundantly sustained.

“A woman who is traveling and has no money to bear her expenses, obtains credit on her husband's account, who afterwards passes that way, and discharges the obligation. So, ancient saints went home to glory on credit, and in fullness of time Christ came, and paid the debt, not by installments, but all at once The virtue of his offering went up to the gate of Eden and down to the end of the world. As on both sides of the altar of burnt offering were pipes, conveying the blood into the basins until they were full, so the grea altar on Calvary communicated with past generations and with generations yet to come. The saving meri of the one sacrifice runs back to Abel and to Adam and forward to the last believer.”

The Church, in all ages of the world, has been compared to a woman, ofttimes to a wife or a bride. This is true of the Church in its collective capacity, comprehending every true believer, whether man or woman whether in heaven or on earth. As the first Adam had but one wife, so the second Adam has but one royal partner, and on his bridal day all will be “gathered into one.” The believers of olden time, and of time yet to come, will be there. Every continent and every island will send up representatives on that great nuptial morning. The minified Greenlander and the gigantic Amazonian, the dwellers in the orange groves of the tropics, and the nomadic tribes of the desert, those who have sat on a throne and those who have burrowed in the earth, patriarchs with silvery hairs, and infants from their tiny cradles, may all be there; for the seer of Patmos saw on the sea of glass an innumerable company from every nation, tongue, tribe and people under heaven. You and I, reader, may be there, to be presented as a chaste virgin to Christ, and wedded in everlasting union to the heavenly bridegroom.

We now propose, reader, with your permission, to enquire after our old acquaintances of the garden. We were honored with a seat at their nuptial festivities, and we will not forget them in their fallen condition. The rich and prosperous have many friends, but the poor is forgotten of his neighbor. Let us not act the part of the ungrateful world, and abandon our friends in the hour of their adversity.

We shall not find them in Eden now, but, as the opulent family whose fortune has melted away in the hour of adversity leave the scene of their former grandeur and display, and seek the seclusion of retired life, so the princes of Eden had gone forth from the scene of their early happiness and love, and commenced their life of toil. While Eve ordered the affairs of the humble home, Adam had commenced his warfare with briars and thorns, and daily he cultivated the reluctant soil, and nightly, when his shadow lengthened on the plain, he wiped his sweating brow, and returned to the only paradise left him now, his cottage and companion. How many days and months rolled on we know not, before the monotony of their domestic life was broken by an incident of thrilling interest. Solomon says: "There is nothing under the sun of which it may be said, 'see, this is new.'" But however true this might have been in the time of Solomon, most certainly, when Eve presented to her husband a tender, smiling babe, she might have said, "see, this *is* new." The parents had not forgotten the promise that their seed should bruise the head of the serpent, and no wonder that when they gazed on the countenance of the lovely and innocent child, they thought they beheld the promised Restorer, and in rapture cried, "We have gotten a man from the Lord." A new fountain of rapture was now opened in the hearts of the parents, a new myrtle-bough waved over their souls, a new light shone in their dwelling. A thousand and a thousand times has a joy like this filled the hearts of youthful parents, as they have gazed with rapture on their first born child. They have each imagined there never was *such* a child, so beautiful, so precocious, so good. And, as in the case before us, how often has that loved and fondled babe dragged down his father's and his mother's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

A painter once saw a child which so perfectly realized his beau ideal of loveliness, that he transferred his countenance to canvass, and hung it in his studio, to be gazed at and admired by all who could appreciate beauty. He then went forth to find the most hideous and deformed of the human species, which, by the limner's art, should be made to represent the extreme of ugliness, as the other of loveliness. Such an one was found, at length, in a felon's cell. Misery had written deep wrinkles on his cheek, vice had left its marks on his brow, and the stormy passions of his soul were indicated in the whole aspects of the external man. But what was the artist's surprise, when the hideous countenance was reproduced by his pencil, to learn that it was the countenance of the *very child* whose cherubic beauty had so deeply interested him in years before. Time developes the man, and too often, alas, the monster. Oh, Eve! better had it been for thee to have given thy little one, in its rosy infancy, back to his God, than to launch him upon the rough sea of human life. Thou thoughtest thou was nourishing an angelic nature; little didst thou dream he was to become a fratricide, and to give to the earth its first baptism of blood. Fathers and mothers, has it pleased your Father in heaven to transfer your child to the amaranthine bowers of an unfading Eden, before positive guilt has stained its soul? Oh let not thy heart "fret against the Lord," for he hath done all things well.

"There's no such thing as death,—
What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suberbs of a life elysian,
Whose portals we call death."

You could have fed your little one with the bread which perisheth. God has so supplied its wants that it will hunger no more. You might have clothed it with the fabrics of earth. God has arrayed it with the livery of the skies. You might have educated its mind and heart. God has impressed laws upon it which will impel it forward in a course of intellectual and moral greatness, until it shall reach the position now occupied by archangels. But we wander from the scene before us. Our Savior tells us that a mother's joy is so intense when a man-child is born into the world, that she forgets all her sorrow. It is like the joy felt by the Church, when she has brought forth sons and daughters, and near akin to the joy that found utterance in swelling hallelujahs over the plains of Bethlehem, when Mary, the daughter of Eve, brought forth the true seed, "the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God."

At the birth of young Napoleon, ten thousand cannon spoke to each other, and made France tremble from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, and the whole population participated in the joy of the Emperor and his royal bride. The plebeian monarch saw in his noble boy a link which would connect his name and fame with coming times. In prospect, he saw that son wear the titles his father had gained, and perhaps reap a richer harvest, with a mightier sword. But far more hopeful visions rose before the minds of our primal parents, as they gazed on their first, their lovely boy. They regarded him as the instrument of their own restoration to Eden, and the Savior of millions yet unborn. But the exile from Eden, and the future exile to St. Helena, were both to reap a bitter harvest of disappointment. With the dew of earliest manhood on his brow, the son of Napoleon, whose birth had been hailed by thirty millions of people, went down to an obscure grave, unwept and unhonored ; and the son of Adam, who had been mistaken for the world's Redeemer, was soon a wanderer in the land of Nod, with his hand and conscience defiled with a brother's blood. We must dwell a little more minutely on that dreadful scene, the first murder,—a scene that has been reenacted a thousand times in every passing generation.

" The brothers were conversing earnestly together ; and saw not the glowing eyes fixed on them with malicious exultation, as, hid amid the golden grain, the Serpent looked and listened. The proud eyes of the elder grew darker and more flashing, and his haughty lip quivered as he spake. There was some bitter feeling in his heart, which the low, pleading voice of his brother could not appease. The Serpent knew that the fire of jealousy was kindling in his bosom. So he distilled a subtle venom from his fangs, through the air which surrounded the youths, and lay still, watching with hateful satisfaction its influence on the high passions of the elder. He saw his form dilate with rage, his face grow pale, his eyes flash fire, his teeth close tightly in the lower lip — he saw the other kiss his forehead and strive to soothe him — he saw the uplifted weapon, the blow, the falling form — and then he glided silently away and left them alone, the murdered and the murderer.

"Abel was dead. The bright, innocent, beautiful boy lay lifeless on a bed of yellow grain. There was no breath on the pallid lip, no light in the closed eye, no quiver of the fallen and fringed lid — but, sunken in the fair and delicate temple was that ghastly wound, flowing with bright, red blood.

"There was death—death on Earth!

"How terrible was the conviction which crept into the cold, still heart of Cain! as he stood with folded arms and gazed on the brother he had slain. All his urious passion was stilled in a moment, as white and motionless as marble he remained, his strong gaze staring on that sweet, pale face, and his ashen lips parted in horror. Then he cast himself on the ground beside him, and called upon his name with phrenzied wildness—but there came no reply. He covered his cheek with kisses, and clasped him to his bosom, but there was no return of his caresses. He put his hand on the still heart—it did not beat. He placed his ear to those cold lips—they did not breathe. Then he put back the silken tresses from the bloody wound, and gazed upon the crimson tide ebbing slowly forth, till, with a shriek of anguish and despair, he pushed away the lifeless form, and rushed far away over hill and valley, into the depths of a mighty wilderness.

"As if pursued by that phantom of horror, he fled, onward and onward, with rushing steps, through the gloomy shadows. Hours passed by, and still he fled on, when suddenly he paused. A wild thought, that he might hide his crime from the avenging eye of his God, came into his heart, and back, quickly as he had come, did he retrace his steps. It was the sunset hour when he reached the spot where his brother lay. He twined his arms about that cold and beautiful form, and dragging it to the brink of the river which skirted his broad fields, he cast it hastily in the deep waves. There was a splash, a bubble, a closing together of the parted water, and the river flowed on, bright and peaceful as before.

"Cain sat down on the flowery bank, and washed the blood-stains from his hands, and cooled his burning brow in the pure waves flowing musically over the grave of his murdered brother. But the stain upon his soul he could not bathe away — the fever in his heart, the bright waves could not cool. A strange fascination drew him back to the place where the earth had drank up the blood of Abel. Suddenly, as he stood there, a glory and a brightness filled the air, too dazzling and terrible for his guilty eyes; and a voice—the solemn voice of the Almighty—broke the stillness, with that fearful question, so thrilling to his startled soul—

"'Where is thy brother?'

"'Am I my brother's keeper?' was the faint reply.

"'What hast thou done? Thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground—' and solemnly and fearfully the curse for his great sin was pronounced by the dread voice of the Lord God.

"The glory and oppressive brightness vanished, and Cain was left alone—with the brand of a murderer set upon his brow, burning for ever deep into his brain.

"'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the Serpent, in his ear.

"The murderer started, but the rustle of the retreating mocker through the ripe grain, alone met his ear.

* * * * * * * * *

"Adam and Eve sat together beneath the pleasant shade of a broad palm tree, waiting for the return of their children. Bread, and honey, and milk, with luscious fruit, stood ready for their simple evening meal, beneath the shadows of the waving leaves.

"'Our children tarry late,' said Adam, softly kissing the fair forehead of his wife.

"'Praise God forevermore, that even amid darkness and many trials, he hath thus blessed us in our beautiful offspring,' murmured Eve, raising her bright head from the bosom of her husband, and turning her soft eyes toward the path through which her boys came every evening to their home.

"Lovelier, far lovelier than our wildest dream, was the first mother, with her rare and radiant form, her motions of exceeding grace, her rich, long, flowing tresses, and face so fair and faultless, so sweetly proud and pure, so winningly subdued. Her wistful, earnest gaze lighted up with joy as she saw, through the long line of fig-trees skirting the path, the graceful form of her first-born child advancing through the shadows, which, chequered and quivering, were shifting o'er the avenue. But the gladness shining clearly 'neath her silken lashes, seemed broken and troubled as she leaned further forward, and continued—

"'Where is my golden-haired, my glad-eyed Abel? Cain cometh alone—and see! his step is slow, and his proud head bent. It is not thus that our children are wont to greet us.'

"And Adam, too, looked forth intently, as, with heavy steps and drooping brow, their boy drew near.

"Springing from her low seat, Eve ran to greet him.

"'My child, where is thy brother? Why art thou so silent, why so pale, so sorrowful? Where is thy brother?—have the wolves, the lions so terrible, devoured him while watching his flocks? Speak! tell me, where is Abel?'

"'Mother! I have murdered him!'

"'Cain!'

"'Cain!'

"Shrieked the mother, and broke, quivering, from the blanched lips of the father.

"'Nay! curse me not—I am already cursed! Look! look upon the brand that God hath set upon my guilty brow. I am henceforth a wanderer and an outcast. No more to hear the words of tenderness, no more to linger by the side of those I love—I go! father! mother! farewell!'

"'Stay, my child,' gasped Eve; 'O God, take not both my treasures, my children, from me!'

"'Nay, let him go—he is unworthy,' said the cold, stern tones of the father, made desolate in the pride of his manhood, and frozen into pitiless, unforgiving sternness, by the depth of his great sorrow.

"With no other word, the murderer turned and disappeared. Low, like a crouching thing upon the ground, did Adam sink, his powerful frame convulsed with mighty emotions, and his voice, broken and holow, murmuring—

"'Oh God! must thus our sins be visited upon our offspring? Thy wrath is greater than we can bear—take away the cup of thy bitterness, Lord God!'

"Beside him knelt his wife, her white arms wound around him, her beautiful face buried in his bosom, as, chokingly and broken, the words struggled up from her tricken heart:

"'My children! my children! Alas, my Abel! never, never to see thee, to hear the music of thy oice, to mark the bounding of thy graceful step, to eel thy warm kiss on my cheek — to lose thee thus, my child! And he, too—my dark-eyed Cain—to be hus cursed, thus guilty, thus a wanderer upon earth! Why, why was I thus tempted — why must our sin, ur curse, go down unto our children? Oh God! e——'

"'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the Serpent, through the wilight.

"Shuddering, those two desolate beings clung closer to each other."

And now, reader, we are about to take our leave of this family, once so happy, but now so fallen. Yet, do not suppose that utter desolation was theirs. Other children came to fill the place of the one who was banished, and the one who was slain. Especially did divine mercy search them out, and though no ransom from the grave was found for them, yet pardon was written on their hearts. They were doubtless convicted and converted as men are now, and the lost image of God was thus restored to them. Cain, too, may have found redemption in the blood which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel, and the entire family may long ago have rejoined each other in bowers more glorious than those of Eden, where roses never fade, where birds of paradise forever sing, and where the hiss of the serpent will never be heard. We hope our journey has been pleasant to you, reader, as it has certainly been to us. We have seen creation rising into being, and covered with beauty; we saw whole orders of beings spring into happy life, and man, appearing at last, crowned with glory and honor, and set over all the works of Jehovah's hands. We saw, extracted from near his heart, a companion meet for him, and saw children born unto them. We wept at the terrible eclipse which came over their joys and hopes, but rejoiced at the mercy which enthroned them again in the favor of God, and saw the stream of spiritual life flowing down through rushing centuries, amid the surroundings of sin, and misery, and death. As the crystal rill holds its way through the turbid river, *in*, but not *of*, the stream, with outlines clearly defined, like a golden thread interlacing a dark fabric; so amid the angry surges of life's dark and tumultuous waves, has been gently flowing on a rill of the waters of the river of life. God has never left himself without witness, but has in every age had a seed to serve him. In spite of the wrath of Jezebel, and the sword of Ahab, there were thousands in Israel who would not bow to Baal; in spite of Nero and Trajan, they flourished in the early Roman Empire; and in spite of the persecutions of the beast and false prophet, they were found in the valleys of the Cotian Alps, and in the forests of Germany. Old Scotia's mountains, and sunny Gaul, and proud Britannia, and the land of the Pilgrims beneath the skies of the western world, have each furnished champions for their God. The rill that gushed up in Eden, like that which Ezekiel saw issuing from the temple, has widened and deepened as centuries have rolled on, and the outgoings thereof will be the soundless, shoreless ocean of Eternity.

A few years ago we were taking a perambulation through the World's Fair, in the Crystal Palace, at New

York. A policeman attended us, and by the aid of his instructions, and our sense of feeling, we were able to get some idea of the magnificent works of art on exhibition. Among the rest, were statuary from the chisels of the most renowed masters, and prominent among these were statues of Adam and Eve, and the twelve Apostles of the Lamb. If anything of an earthly nature could have awakened a desire for sight, it was the scene by which we were now surrounded. But lest we should be tempted to repine that we could not gaze on these masterpieces of art, we at once mounted the palanquin of faith, and took passage to the golden city, where we have a mansion, where we were permitted to gaze on the first Adam and Eve, in their glorified state, and we were satisfied that Powers had produced but a sorry imitation, though the multitude applauded his skill. But we saw more : we saw the second Adam, on a glorious high throne, surrounded by a multitude which no man could number, gathered from every nation under heaven, each "without fault before the throne," and together making up "the bride, the Lamb's wife ;" and we saw the city, built of stones most precious, and saw our name written on its jasper walls ; and we heard a voice like the voice of many waters, crying, "salvation to our God and to the Lamb." From this point, we looked back upon the Crystal Palace, and it seemed to us the play-house of a child, filled with broken crockery, and pebblestones, and the dolls and tinselry which delight the eye and heart of childhood.

Well, when the clarion shall summon the guests to the wedding, we expect to be there. Till then, Adam and Eve, and Cain and Abel, farewell.

> "Though loud is the tempest and dark is the night,
> Yet soon will the day-break be dawning;
> When the friendships of yore
> Shall blossom once more,
> And we'll all meet again in the morning."

CHAPTER XV.

Scripture Marriages.

Having completed our old-fashioned Virginia visit to Eden and its early inhabitants, we shall make a rapid journey down the path the vanishing generations of our race have traveled, making calls at a few interesting points as we pass on, and especially looking in upon the *weddings* of the olden time, and the domestic life of some who have lived in the world before us. How rapidly did the waves of population well from the primal fountains, and how soon did rural cottages dot the plains, and the domes of cities glitter in the sun. The first of these cities was built by our old acquaintance, Cain. You have, perhaps, thought that Cain went out a *solitary* exile from his father's family, and that his life henceforth would be like that of a Russian banished to Siberia's everlasting snows, or that of an anchorite on the inhospitable desert. But when did *oman* refuse to share the banishment or exile of her usband ? Maria Louisa did not, of course, go to the land prison of her fallen husband, but preferred to eturn to her ancestral halls, and bury herself amid the issipation of Vienna ; but the daughter of the Hapsurgs was only padlocked to the mighty Conqueror, nd the bolt flew back when his laurels were trailed in lood at Waterloo. Oh ! with what joy would Josehine (who, in spite of the decrees and laws of men, as the only *wife* the great Corsican ever had,) have hared in all her husband's reverses and disgrace, and heered his exile with her presence, and lit his pathay with her smile. So there was one, a daughter of he same parents, at once a sister and a bride, who lung to her brother-husband, whom all the world beide shunned and loathed, and when he turned his face oward the great solitude, where never yet was heard uman voice or footfall, she clung to him, exclaiming, ' Where thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I ill lodge, where thou diest will I die, and there will I e buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if ught but death part me and thee." And who can tell but her constancy and love reclaimed the hardened, r at least the hasty man, and that the midday and evening of his life were spent in penitence, and piety, and peace. He feared that he should be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth, and that all his brethren would hunt for his life as one hunteth a partridge on the mountains, but his future life seems hardly to be a realization of his fears. God placed on his brow a mark of protection, if not of pardon ; children soon gathered around him, and a city arose in the land of Nod, his chosen dwelling place, which he named Enoch, after the name of his son. Many a murderer has found pardon at the hand of God ; for though no unforgiven murderer hath eternal life abiding in him, yet many such, says an apostle, have been washed, justified and sanctified by the Spirit of our God. We might frame many apologies for Cain, such as that he did not know that human life *could* be taken, and that he did not calculate the results of the hasty blow, but we must leave his growing household, and pass on.

Here we are, seven generations down the stream of time, and we call at the door of the patriarch Enoch. Honorably had he fulfilled his probation, and faithfully had he walked with God, and now Death, who had never been baffled before, had no mission to his door, but angels beckoned him, body and spirit, to his everlasting home. Yet Enoch, while on earth, was a lover, a husband and a father. He begat sons and daughters, among the former of whom was the famous Methuselah, the history of whose life would sweep over a millennium. And how, with the example before them of one so honored of God, dare men forbid to marry, and affirm that what God has pronounced to be “honorable in all,” is prohibited “to the priests only.” The Popes, from Boniface to Pius IX., would do well to copy the example of Peter, in this respect, and the priests to heed the precept of the apostle, to be “the husband of one wife, ruling their own houses well, for f they know not how to rule their own children, how can they rule the Church of God.”

We pass a few centuries on, and we find that time has made its mighty changes. God has wiped the earth “as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning t upside down.” The sea has rebelled against its hores, and swept over the everlasting hills ; the clouds have poured their full contents upon a doomed world ; he cities have disappeared in the seething waters, and man and all his works have floated away like waifs on he bosom of the flood, or been buried in the deep, deep sea. We can now in a moment introduce you to ll that remain of human kind. They consist of a pariarch, whose locks have been frosted by six hundred winters, and his matronly companion, their three sons nd their more youthful wives. They have been sailng over a shoreless sea, and their helmless and sailless raft has been piloted by an invisible hand to the summit of Ararat. They emerge, only to look upon a drowned world ; and building an altar to their God, hey offer up their songs of deliverance. God saw the smoke of their sacrifice, and he spread the bright arch of a rainbow across the heavens, a sign of mercy and of peace. Let us maintain our standing on the mountain, which has been baptised by the recent flood, and which is now consecrated by the altar, and illuminated by the seven-colored sign of the covenant, which appears like the signet-ring on Jehovah's hand. It is a good stand-point on which to make observations on the excellence of marriage, when the parties are married in the Lord, and also of the disastrous effects of perverting the ordinance of God. The fearful ruin we witness is traced by the sacred penman to that evil hour when "the sons of God looked on the daughters of men and took them wives of all that they chose." The sons of Seth joined themselves to the fair daughters of Cain, and thus brought leanness upon their souls, and judgments upon the earth. And so, when the Church joins affinity with the world, saying, let us unite our destinies, sit at a common table, and share in common convivialities, then shall she be made partaker of the world's plagues and punishments, and only the remnant, who would not defile their garments, shall walk with the Bridegroom in white, being found worthy.

Look now around you on the world emerging from the recent flood, and what a sight do you behold! Not only the putrescent remains of noble men, but of lovely women everywhere meet your gaze. None but the raven and the vulture can look with complacency upon the revolting scene. And why were not the wives of Shem, and Ham, and Japhet, and their mother, involved in the calamity which destroyed all the sex besides? The answer is evident; they were united to men who feared God and worked righteousness. Oh! with what joy do they remember the day of their espousals; for to them, temporarlly at least, it was a day of salvation. Oh! how, at the remembrance of their wonderful deliverance, do the inhabitants of the Ark sing and shout from the top of the mountain. But their shout is not answered from the vale, for all the world is a vale of death.

Dear reader, if a temporal union, resulting in a temporal salvation, can awaken such joy and inspire such songs, what seraph can tell the joy which will swell the bursting heart of such as are truly joined to Christ, in that day when he shall be revealed from Heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and obey not his gospel. Had these women hesitated in their decision, when proposals of marriage were made to them, until the door of the Ark was closed, and the thunder broke over the startled heavens, and zig-zag lightnings cut the lurid air, and the upper and nether oceans began to mingle their waters, well might they bewail their doom, as the waters rose around them, and the Ark receded on the bosom of the deep. Oh! sinner, you are now out of the ark of safety, and Christ will take on board none but his affianced bride. He offers you this honorable alliance; if you accept it, you shall ride safely over the mountain waves of death, and land finally on the heavenly hills; but if you reject it, or even continue in dalliance with your earthly lovers, the pittiless storm will burst at last, and thy cry of alarm and despair shall die away on the wailing winds, and reach not the ear of Him who would have made thee his bride and the partner of his throne.

Many have accepted the proposals of the King's Son, and have entered the ark, and are on their way to Mount Zion.

"Like ships at sea, while *in*, *above* the world;" they are navigating life's stormy waters, expecting soon to anchor near the eternal city. Hark, and hear them sing—

"Though fierce the howling winds may blow,
While o'er life's raging sea we go,
And heave our vessels to and fro,
Our Father's at the helm.

Though lying to with close-reefed sails,
While on us beats the furious gale,
Our child-like faith will never fail,
Our Father's at the helm.

Though mountains on huge mountains rise,
And toss us upward to the skies,
While many a sea quite o'er us flies,
Our Father's at the helm.

Though down we plunge deep in the wave,
All threatened with a watery grave,
It cheers our hearts that God can save,—
Our Father's at the helm.

Should tempests rage from day to day,
And sweep our towering masts away,
We'll quiet sit, and smiling say,
Our Father's at the helm.

Let wicked men and devils fear,
While viewing death and judgment near,
The child can sing without a fear,
Our Father's at the helm.

Oh! blessed consolation given
To saints, while o'er life's ocean driven,
To guide their bark and bring to heaven—
Their Father's at the helm.

Then let us join our cheerful songs,
This stormy voyage won't be long,
But soon we'll join the ransomed throng,
For Father's at the helm."

And now, leaving Noah and his sons to repeople the desolated earth, we will leap over a few centuries, and come down to the time of Abraham, who is the father of us all. We write no eulogy on that man of ardent faith, and prompt obedience, and almost blameless life. We have to do especially with his domestic history, so far as it is in harmony with our plans, and illustrates our ideas. Many years had Abraham and Sarah been united, when introduced to our acquaintance. They had come to an age which we should regard as the "sear and yellow leaf" of life, and yet no children had blessed their union, and Sarah yet wore on her cheek the unfaded roses of earlier years. "She was," says the record, "fair to look upon;" and, alas! as in the case of her daughter-in-law, Rebecca, and in the case of thousands of her fair and frail daughters since, her beauty had well-nigh been the occasion of her husband's dishonor and her own ruin. We have before said that heaven had conferred no blessing on man or woman but what was capable of perversion, and in its perverted form was an inheritance of terror. Female loveliness is no exception to this remark. Perhaps history has told of no more perfect beauty in woman than in the case of Cleopatra of Egypt, and Mary Queen of Scotts. And yet, how did that very beauty embitter the lives of both, giving the one over to crime and suicide, and bringing down on the other the inveterate hatred of the Virgin Queen, which culminated in the violent death of her unfortunate rival. What mythology tells of the contests of Juno and Venus for the palm of beauty, and the wrath of the disappointed aspirant, found illustration, not only in the history of the rival Queens, but in the case of a thousand city and village belles, whose image and experience will readily rise up before the reader's mind. Such an one is present to our thoughts. We knew her well from her earliest years. She was a model of all loveliness. Sunny smiles danced over her radiant countenance, her locks would shame the raven's wing, and her eyes were like the eyelids of the morning. But all her life was a scene of turmoil and trouble. Twice married, and twice abandoned by unworthy men, to whom she became padlocked in an evil hour, at thirty she was heard to exclaim, with sighs and tears, "this pretty face has been the curse of my life." How many a slave-mother has looked on the fair face of her quadroon daughter, and sighed and wept because distortion and ugliness were not depicted there. Full well she knows her beauty will be her ruin. Too apt, also, are those whom nature has endowed with a lovely face and form, to neglect the graces of the mind and heart, and make mere external accomplishments a substitute for all that is truly excellent and lovely in man or woman.

If these can be superadded to physical loveliness, it is well; but, as Solomon truly says, "as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman who is without discretion." As the unprincipled farmer puts the finest of his wheat upon the top of his bags, and swears that this is a fair sample of the whole, so many a pretty face has made a market for a bad wife; and when the cares and perplexities of domestic life come on, the husband finds, to his sorrow, that he has bought a bag of smutty wheat, or, in other words, a budget of laziness, pride, and self-will. Have you, my lady reader, a countenance which the artist does not select as a model of beauty, one over which coxcombs do not go off in raptures? Do not repine at the partiality of nature in withholding from thee, what she has so freely given to another. You may secure accomplishments and virtues which will endure after you have said to corruption, "thou art my father," and to the worm, "thou art my mother and my sister." Like the king's daughter, you may be all glorious within, and shine like the morning stars, and the cloudless firmament, forever and ever.

But let not the reader suppose that we are depreciating the worth of the excellent partner of the patriarch Abraham. She possessed not only beauty of person, but great worth of mind and heart. Her hospitality was evinced by her attentions to her angel guests at Mamre, her faith in joining her husband and going forth from Mesopotamia, not knowing whither she went, and her constancy and strength of affection to her husband, in all the eventful scenes of their lives. Cheerfully did she go out from her home and her kindred, leaving behind her the scenes of her youth, and the halls of her ancestors, and go forth to dwell in a tent, and share the inconveniences and privations of pastoral life. She obeyed Abraham, calling him Lord, and embalmed her name in the memory of all coming generations, and left foot-prints in the sands of time, to be traced by her daughters in every age and every land. As two staunch vessels cut loose from the harbor and venture out upon unknown seas, resolved to sink or swim together, so went forth the father of the faithful and his devoted companion. That is not a genuine love which flourishes only in sunshine and prosperity, but withers in the day of adversity and storm.

"She is no true wife who sustains not her husband in the day of calamity ; who is not, when the world's great frown makes the heart chill with anguish, his guardian angel, growing brighter and more beautiful as misfortunes crowd along his path. Then is the time for trial of her gentleness ; then is the time for testing whether the sweetness of her temper beams only with the transient light, or, like the steady glory of the morning star, shines as brightly under the clouds.

Has she smiles just as charming? Does she say, 'Affliction cannot touch our purity, and should not quench our love?' Does she try, by happy little inventions, to lift from his sensitive spirit the burden of thought.

"There are wives—no! there are beings, who, when the dark hours come, fall to repining and upbraiding,—thus adding to outside anxiety the harrowing scenes of domestic strife,—as if the blame in the world would make one hair white or black, or change the decree gone forth. Such know not that our darkness is heaven's light—our trials are but steps in a golden ladder, by which, if we rightly ascend, we may at last gain that eternal light, and bathe forever in its fullness and beauty.

"'*Is that all?*' and the gentle face of the wife beamed with joy. Her husband had been on the verge of distraction; all his earthly possessions were gone, and he feared the result of her knowledge, she had been so tenderly cared for all her life. 'But,' says Irving's beautiful story, 'a friend advised him to give not sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eyelids, until he had unfolded to her all his hapless case.'

"And that was her answer, with the smile of an angel—'*Is that all?* I feared by your sadness it was worse. Let these things be taken—all this splendor, let it go. I care not for it; I only care for my husband's love and confidence. You shall forget in my affection that you were ever in prosperity; only still love me, and I will aid you to bear these little reverses with cheerfulness.'

"Still love her! Her, a man must reverence, ay, and liken her to the very angels, for such a woman is a living revelation of heaven."

"Why term the fair the 'weaker sex?'
(A foul aspersion, falsely cast!)
Behold, when worldly storms perplex,
How bravely they can bide the blast!

"Lord of creation, lower thy crest:
Strive as you may, do all you can,
Woman, with all her faults confest,
Must still be *double* YOU, O *man!*"

And here we take a temporary leave of the prince and princess of Mesopotamia, and enquire after a family who accompanied them in their wanderings, first to Haran and then to Canaan. We will take our stand point on this mountain-crest, which overlooks the vale of Sodom, the great Pentapolis of antiquity. The spires of five cities shine in the light of the rising sun, and the whole valley is fruitful and well-watered, like the garden of the Lord. Knots of citizens gather at the corners of the streets, in earnest conversation on the strange events of the preceding night, telling and hearing of the singular pilgrims who had visited their city, and how the eyes of the riotous crew were smitten with sudden darkness, and then, when the terrible overthrow of their cities was spoken of, there was heard the jeer, the laugh, and the proud shout of defiance. The artizan went forth to his labors that morn as usual, the echoes of last night's revelry was yet lingering in the deserted halls, and vice prepared new snares for inexperienced feet. But see that family who are fleeing in hot haste from the city. Their faces are toward the mountain, and each seems eager to escape from some terrible impending calamity. They have left their home, their furniture, their wealth, and a portion of their household behind them, but they gladly leave all, for their angel guests have told them a tale of horrors which has made their ears to tingle. But the matron of the household evinces a hesitation and reluctance in her movements ill-accordant to the emergencies of the occasion. She is thinking of her early home, (for she was probably a native of Sodom,) of her former lovers, and of the habitation from which, in her haste, she had taken nothing. She longs to snatch some treasure or memorial from a home so soon to be desolated, or perhaps she was impelled by curiosity to look back upon the coming ruin. The accompanying angel lifted up his finger in warning gesture, and exclaimed, "Look not behind thee;" but an invisible Tempter whispered in her ear, "what harm *to* *look* behind you?" We have heard of clever devils, dumb devils, and moral devils, and we are quite inclined to think that there is a class of no-harm devils, and that one of these was now whispering in the ear of Mrs. Lot. Oh, how industrious and insinuating a devil is this. This stereotyped suggestion is, "there is no harm in it." No harm to smoke, no harm to drink, no harm to gamble, no harm to swear, no harm in reading fiction, no harm in the giddy dance, no harm in levity, no harm in conformity to the world." O, how often is this voice of the Tempter mistaken for that of reason and of truth. In listening to it, and following it, many fancy that they have struck into a path where the pleasures of the world and those of piety are combined, where they may love the world and love the Father too. But though the way seemeth right unto a man, the end thereof are the ways of death. So it was here. The unwise woman turned to look back, intending that it should be her *last* look, and so indeed it was. She felt a strange transformation coming over her. Chillness entered through every pore, numbness permeated every nerve, she grew motionless and speechless, and there she stood, a saline pillar, a monument of disobedience, one of ten thousand slain by the demon, No-Harm.

The remnant swiftly flew to the city of refuge, and no sooner was the line of safety passed, than a storm of fire, such as no invading host had ever rained on a beleagured city, burst on the cities of the plain, and its palaces and temples perished like crisped garlands smitten by a lava tide, and all the thronging masses of men, matrons and maidens were swept from probation, and were given over to the "vengeance of eternal fire."

Behold, in the history of this household, some of the disastrous effects of marriage when not contracted in the Lord. Lot chose as his companion, a heathen wife, and he left her a pillar of salt, on the shores of the Dead Sea. His daughters were joined to some of the sons of Sodom, and were overwhelmed in the common destruction. Not only could Jezebel confirm an Ahab in his wickedness, but strange women could turn the heart of the wisest of men, and one of the best and mightiest of monarchs to idolatry, and cause the sun of the prince of preachers to set in darkness. Husbands and wives, when once you have uttered the irrevocable hymenal vow, discard all your old lovers, let there be no wooing and cooing outside the hallowed home circle, lest green-eyed jealousy pour poison into your cup of domestic joy. And ye who are joined in marriage covenant to the Lord, hold no communion with your old lovers, the world, the flesh and the devil, "for the Lord your God is a jealous God," "he will not give his honor to another," nor look on with indifference, when the affections of his affianced one become estranged from him, and are lavished upon his unworthy rivals. And have you turned your back upon the world, and, leaning on the arm of your beloved, started for the celestial hills, and does the world's clamor, or the pride of life entice thee? Does wealth shower apples of gold at your feet, and invite you to linger? Does pleasure dance around your steps, and sing a dulcet song? Does friendship ask your stop? O put thy finger to thy ears, and run with fleeter step, crying out, "Life! life! eternal life?" To you, and all like you, one mightier than the sons of men lifts up his voice of warning, and, pointing to the petrified lingerer, who for centuries watched day and night on the shores of Sodom's sea, exclaims, "Remember Lot's wife."

CHAPTER XVI.

Scripture Weddings Continued.

> " There is no flock, however watched and tended,
> But one dead lamb is there;
> There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair."

Abraham and Lot are both widowers. How the latter became so, we have already learned. What desolation must have reigned in the good man's heart, as he fled to Zoar, and thence to the mountain. Death, at all times solemn, has its solemnity heightened when it comes with the suddenness of a thunder-clap from serene heavens. Let us pause, reader, to look over our title deed to a heavenly inheritance. We may die suddenly—shall we die safely? And when we remember that to die is to begin to live, that to the Christian his day of death is his bridal and coronation day, why should he not sing:

"Roll swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day."

Our title seems to have no flaw in it; how is it with yours, reader? We are like Abraham, here; the Lord has given us no earthly inheritance—no, not so much as to set the sole of our foot on; but,

"Yonder 's my home, my portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home."

But let us turn our telescope and search out the abode of the pastoral prince, to whom we were introduced beyond the Euphrates. We find him dwelling now at Hebron; his flocks and his herds have greatly multiplied, a little army of retainers are in his service, and his white tents glancing in the light of the morning sun, resemble the encampment of a host, assembled for worship or for war.

We enter the tent where the aged patriarch resides. There he sits, on a seat of primitive simplicity, and he has not forgotten us, nor his courtesy and hospitality in his waning years. But fifty years have wrought their changes. His locks are as white as snow, and they fall in waving beauty around his head. They are to him a crown of glory, for they are found in the ways of righteousness. His frame is not as active as in other years, nor his eye as bright, nor his voice so much like the daughters of music. Yet a calm serenity is on his brow, and his thoughts are evidently on the better land.

How beautiful is a calm and serene old age! Ossian (our blind old brother) spake thoughtless words when he said, "age is dark and unlovely." It may be so, when youth has been spent in dissipation, and when stormy passions have swayed the soul in manhood. But when the evening of life comes on like the close of a long summer's day, and the patriarch comes to the tomb like a shock of corn fully ripe in its season, looking with complacency upon the past, and to the future with cheerful hope, ready to rise from the banquet of life, or still to tarry and enjoy the feast, as the great Proprietor shall direct—*this* is a scene which angels must admire. We carelessly enquire for Sarah, whom we remember was once a bright sunbeam in the patriarch's tent. Ah! we should have been more thoughtful. We have struck a sensitive chord in the old man's heart. His eye glistens and his voice grows tremulous, as he tells us that his Sarah is sleeping in the cave of Machpelah, which is before Mamre. They had faced the storms of a hundred winters together, and in the land beyond the Euphrates, in Haran and in Canaan, they had journeyed side by side, but now, with his head whitened with the frosts of seven score years, he is left to finish his journey alone.

God grant, reader, you may never know the pang lt by one who commits the wife of his youth to the uardianshhip of the dark grave. When I lost my hild," says a bereaved husband and father, it was like evering a *branch* from a tree ; but when my wife was aken from me by the relentless hand of death, the troke was like the lightning's cleaver, dividing the ree from branch to root, leaving one-half to stand and eep and bleed over the other and better half, which s mouldering back to dust. Widower of Hebron, thou rt not alone in thy sorrow. Other hearts than thine ave been riven, other hopes than thine been blasted. hy descendants in every age have been heard to exlaim, "lover and friend hast thou taken from me, and ut mine acquaintance in the darkness of the grave." o thousands besides the smitten prophet has God aid, "Son of man, I take away the desire of thine eyes ith a stroke," and in some cases has seemed to add, "yet thou shalt not weep, nor cry, nor shall thy tears un down." Though this is a dissolution of a *divine* nion, of a most *intimate* union, and one which, unlike ll other earthly intimacies, can be disturbed by no vent save death, yet even here there are alleviations. thousand blessed reminiscences flow down from the ast, like rivers of balm over the soul, and as the tricken one turns his eye away to that bright world, rom which the sun and the stars catch their light, he sees his radiant and glorified bride, walking among the undefiled virgins,

> And oft in the zephyrs of even,
> Her voice floating down like a seraph's soft strain
> Sings, husband, come home, home to heaven.

But here is an old bachelor, who has chanced to take up our humble volume. The only heart he ever had was petrified long years ago—the only thing he ever loved, was the almighty dollar—the sweetest music he ever heard was the chink of silver, and all his treasures are safely locked up in that great iron safe upon which his eye is so intently gazing. "Well," says he, "thank fortune, I shall not have to watch over a dying wife, or weep over her grave." True, you will not; you need watch nothing but your safe, and weep for nothing but the indispensable expenditure of a dime. Nor can you glance back over a path sprinkled with hymenal flowers, and glowing with domestic joys. Love never hung her garlands on your brow, the hour of espousals and the bridal day form no part of your remembrances, and connubial fires never melted the ice around your heart; and if you hope for heaven, you expect no kindred spirit to meet you in your flight, and commune with you forever.

We sympathize with thee, widowed patriarch, but we also rejoice with thee. Thou art the natural father of the favored people, and the spiritual father of all who alk in thy steps. Many a Lazarus, just released om this great poor-house and hospital of the creation, as rested his head on thy bosom, and ultimately many all come from the east, &c., and sit down with thee nd thy illustrious sons, in the kingdom of heaven. hy Sarah is not lost, but gone before, and for each ar spent in mourning here, there shall be ten thousand ges of unmingled joy, where the inhabitants neither arry nor are given in marriage, but are like the an- els of God, and all are joined in everlasting union to hrist the Lord. Reader, you and I may lose lover nd friend; we may wait and weep, and call at the outh of the grave where our dearest friend is buried; e may lose our wedding ring, our marriage certificate, nd every memento of wedded love—nay, our mental- ies may be so impaired that, like the good Bishop everage, the wife of our youth may be forgotten; but ke him we may have a present and an Almighty Sa- or, who will never leave us nor forsake us.

> "There is no union here of hearts
> That knows not here an end."

ut when thy companion and friends have all passed way, and thou standest like a tree in the open field, hy fellows gone and thy glories faded, then

> "Jesus can make thy dying bed
>   Feel soft as downy pillows are,
> While on his breast you lean your head,
>   And breathe your life out sweetly there.'

And he may give mission to the spirit that loved thee best and blessed thee with her dying lips, to attend thee in thy upward flight toward the city on which the sun never sets. Till we shall meet thee among thy peers, prince of patriarchs, and patriarch of princes, farewell!

Years before the death of Abraham, there was one great thought which burdened his heart. He had a son, an only son, by his lawful and beloved wife, and the dew of manhood was already on his brow, and the management of his father's interests was in his hands; and when the eye of the patriarch grew dim, and his Sarah was dead, the whole wealth of his affections went forth toward his noble son. But that son, absorbed in rural employments, was yet treading the lonely path of celibacy. Ishmael, the son of Hagar, to whom in an evil hour Abraham became *padlocked,* had gone forth to snuff the desert air, and lay the foundations of many generations of roving Bedouins; and Isaac, in whom centered all his hopes, might ally himself to one of the daughters of the land in which he was a stranger, or he might live and die a lonely bachelor, and thus his name and memorial might perish from among men. Either alternative was painful to the old man's heart, and his eye naturally turned away to Mesopotamia, where he gamboled in his infancy, and where in early life he wedded his departed Sarah.

ut he could not agree to have his son leave him in is age and feebleness, and his inventive mind perhaps rst devised the idea which so many kings have since cted on, namely, courting by proxy. There was mong his servants one, and perhaps only one, to whom mission of so much delicacy could be entrusted. braham, you know, we are told was a slaveholder. Vell, it is a little singular, that before the birth of saac, this servant was heir prospective to all the atriarch's wealth ; "this Eliezer of Damascus" was like his steward, his friend and his heir. It is singu-ar, too, when he was safe away from his master, ith camels laden with wealth, that he did not chose o regain his liberty, especially as the fugitive slave w was not then enacted. But, perhaps, like a slave imilarly situated, of whom our Southern friends tell, e had too great a regard to *the honor of the family* to un away.

Eliezer was selected to take the long journey of four undred miles, to the place of Abraham's nativity, to nd among the daughters of the land a bride for Isaac. solemn oath of fidelity was taken, a bevy of camels den with the choicest presents the Eastern world ould furnish were provided, and the man who had een sixty years a servant of Abraham, went forth on he most important and responsible errand of his life. *second princess* was to be provided for Abraham's royal line—a successor to Sarah, and a wife to Isaac.

And now we will leave Abraham to his prayers, and Isaac to his labors, and return to Mesopotamia, to the city of Nahor. A scene of quiet pastoral beauty rises before us. The shadows of the mountains fall across the plains, as the sun declines in an Asiatic sky. A city of humble dimensions lies on the skirt of the plain near which flows the gentle Euphrates. Scattered over the landscape and in the dells that penetrate the surrounding hills, are lowing herds and bleating flocks, attended and watered in the main by damsels from the neighboring city. These humble shepherdesses were lovely in appearance, and amiable in manner, simple yet tasteful in their attire, courteous to each other, and hospitable to the stranger. But their cheerful conversation is arrested, and their joyful songs hushed, as they see a strange cavalcade descending the slope of hills and approaching them. There is but a single man, and he a man past the prime of life. His bosom is swept by a generous beard, and his waving locks are silvered by time. Ten camels, laden with goodly merchandise, advance at his bidding, and halt at his word. He had prayed to the God of Abraham, that he might at once be directed to the damsel whom Heaven had designed for his master's son, and had asked that she might be indicated to him by her voluntary offer of water for himself and his weary beasts. His believing prayer was heard, for lo! Rebecca, the daughter of Bethuel, came forth to meet him, and seeing his want she flew to the fountain, and dipping her pitcher in the crystal waves, she held it to the pilgrim's lips, and also drew for his camels until they were satisfied. Reader, we will conduct you rapidly over the history, for we wish to save space for moral reflections. A gentle intimation of his desire for entertainment at her father's house sent the affectionate Rebeeca swiftly to her home, bearing a princely keepsake from the stranger to whom her hospitality had been extended. Her story, her earnest manner, and her costly present, sent forth her brother, and the strange wanderer was soon a welcome guest in the house of Bethuel. When the evening meal was spread, and the stranger invited to approach the board, he declared he would eat nothing until his errand was fully unfolded. This was the great moment of Eliezer's life. Simple and yet earnest was his eloquence, as he narrated the history of Abraham's family, and dilated on the excellences and wealth of his only son. The whole group listened with breathless interest as he approached the *finale* of his story, and announced the object of his journey. He informed them that Isaac could not espouse a daughter of the idolatrous Canaanites, and that he had come to the early home of his master, to find for his son a bride, of kindred blood and kindred faith. And the viands were forgotten, and the feast was left untasted, and the heart of at least *one* in the group began to beat with wild and tumultuous emotions, when he told of his prayer and its remarkable answer at the well. And when he concluded, with the peremptory demand that the matter should be then and there determined and an answer given, no wonder that Rebecca hid her face in embarrassment, and that her mother trembled at the strange *denouement.*

It is not often that marriage contracts are negotiated and all the preliminaries settled in public, nor even in the presence of the family circle. The hearts of the contracting parties beat with emotions not to be revealed to others, and the lips utter words of deep affection, to which curious ears must not listen. Strangers intermeddle not with their business or their joy. But the marriage before us was discussed, planned and decided on, like the miracles of Christ, and the wooings of his espoused, openly. Father, mother and brother, each bore their part in a matter in which each felt so deep an interest, although the ultimate decision was with Rebecca herself.

It has often been a question for debate in old bachelor clubs, whether the joys of anticipation or participation were greater, and in its application to marriage, whether the wooing or the wedding day was brightest or happiest. Now, experience alone can decide such questions, consequently our bachelor clubs are very inadequate judges in the premises. We who have had some experience, can bear a very explicit testimony, that whether the question relates to natural or mystical marriage, both these epochs are replete with interest and joy. But the nuptial day crowns and perpetuates the earlier joy. But for this day, there would be no preliminary stages, no anticipatory happiness. This would be like a prelude without a concert, a preface without a volume. But as the prelude swells out into the full oratorio, where a thousand voices blend into harmony, or as the preface conducts the reader to the volume full of fat things, so the earlier stages of connubial love find their crowning joys in wedded life. So also, a soul espoused to Christ feasts on the promises, and finds here and there a leaf from the tree of life which has been blown over into this land of deserts and storms, but when the bridal day shall come, and the union shall be consummated, the spirit shall partake of blessed realities, and gather immortal clusters from the trees of Paradise. The crowning element of bliss, in the marriage of Christ to his people, is the perpetuity of the relationship. Every earthly union is liable to be interrupted. Infidelity to the marriage vow may render it nugatory, alienated affections may sever the holy ligament of wedded love, and death, insatiate and relentless death, releases each from the law of the other. "What is wanting here?" said a courtier to a prince. They were sweeping into their capital, under triumphal arches hung thick with banners, while salvos of artillery broke on the air, and the welkin rung with the exultations of a hundred thousand men. "What is wanting here?" "Continuance," replied the prince. Now, prince and courtier, and shouting hosts have passed away, and the banners have feasted the moths, and the colored dust in the desert alone tells where the city stood; but the triumphs of the saints' bridal day shall have what the prince vainly desired—*continuance*; that union shall never be interrupted, those songs shall be everlasting.

> "O could they, now so happy and so good,
> So rich in rapture, could they fear an end,
> That ghastly thought would drink up all their joy,
> And quite unparadise the realms of light."

We can but admire the earnestness and the ingenuity of Eliezer, in inducing Rebecca to leave her home, her friends, and all her old lovers, to be the bride of his master's son. And no doubt, when the vibrating balance settled in favor of the proposition, and her choice was made to go and be the wife of Isaac, that the heart of the aged servant leaped for joy, and his song of thanksgiving went up to God. And as a humble messenger of Christ, sent to invite sinners to himself, we can testify that no hours of our life have been freighted with so much of heavenly joy as those passed in wooing sinners to Christ, especially when those labors have been crowned with success. At such times, it seems as though the clock of time had fresh oil poured upon its wheels, and all her mechanism urged into more rapid movements, and we have been ready to adopt the language of the parting lovers :

" Oh wrap thy cloak about thee,
The hours must sure go wrong,
For when they pass without thee,
They 're quite ten times as long.'

Glory to God ! millions of sanctified laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, both ministers and laymen, will say Amen to this sentiment. It is a joyful work, to win souls to Christ, even here. And on the pages of eternal truth it is written, that they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

We have said that the ultimate decision of the pending question was with Rebecca, and the same is true with every female who enters the sacred courts of Hymen. If, now and then, one is led to the altar, as oxen were of old, now crowned with flowers and then sacrificed, this is not marriage ; it is a base counterfeit of God's holy ordinance. Woman is called the weaker vessel, the timid fawn, and all such tender names, and physically it may be true ; but in this matter of marriage, she is more potent than a legion of armed men. Might cannot beat down the citadel of the soul, and lead its affections into captivity. Abraham and his company could conquer the five kings, who were laden with trophies, and rescue his nephew from their hands, but he had not power in himself, nor could he delegate it to his servant, to win Rebecca for his son against her own will. He might have surprised her with a troop, as the Benjamites did the daughters of Shiloh, and with a fretting chain, and strong padlock, fastened her to Isaac, and made of her a reluctant and petulant bride ; but if the "*sine qua non*" of reciprocal love were wanting, they would have been about as much united as a couple of neighbors we once knew, who hated each other so badly that each man built a line fence on his own land, thus leaving what was called "the devil's lane," between their respective premises. Christ himself besought men, with tears and with all the persuasive eloquence which the Son of God could employ, to accept of his service and his salvation, but multitudes proved themselves too strong for Omnipotence. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem !" cried the man of sorrows, while he rained his tears on the devoted city, "how often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, but ye would not." And he accounts for the rejection of his gospel by the Jews, and he will account for the final rejection of all his enemies, in one pregnant sentence, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." Ahab was a king, and Naboth was the proprietor of a humble vineyard; and though the covetous eye of the monarch desired to possess the field of his subject, he could only obtain it by overriding every law of right, and adopting the counsel of the bloody Jezebel to murder the proprietor, and seize the coveted possession. Are you the owner of a single acre of land; not the whole power of the country can destroy your title to it, but you can alienate it by a dash of your pen, and that field of yours may bear a temple of the Lord of Hosts, or a Synagogue of Satan. Christ will not, and his servants cannot, alter the conditions of salvation. It is a free-will offering you must make of yourself to God. Through every dispensation sounds the summons, "Son, or daughter, give me thy heart;" and every saved soul, on earth and in heaven, has made a joyful surrender of their all to God.

There is a time when every espousal takes place, a time when every Rebecca says to some pleading Eliezer, "I will go, I take you for my husband, all I have is thine;" while the swain joyfully replies, "all mine is thine." Here are two wills swallowed up in each other. This is a wedding according to the law of love, which only waits to be ratified by the law of the land. And few will ever forget the moment when that solemn contract was signed and sealed, written not on parchment, but on the fleshly tablets of the heart.

And now call down Rebecca from her star-lit throne in heaven, and all the glorified company who have passed over into the presence-chamber of the King of kings, and the most of them will remember with interest and joy the day of their espousals to Christ. One was espoused in the sanctuary, one in the closet, and another in the grove where the white tents of Israel were pitched. Some were espoused to Christ long ages before he visited earth personally, some while they listened to his words of heavenly wisdom and saw his mighty works, and some in every subsequent age down to the end of time. From the mountain and the vale, from tropic Isles and from Greenland's everlasting storms, they have come, and all now look back to some bright and glorious day, that looms up among the days, like Mt. Blanc among the mountains, and together they sing—

"Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

To every wedding among men there are witnesses. Look on your marriage certificates, and you will see some familiar names—names of friends who witnessed your marriage rites. And there are witnesses who behold with delighted sensibility every new union between Christ and a ransomed soul. God summons his witnesses from the heaven above, and the earth beneath, to behold the solemn contract. He exclaims to "angels and to men," "I call you all to witness this day that I give myself in an everlasting marriage covenant to this soul." To the chosen one he exclaims, "I will be a husband to you, in loving kindness and in tender mercies I betroth you to myself forever. I take your person, your services, your interests, your all, under my control; and in return I endow you with all the treasures of my kingdom and my grace. I found you a helpless infant, wailing in distress, and wallowing in blood, disowned and cast out on the wild, by the father who begat you, and the mother who bare you; I looked on you in pity, and I bade you live; I spread my spirit over you, and bore you to my home. I washed you from your pollution, healed your sicknesses and your wounds, bore with your waywardness, and now I take you as my spouse, my chosen one, making you to bear my name and share my throne." In the presence of the same witnesses, the bride must subscribe the marriage covenant, professing her love and allegiance to her Lord, and engaging herself in inviolable fidelity to Christ. Religion is not simply and only a personal affair, and apostacy from religion is a matter in which more than a single heart is concerned. All those voiceless spectators, the angels, and all the Church before whom you have witnessed a good profession, will be swift witnesses against you in the day of your backslidings. As, anciently, witnesses laid their hands on the head of the malefactor, and then led him forth to die, so all these witnesses shall accuse each spiritual adulterer and adulteress before God, and admit the rectitude of the sentence which banishes them to the "blackness of darkness forever."

In connecting ourselves with the visible Church, many of us united on *probation*. But when we gave ourselves to our chosen partners, it was *for life*. "There is no release in that war." It is not a partnership entered into for a time, to be dissolved at pleasure. Nor, when we have given ourselves to Christ, may we at our option withdraw the gift. That vow must be inviolable, that offering must never be resumed.

In many earthly partnerships, only part of our capital is invested; but when we embark on the matrimonial voyage, *every thing* is put aboard the ship. Each takes the other for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, and every thing is thrown into a common stock.

In our spiritual union with Christ, every thing must be surrendered. If there be any mental reservation, any old lover not given up, if the lust of "the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," be not surrendered, it will invalidate your union, or prevent its consummation.

We have before us the Autobiography of Rev. J. B. Finley, a pioneer of Methodism among the backwoodsmen of the west. Perhaps we cannot better illustrate our idea of true marriage, than by copying his account of his early wedded life. He says:

"On the third day of March, 1801, I was married to Hannah Strane. My father having bought land in what is now Highland county, I resolved to move, and take possession. This section of the country was then a dense wilderness, with only here and there a human habitation. My father-in-law, being unsatisfied with his daughter's choice, did not even allow her to take her clothes, so we started out, without any patrimony, on our simple matrimonial stock, to make our fortune in the woods. With the aid of my brother John, I built a cabin in the forest, my nearest neighbor being three miles off. Into this we moved, without horse or cow, bed or bedding, bag or baggage. We gathered up the leaves and dried them in the sun; then, picking out all the sticks, we put them into a bed-tick. For a bedstead, we drove forks into the ground, and laid sticks across, over which we placed elm bark. On this we placed our bed of leaves, and had comfortable lodging. The next thing was to procure something to eat. Of meat we had an abundance, supplied by my rifle, but we wanted some bread. I cut and split one hundred rails for a bushel of potatoes, which I carried home on my back, a distance of six miles. At the same place I worked a day for a hen and three chickens, which I put into my hunting-shirt bosom, and carried home as a great prize. Our cabin was covered with bark, and lined and floored with the same material. One end of the cabin was left open for a fireplace. In this we lived comfortably all summer. Having no horse or plough, I went into a plum bottom near the house, and, with my ax, grubbed and cleared off an acre and a half, in which I dug holes with my hoe, and planted my corn, without any fence around it. I cultivated this patch as well as I could with my hoe, and Providence blessed my labor with a good crop, of over one hundred bushels. Besides, during the summer, with the help of my wife, I put up a neat cabin, and finished it for our winter's lodgings. For the purpose of making the cabin warm, I put my corn in the loft, and now, if we could not get bread, we had always, as a good substitute, plenty of hominy. We had also plenty of bear-meat and venison, and no couple on earth lived happier or more contented."

Now, we think this was the genuine article of wedock, and well was it tested in the bitter school of adversity. But you say, Hannah had nothing to put on board, and in this we beg to dissent from you. Mr. Finley did not, to be sure, have wealth *with* his wife, but he had a world of wealth *in* her. No ship ever ploughed the waves of the Atlantic freighted with such treasure as Hannah Strane brought to her husband. A loving heart, a contented mind, and an industrious hand turn a bed of leaves into a bed of down, they transform a wigwam in the wilderness into palatial halls, and make a dinner of bear's meat and hominy sweeter than the banquet of an epicure. And if human love sweetens the bitterest cup of life, much more does the love of God shed abroad in the heart. A lonely widow held up a solitary crust, and with swimming eyes, and a faltering tongue, exclaimed, "I have all this and Jesus." And many paupers have we met in the poor-house, aged, sick and friendless, who were, nevertheless, rich and happy, being heirs to an inheritance in the Kingdom of Heaven. Paul never sung louder than when in the dungeon, and the sweetest notes which ever fell on human ears, arose from the valley of the shadow of death.

What will not love prompt its possessor to do for its object? How the mother will extend her nightly vigils through successive weeks, when sickness has smitten her cherub child. How the father will bow down himself to protracted toil, that he may banish hunger and want from the cottage where his loved ones dwell. The pioneer, from whose biography we have made the foregoing extract, thought it no hardship to bear his bushel of potatoes many weary miles to his home, after his day of toil, because they were for one he loved. And the smile of Hannah, who goes forth to meet and welcome him, is a reward which the wealth of monarchs could not give.

And what will not *divine love* impel its possessor to do or dare? I ask that missionary, who goes to build an altar for his God on a dark, a distant, and a stormy shore ; I ask that heroine, who leaves father and mother, and makes her home on the banks of the Ganges, or finds her early grave where the African hyena makes night hideous, what urges them to such sacrifices and sufferings, and their ready answer is, "the love of Christ constraineth me." Oh !

> " This nerves the hand of age,
> And makes an infant's sinews strong as steel."

It sent Carey and Duff to attack Budism in its strongholds. It made the coral reefs of Indian seas a sweet resting-place for Coke and Judson. It made Cox, Wright and Williams, prefer to sleep beneath the palm-trees of Liberia ; and those Christian females, White, Collins and Wentworth, choose a grave among he tea-growers of China, rather than to have a burial lace in Westminster Abbey, and a mausoleum on very hill-top. We have been led in a long, but, ve trust, in a pleasant path, and here we will pause to reathe a moment, and sing—

> " Sink down, ye separating hills,
>   Let sin and death remove;
> 'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
>   And death must yield to love."

CHAPTER XVII.

Eliezer Pleading for Rebecca.

We left Eliezer at the house of Bethuel, in the city of Nahor; and at the point where we left our narrative, he had made his proposals, and awaited the answer. As he would not *eat*, until he had declared the object of his coming, so he would not *sleep*, until a decisive response was obtained. The embarrassing silence was broken, by Laban and Bethuel declaring that the hand of God was visible in the whole transaction, and that they had no obstacle to interpose. How different this conduct from that of many a father and brother, when a daughter or a sister is about uniting herself to Christ. How often do such exhaust their powers of ridicule and opposition, to prevent the consummation of the spiritual wedding. And even when the decision is made, and the heart and the hand surrendered to Christ, how often have parents and friends nterposed to break up the engagement, and lead the etrothed one back to earth again. Should our volme fall into the hands of one so disposed, we wish to peak a word of emphatic remonstrance in your ear. ou entirely transcend your prerogatives as a father, a usband, or a brother, when you would keep back hild, or wife, or sister, from Christ. There is a limit your authority over your kindred, and that limit is he authority of heaven. True, "the husband is the ead of the wife," but only as "Christ is head of the hurch." True, "children should obey their parents," ut only "in the Lord." If obedience to you inolves infidelity to Christ, they have no alternative ut to obey God rather than men. And if, as a result f their obedience to Christ, they encounter your oppotion, they must bear it as a part of their cross. If ou drive them forth to "want and wintry winds," ey must go trusting in Him who has said, "When ther and mother forsake, the Lord will take his hildren up," and who in every extremity declares, "I ill never leave thee nor forsake thee."

We have before us two instances in which parental pposition was brought to bear upon children, to turn em aside from following Christ. In one instance the fort failed, and in the other it succeeded; but ow it failed, and how it succeeded, we shall narrate you in the words of another. The first narrative is called, "My Friend's Family," and runs in this wise :

"Edward," said I, to my much-loved friend, who had been my class-mate, and only room-mate for many months, one day as we were about closing our scene o studious toil, "Edward, give me a sketch of some of the most important incidents of your past life ; and if desired, I will return the favor. We are now abou to separate for distant sections of the country, and should the strong bond of friendship and Christian affection, which has so long and firmly cemented us together, continue unbroken, it will be pleasant, in after time, for each to refer to any interesting events connected with the other." For a few seconds, during which time Edward's mind probably scanned the whole history of his past life, he sat silent and motionless with his eyes fast fixed upon our faithful, though rusty stove, which we had already commenced removing from our apartment. Then raising his head, he said, "My own history appears quite unimportant. The incidents of but one period of my life are worth relating and you have so frequently heard me refer to them that I am sure the subject must have become to you an old tale. I refer," continued he, "to the period of my conversion, and the remarkable conversion of my father, mother, and only sister,—incidents, the result of which, I trust, will be the union of our domestic circle, unbroken, in the Paradise of God."

“ Such events,” I replied, “ may well assume a vast
portance. They extend beyond the narrow bounds
visual objects ; and, indeed, can only be measured
the countless revolving cycles of eternity. True, I
ve heard you refer to the conversion of yourself and
rents, but have never heard you give the particulars,
e relation of which would fully meet the object of
suggestion.”

Edward, in compliance with my request, proceeded
arly as follows : (for I design to give his own lan-
age, as near as memory will enable me :) “ My father,
u know, was a man of wealth and high standing in
profession. My sister and myself were the only
ildren ; and on us, from infancy, was lavished every-
ng to gratify us that immense wealth and boundless
rental affection could supply. We were, indeed, the
ls of our parents. Great expense was incurred to
alify us early in life to act well our parts in the
hest circles of society. Our education, however,
s entirely of a light character, calculated only for
w. My father was a bitter opponent to all experi-
ntal religion ; and we were, consequently, taught,
t to be the best dancer, painter, pianist, &c., should
the high bounds of our ambition. Through my
er, who was two years older than myself, I was in-
duced much earlier than I otherwise should have
n to the gay and fashionable scenes of youthful vice.

When a little more than sixteen years old, I was se
to school at H., some ten miles from home, my fath
having provided me with board in the family of Mr. M
an acquaintance of his, to whose charge he committe
me, with the particular injunction that I must be ke
from all religious meetings or influences. During m
stay in this family, which was near four months,
was frequently got into difficulty by being charged,
the children of Mr. M., with their own mischievo
acts, and was as often severely reprimanded by hi
On stating my situation, and wish for a new boardi
house, to a student by the name of Frederick A., wi
whom I had formed a pleasant acquaintance, he i
formed me that his parents resided in the village, h
a spare room, and would take one or two boarders.
at once engaged the whole room to myself, togeth
with board, of which I soon informed my parents,
also the reasons for leaving Mr. M.'s. Here commenc
an entire new era in my life. In the family of Mr.
all was entirely new and strange. The table was a
proached with invocation, and left with thanksgivi
Each day began and ended with prayer and prai
The entire family were living Christians, whose al
fires, like that of holy Israel, never waned. I was
formed that the ringing of a small bell would give n
tice of the hours of family worship, and that I cou
attend or not, as best pleased me. From respect

te order of the house, the summons of the little bell s always strictly attended to. Observation soon con- nced me that this family had some source of bliss to ich I was a stranger. What was it? Was it their igion? Perhaps it was. Observing Paley's Evi- nces of Christianity in the breakfast room one morn- ig, I carried it to my room, supposing I should ascer- n from its perusal what religion was. In this, wever, I was disappointed, though its argument isfied me of its truth. An increasing anxiety to ow what religion was, induced me to get a Bible to atify my curiosity. To this hour I believe I was as norant of what Christianity was, as the darkest athen. Paley had convinced me of its truth as a stem; but upon what it was based, or what its ob- t, and of what its importance, I was entirely igno- nt. I had probably never read a verse in the Old or w Testament, in my life. I commenced reading, d the commandment emphatically came home. I w what religion was; that it was based upon the ations which man sustains to his Maker, and his tire universe; that all its commands and require- nts, being based upon these relations, were just and ght; and in the consequences of obedience and dis- edience, I saw, in some measure, its great import- ce. I believe, too, I had tolerably just conceptions man's lost condition as a transgressor, and his remedy in the death and mediation of the Savior. I do no mean to convey the idea that this amount of light burs upon my moral vision all at once. On the contrary, i was the result of investigating the subject for severa weeks. Here, however, I made a complete stand. saw, that in order for me to be saved by the atonemen and become an heir of eternal bliss, an entire ne course of life was requisite; that I must wholly aban don all that I had been accustomed to prize. This could not consent to. I concluded, therefore, to thin no more of the subject; and, indeed, made every ex ertion, for three weeks, to banish it from the min But my efforts were worse than useless. The more labored to keep my thoughts from it, the more com plete seemed its influence over them. Every passin day awakened and convinced me more fully of the im portance and value of religion.

"At this time, a vacation of two weeks, spent a home, diminished greatly my religious anxiety. O being interrogated on the subject, by my father, I tol him that the folks where I boarded, *I believed*, wer religious; but that I had a room to myself, and the said nothing to me about it; (which, by the way, wa false;) for as I was highly pleased with my boardin place, I wished to give such an account of it as woul induce him to allow me to continue there — to whic he assented. On my return to school, the subject o

y own salvation forced itself upon my mind more
werfully than before I left. So strong was its influ-
ce, that in three weeks I was entirely incapacitated
r my studies, and made up my mind to return home,
d get my father to help me out of the trouble. Hav-
g packed up my books and clothes, with the view of
turning home the following day, as I was sitting in
y lonely room, the two following questions forced
emselves powerfully upon my mind: What is reli-
on? and what is its price? To the first of which, I
most inadvertently replied, Religion is that, upon the
jection or attainment of which is suspended man's
ernal interests,—interests high as heaven, deep as
ll, and vast as eternity. It is an institution of a
od of infinite goodness and wisdom, and must, there-
re, be conducive to man's highest interests in time,
well as eternity. But what is its price? It is the
nunciation of sin. It requires the giving up of my-
lf, and all my earthly interests. But as religion makes
ovisions for our highest interests, even in time, it of
urse cannot require the renunciation or giving up of
ything but what really conflicts with those interests.
e price is certainly reasonable, and I will have reli-
on. A little reflection, however, convinced me that
must sacrifice much more than I had for the moment
alized. I felt that I should have to incur the sneers
my sister, and the scoffs of my associates; but this

was trifling in comparison to the displeasure and violent opposition of my father, who would doubtles entirely disinherit, and turn me from his door penniless, if he could not induce me to renounce my religion On the other hand, I saw that to reject religion now was, in all probability, an eternal rejection,—one tha would involve, beyond hope, the ruin of the soul. saw, too, that the wealth of my parents, two-thirds o which I had expected to inherit, might soon be scattered by adverse winds ; or should I be permitted t possess it, very possibly it would be to me a curse rather than a blessing. Added to this, who could assure me that I should live to mature years to receiv even should my father be pleased to bestow. Instea of living to see my parents, to receive from them th opposition I had supposed, the morrow's rising su might behold me dead, and damned, or, (as hope f the moment lighted up the dark scene,) some strang influence, like that which had operated on me, migh awaken my parents and sister, and all of them, instea of opposing, might possibly accompany me home t heaven. Again, I felt that I would pay the price ; would have religion. For the first time in my life, fell on my knees, and asked God to help me to mak the sacrifice,—to dispel my darkness, and enable m that night so to repent of my sins, and believe on h Son, as to be saved. On rising, I felt strengthened t o forward. I immediately called Mr. A. to my room, nd told him my feelings. After giving me suitable nstruction, and telling me it was my duty and privi-ege to experience saving grace, and the evidence of it, hat hour, he proposed to have the whole family come o my room, and have a family prayer-meeting for me, o which I readily assented. The exercises commenced y singing a few verses, which was followed with suc-essive prayer by all present. While in prayer, I be-ieve I gave up myself, and all my interests, in solemn ovenant to God. I asked the forgiveness of my sins, nd acceptance through the atonement and mediation f Jesus Christ, which, I doubt not, was granted. The inds were hushed, and the tempest calmed. I felt a eace that had in it all the sweetness of heaven itself. then, too, saw the depth of the pit from which I had een taken,—from the total ignorance of having lived ore than sixteen years without so much as reading ne verse in the blessed Bible,—from the strongest rreligious influences which could possibly be thrown round me,—from my own temple of worldly ambi-ion,—from all this, I had been rescued by the mercy f God, by means, it seemed to me, of special interpo-itions of Providence, and was now placed as a lamb in the very bosom of my Savior. My flowing tears, for hours, could only give expression to the gratitude of my soul. I still saw before me the same opposition that I had before contemplated; but, O! to meet it all, or a hundred-fold more, for my blessed Jesus, who had done so much for me, I thought, would afford me the highest pleasure.

"The following morning I wrote to my parents, informing them of my conversion, as simply and frankly as possible; also, detailing minutely all the circumstances which had led to such a result. I expressed my fears that the step which I had taken would not meet their approbation, and solicited a candid investigation of the whole subject, before passing upon me a final sentence of condemnation. When my father received the letter, he was deeply indignant. The following day, he came with his carriage, and took me and all my baggage, home with him. He expressed much surprise and sorrow, that I had been so foolish, and told me that I must give it up at once; if I did not, it would ruin all my prospects for my life;—that he could not think of assisting me, in a course so directly opposed to his wishes.

"Soon after our return home, a ball was proposed, (for the purpose of overcoming my religious feelings,) and the following Tuesday evening appointed for it. I expressed my unwillingness to be present on such an occasion, and asked permission to spend the evening at a class meeting. In return, I received, from both parents and sister, nothing but scoffs, sneers, and reproaches. When the evening, however, arrived, I utterly declined being present, and did, in fact, go to class-meeting. This exasperated my father to the highest pitch, and he positively declared that if I attended another religious meeting of any kind, he would disinherit me,—that his roof should no longer be my shelter. Though my grief was inexpressible, I still felt determined to serve God, whatever might be the sacrifice. The class-meetings of the village were held on Tuesday evenings; accordingly, on the afternoon of the next Tuesday, my father came to me, with a large whalebone horsewhip. 'There,' said he, 'Ned, I think that will cure your religion, and keep you from class-meeting. Should you conclude to go, to-night, as you did a week since, against my wishes, you may rely upon having it worn up, on your naked back, in the morning.' I had here a most severe trial, not in reference to the whipping, but as to what extent I ought to obey my parents, in matters of religion. Should I obey them, I must disobey God. But could I not give up all my meetings and religious privileges, in obedience to my parents, and still enjoy religion? After much prayer, I concluded my only way was to claim the enjoyment of all the helps which God had provided me. Should I stay from class that night, it would be considered a victory of the whip, and I should be required, at once, to recommence my old course, at the same peril. I came to the conclusion that it was not my duty to obey my parents, when their requirements conflicted with those of God ; and so, with a heavy heart, I again went to class. On my way, I determined that I would not receive the threatened whipping, without saying something more in justification of my course, than I had yet done. I determined, too, to say something to my father of his responsibilities as a parent. But what should I say, a boy of seventeen years old, to one accustomed to sit in judgment, and listen to arguments from the finest talents? Of myself, I could say nothing ; but the promise of wisdom from on high, led me to a grove, just without the village, where the whole night was spent in prayer, for a preparation for the event. Thank God, as day dawned, light and peace, like a flood, broke into my soul. I was strong as a giant. I knew not a word that I should say, though I felt a blessed assurance that God would give me words and wisdom ; and I would as soon have made my defence before an assembled universe, as any way.

"On my arrival at the house, I found my father up, and walking his room. He had, in fact, fastened the doors, and remained awake all night, so as to meet me at the door. 'Well,' said he, 'this is the fruit of your religion, is it? Where have you been all night, you disobedient rascal?' 'I have been up in the grove, praying, since class-meeting,' said I, very frankly. 'Praying, ha! a pretty story that! I'll see if it can't be cured, after breakfast.' So saying, he left me, and I did not see him again till at the breakfast table. Breakfast over, taking the whip, he bade me follow him, and led the way to the stable, where I was ordered to take off my coat and vest, preparatory to the whipping. 'Father,' said I, 'is it customary for you to condemn, without giving a chance for defence? Of what have I been guilty, that I deserve the severe punishment you propose to inflict?' 'Defence!' said he, 'what defence can you make for willful disobedience? You deserve to be punished for trampling on my authority, and I will show you that authority shall be maintained.' 'I expected opposition, continued I, 'when I embraced religion; but I embraced it in view of both worlds. I am prepared for any suffering that may be inflicted in this, but must save my soul in the other. Nothing can induce me to forsake it. Is it not possible that, in the exercise of a father's authority, you have transcended the proper bounds of parental control? And have you, dear father, fulfilled all the duties growing out of your relation to me as a son? Our duties grow out of our relations to our Maker and each other. It is my duty, as your offspring, to honor and love you, to study your highest interests, and obey you in all things, when your commands do not conflict with the requirements of a higher authority,—with those of my Maker. On the other hand, it is your duty, as a parent, to study *my* highest interests. You have been the instrument of bringing me into being,—of giving me an existence coextensive with that of the Deity—eternal. That eternity of existence, after the passage of a few short years of this life, must be in wo or bliss; and is it not your duty, dear father, the author of that eternity of being, to aid me all in your power to escape the one, and gain the other? O, let me ask you, (said I, clasping his hands to my bosom,) has this been the course you have pursued with me? Rather, has not your whole life, and the administration of your government, tended to lead both myself and dear sister directly to ruin—with wealth, to sink us down to hell? O, father! father!' Here my feelings overcame me, and I burst into tears. I recovered myself as soon as possible, and raised my eyes to proceed, but observed that the whip had fallen from my father's hand, who stood before me motionless, and white as a marble block. I picked up the whip, and placed it in his hand. 'No,' said he, 'I shall defer using the whip, but you must leave my house.' I told him that I preferred the performance of every duty as a faithful son, but must abide his decision; at the same time reminding him that nothing could relieve him of his high responsibilities as a parent. He dropped the whip, and left the stable, evidently in great agitation. I knelt down by the side of it, and thanked God for his goodness, and prayed that what I had said might result in the greatest good, both to myself and father. In the course of the day, but little was said by myself, mother, or sister. They supposed that I had received the whipping which had been threatened; and as I was silent, they did not feel like broaching that or any other subject.

"During the whole forenoon, and also from the dinner table, my father was absent. Our residence was in the outskirts of the village, not more than fifty rods from the grove which I have already referred to, to which I again resorted, after dinner, for another season of prayer. Soon after entering it, to my surprise, I discovered my father, some distance from me, walking back and forth, apparently in deep study. Seeing that I was not observed, I withdrew, and repaired to my chamber, where the afternoon was spent in prayer, that God would be with my father in the grove; for I was certain that he was under the awakening influences of the Holy Spirit. At the usual supper hour, he had not returned; and after waiting for him till dark, my mother, fearing some accident had befallen him, (as such an absence had never before occurred,) requested me to go and see if I could find him. I proceeded directly to the spot where I had seen him a few hours previous. When I first came in sight of him, he was sitting, with his head leaning against a tree; but on observing me, he rose up and met me. I extended my hand to him, saying, 'I am glad to see you, father. Mother feared some evil had happened to you, and sent me to see if I could find you.' He made no reply, but taking my hand in his, walked slowly toward the house. His heaving sighs bespoke the deep emotions of his soul. Perceiving that he had not yet settled the great question of life or death, I offered up my silent prayers, that God would not leave him in this important hour, upon the decisions of which were suspended heaven and hell.

"We had not reached the outer edge of the grove, when my father, stopping short, clasped me to his bosom, and exclaimed in tears, 'O, Edward! Edward! forgive me; O forgive me, my dear son, O forgive me!' He never seemed so precious to me before. I clasped my arms around his neck, and pressed my lips to his cheek, as my only method of giving expression to my feelings, or a pledge of the forgiveness he sought. On arriving at the house, we met my mother in the dining-room. My father, bathed in tears, clasped her to his breast. 'Will you go with me?' said he; I have determined to have religion, and accompany our dear Edward; and will you go with us, daughter?' (addressing himself to my sister, who was just entering the room.) 'Yes, I am sure you will both join me; and here is dear Edward, who has forgiven me,—he will pray for us.' So saying, he drew myself and sister as near into his arms as he could, with our mother; and as though he had obtained the assent of all, immediately fell upon his knees. 'O Edward,' said he, the big tears still flowing down his cheeks, 'O Edward, do pray for a wicked father; pray for us all; God has heard your prayers, and he will still hear them.' We all bowed with him, but the deep emotions of my soul forbade me utterance, and nearly overcame my physical strength. In fact, I did not know when I commenced vocal prayer. I only know, I found myself (how long after I cannot tell) in the arms of my father, our voices both mingling in mighty prayer for his salvation. Our prayers, through the mediation of our great High Priest, were heard on high, and salvation's tide soon rolled over his soul. He sprang upon his feet, with shouts of praise for God's redeeming grace. My thoughts then became wholly absorbed in the case of my mother,—the dear mother that bore me; on whose bosom I had been cherished, and who had constantly watched over me, with all the affection of a mother's heart. My whole soul was drawn out in prayer for her immediate conversion. The chariot wheels, for a time, seemed stayed, but our supplications were incessant. My father, who had again knelt by her side, tried to encourage, by conversing with her, or rather, he prayed and talked together; praying a part of a sentence, and talking the balance. My mother and sister were both weeping, in bitter accents; part of the time praying for themselves, having taken courage from the speedy deliverance of my father. Their prayers and groans, and the prayers, exhortations, and shouts, with which my father seemed overburdened, together with my own prayers, all commingling together, produced what would generally be termed wild confusion. How long I continued in prayer for my mother, I do not know; but catching the eye of my weeping sister, it occurred to me that I had entirely forgotten her,—that I had not even prayed for her at all. Bitterly reproaching myself, and still upon my knees, I clasped her to my bosom, and bathed her with tears of sorrow, that I had been so thoughtless. I besought God, with all my soul, for that dear, that only sister, that he would enable her to renounce the world, and all its allurements, and cast her naked soul on Jesus for salvation. My parents also prayed with me; and while we wrestled, the symbol of the divine presence was manifest. 'Ellen,' said I, 'God has blessed you.' 'Yes,' said she, (as we bathed each other's cheeks in tears,) 'I know I love the Savior.' On rising from our knees, we found, to our surprise, that the morning had dawned.

"The following Sabbath, we all received the solemn seal of our consecration; and for months our bliss seemed complete. But the Destroyer came, and they have been carried, one after another, to the silent and lonely habitation of the dead. Over those countenances, once so fresh and lovely, have gathered the cold damps of death, and the unfeeling worm now feeds upon those I so fondly loved. But two short years had passed, ere they had all left me; but they left in joyous hope,—they rest in peace. Consumption first poised its fatal dart at my lovely sister, and, like the early rose nipped by the untimely blast, she soon fell its withered victim. While the rose faded from her cheek, and her sparkling eye grew dim in death, joy and hope cheered her soul, and lighted up her passage through the dark and dreary waves of death's cold flood. A few moments before she left us, printing upon my cheek the last pledge of a sister's love, 'Dear brother,' said she, 'a few months since, your influence snatched me from the giddy paths that lead to death, and is now about to introduce me to the home of the blessed. A few minutes, and I shall strike my golden harp, and swell my voice to the anthems of the blood-washed, with my Savior, in glory. A few years, and I trust I shall be permitted to greet you, and our parents, all home in triumph.' With her head pillowed in my bosom, her happy spirit took its flight to fairer climes and brighter scenes. In less than twelve months, my dear parents both followed her. I need not detail the incidents of their happy exit. They bore a similar testimony; and, like her, crossed the raging flood in rapturous triumph. Thus, I have been left, like the lonely oak that bends to the sweeping tempest of the mountain's top. The unbidden tear of lonely grief sometimes escapes my eye, but, the cheering prospect of meeting all my 'kindred dear,'

> 'When a few more griefs I've tasted,
> When a few more springs are o'er,'

dispels my gloom, and makes my sorrows light."

My friend Edward is now on Zion's walls, a faithful and successful minister of the gospel. Not only his own kindred, but hundreds more of his spiritual children, will doubtless greet him home to rest.

The other instance in which parental influence was brought to bear, with terrible success, in turning the heart of a daughter away from Christ, is thus related, in affecting verse:

> "'Go, bring me,' said the dying fair,
> With anguish in her tone,
> 'Those costly robes and jewels rare—
> Go, bring them every one.'
> They strew'd them on her dying bed,
> Those robes of princely cost;
> 'Father,' with bitterness she said,
> 'For these my soul is lost!

" 'With glorious hopes I once was blest,
Nor fear'd the gaping tomb;
With heaven already in my heart,
I look'd for heaven to come.
I heard a Savior's pard'ning voice,
My soul was fill'd with peace;
Father, you bought me with these toys,
I barter'd heaven for these.

" 'Take them, they are the price of blood;
For them I lost my soul;
For them must bear the wrath of God
While ceaseless ages roll.
Remember, when you look on these,
Your daughter's fearful doom;
That she, her pride and thine to please,
Went quaking to the tomb.

" 'Go, bear them from my sight and touch;
Your gifts I here restore;
Keep them with care—they cost you much,
They cost your daughter more.
Look at them, every rolling year,
Upon my dying day,
And drop for me the burning tear,
She said, and sunk away."

The matter of the wedding seemed now in such a state of adjustment, that the feast, which had waited so long, was enjoyed; the costly presents, which Abraham had sent, were distributed; the God of Abraham was worshiped, in prayer and praise; after which, each sought his pillow—some to revel in blissful dreams, and some to weep, at the thought of to-morrow.

When the first light of morning broke on the city of Nahor, Eliezer was desirous to depart; and when the enquiry was made of Rebecca, "Wilt thou go with the man?" her prompt reply was, "I will go." There was no coquetry, no prudish airs, no *refusals* to be translated into *assent,* no conditions asked; but, with the decision and promptitude of an ardent heart, and an earnest love for her future companion, whose tent was among the mountains of Canaan, she answered, "I will go." And, amid the benedictions and tears of her kindred, the preparations were made, and the journey commenced.

Leaving them to pursue their journey, we will rest a little, and sing,

> "When I set out for glory, I left the world behind,
> Determined that bright city, that's out of sight, to find,
> I left my worldly honors, I left my worldly fame,
> I left my young companions, and with them my good name,
> And to glory I will go."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Decision in Religion.

When Fernando Cortes landed on the coast of Mexco, with only three hundred followers, and saw the plains covered with innumerable enemies, assembled o oppose his progress, his first order was to *burn the ships*, thus cutting off all hope of retreat, and shutting up himself and his men to the alternative of victory or death. And when Rebecca gave her hand to Eliezer, to be conducted to Isaac, she gave up father and mother, home and kindred, and was content that every bridge behind her should be broken down, and every obstacle interposed to prevent her return to her maiden home; her hand and her heart were pledged to another, and her interests and affections were transferred to Canaan, the land of her adoption. Poor steerage over the sea of matrimonial life will any man or woman make, who evinces none of the decision, the spirit of sacrifice, and the persevering constancy of Rebecca. These waters are not always tranquil, these skies are not always bright. To-day, your sails may be filled by favoring breezes, and the waters flung aside by the prow of your gallant ship may sparkle like ten thousand diamonds, but to-morrow the skies may be overcast, and your ship be driven under bare poles, at the mercy of the storm. You will need decision that never quails, a depth of love

> "Which seas of trouble cannot quench,
> Nor floods of sorrow drown,"

and constancy which adversity alone can fully test, and death alone can consummate. For lack of these elements, what multitudes have made shipwreck of domestic bliss, and shipwreck of faith. For lack of these, our Legislatures and Courts are thronged with applicants to be released from the obligations of their marital vows, and for lack of these, the Church and the world are filled with divorced members of the mystical body of Christ. Oh, ye spiritual "adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God ?" You are striving to serve God and Mammon, professing to be the friends of Christ, and yet wooing and cooing with your old paramours. You honor Christ with your lips, and draw near to him with words, while he, your rightful husband, knows that your heart is given to another. Ye call him, "Lord, Lord, but you do not do the things which he commands you." Oh, ye padlocked church-members, ye mockers, that eat of the table of Jezebel, and wear the tint and drapery of the harlot, you profess to belong to the Man of Sorrows, to be joined to him who was meek and lowly, and you have been dreaming of heaven, but you shall be thrust down to hell. You may bring along your old marriage certificate, which you have kept laid up in a napkin, and talk about your old musty hope, but as you stand knocking at the gate, your jealous husband will present you a *divorce*, recorded long years ago, in the chancery of the skies, and utter the awful mandate, "depart, ye prostitutes, to your own place."

But, long ages before the marriage of the Lamb shall be finally celebrated, the Bridegroom declared, "Unto him that overcometh, the same shall walk with me in white, and I will not blot out his name from the book of life." Blessed and holy are they that are called to the marriage of the Lamb. On such, the second death hath no power, but they shall live and reign with Christ forever and ever.

We wish now to avow our conviction that the courtship and marriage of Isaac is typical of the plan by which God reconciles sinners to himself. Indeed, the whole life of Isaac reminds the reader of Him who was wiser and fairer than the sons of men. Was Isaac his father's only son? So Jesus was the only begotten Son of God. Was Isaac born in a manner that marked the especial interposition of heaven? Jesus was born of a virgin, the Holy Ghost coming upon her, and the power of the Highest overshadowing her. Was Isaac, in the purposes of his father, offered in sacrifice? Jesus *was sacrificed at the same age, and in the same place.* Trace, now, the analogy between the *marriage* of Isaac and the *marriage* of the Lamb. In each case, the marriage was negotiated at the instance of the father of the bridegroom. In each case, the bride was at a distance, and was ignorant of the scheme which was to cover her with glory and honor. In each instance, the marriage was negotiated through the mediation of others.

What Eliezer was in making proposals and employing motives to influence the mind of Rebecca, the ministers of Christ are in their overtures of mercy to men. Did he go at the bidding of his master? so do they. Did he go to seek a bride for his master's son? so do they. Did he bear costly treasures, as pledges of his master's love to the chosen one? they bear rich treasures in earthen vessels, and the affianced of the Lamb have many a *foretaste* of everlasting joys. Eliezer was laid under solemn engagements to use his best exertions to bring home a bride for Isaac: so every minister is under

lemn contract, by virtue of his relation to God, to
exhort every man, and warn every man, that he may
esent every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Eliezer
as to be quit of his oath, if he failed after honest and
rnest efforts, and God has said, if his ministers warn
e people and they do not hear, yet they shall deliv-
their own souls.

Finally did Eliezer *succeed* in his mission? so, bles-
d be God, do Christ's true ministers sometimes ac-
mplish their work successfully, and, going "forth
eeping, and bearing precious seed, they will doubtless
me again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with
em."

Servants of God, charged with a mission so momen-
us, permit one who accounts it an honor to sit at
ur feet, to breathe a word of encouragement, if not
exhortation in your ear. Eliezer went forth *praying*
r divine direction, and asking for tokens of success.
ou may have an eloquence that shall make men quail,
u may speak with the tongues of men and of angels,
d unless you breathe an atmosphere of prayer, and
ide under the shadow of the Almighty, you will not
wise to win souls, but will be sounding brass and
nkling cymbals in the ears of the Lord. *The closet*
the place for the putting on of power. Go from your
nees to your pulpit, and from your pulpit to your
ees, and in your darkest hour shall be heard the

voice of your shepherd, saying, "fear not, for I an with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God." Joh Knox breathed his mighty prayer, "give me Scotland or I die," and Scotland was wrested from the sway o the Man of Sin, and a long line of intellectual and spiritual giants, like Carey, and Chalmers, and Duff, an Cumming, have arisen to enlighten the nations an bless the world. Fletcher knelt in his study until th wall toward which his face was turned was discolore by his breath, and he went forth mighty to do battl for God and men. Luther prayed, says Melancthon until his tears fell like rain, and at his voice the Pop turned pale, amid the seven hills of the eternal city Asbury said, "I call God to witness, that I have spen a fourth, if not a third of forty years in prayer," an the world will feel the power of Francis Asbury to it latest age. And prayer will secure for you the girdings of divine strength, and make you a polished shaf in the quiver of Jehovah.

Eliezer watched for tokens of divine guidance and approval, and when he saw these, he felt assured that hi way was ordered of the Lord. And does not the commission the sons of Levi bear, authorize them to look f signs to follow in the wake of their ministries. As th servant of the prophet scoured the horizon to catch sight of some rising cloud, so may you look for eye suffused with penitential tears, and lips eloquent wit

ngs of deliverance. These signs will quicken your
iritual pulse, and cause you to exclaim, "now I
ow God accepteth my work;" but if you labor with-
t results, if no such signs follow, you can but feel
at you have "labored in vain, and spent your strength
r naught." If you labor only for wages, if you have
owded your way up to God's altar, that you might
t a piece of bread, if salary and not souls impels you
your work, then have you occasion to tremble, for
sponsibilities that would crush an angel are on you;
t if the reverse of all this is true, you shall "receive
ges and gather fruit to life eternal."

And if the Eliezers of our Zion have need to be
atchful, and prayerful, and faithful, how vastly im-
rtant for all to whom their message comes, to be
edful in attention, careful in consideration, prompt
acceptance, and firm in purpose. You must listen
the proposals of your heavenly wooer, as the virgin
the voice of him who claims her affections, you must
eigh them in the light of eternity, you must decide
highest wisdom dictates, and then your fealty to
ur chosen lord must be like that of Sarah to Abra-
m, or Rebecca to Isaac. What multitudes marry
priciously and recklessly, marry for money or a home,
arry to please their friends or spite their rivals, and
en, like the wounded deer, that bleeds to death drop
y drop, unpitied by the archer or by their fellow

brutes, they pine their life away in useless regrets miserable themselves and an annoyance to all thei friends. But such are united only by a padlock "There is no union here of hearts." When a blacksmith would get a good weld, both irons are brough to a uniform heat, and the union is then made perfect but if either or both be cold, the welding will be defectiv and a fracture will soon ensue. So, if either heart b estranged from the other, the parties may be confined but they cannot be married. So he who is joined t the Lord is of one spirit with him ; mutual love unite their hearts. But multitudes are padlocked to th Church, who wear a galling chain, and feel their dutie to be onerous and their bondage to be severe. Suc know not that the yoke of Christ is easy and his burden light, that the *most absolute despotism* of Conscience and Religion is the most perfect freedom of th soul. We want to pour the language of our full heart into the ear of every one to whom the proposals of th King's Son have been addressed. We want to assur you that the proffered alliance is one which will exalt enrich and bless you. We want to exhort you to joyfully accept the proposed union with Christ. But yo have some sacrifices to make. Rebecca left father an mother, home and friends, to be the bride of one whom she had not seen, but whom she loved because she reposed faith in the representations of another. Isaac

as not to be brought to Chaldea, even if the maiden
ould not accompany the servant to Canaan. So Je-
us will not come personally to earth, even if you refuse
o hear his messengers. If you will not hear Moses
nd the prophets, neither will you be persuaded though
he dead should rise or the Savior descend. Once he
id come, but he was despised and rejected of men ;
nd once again he will come to claim his affianced
ride, and present her to his Father. But he will not
ome as a wooer, but only to ratify an engagement al-
eady made, to consummate a union already begun.
eader, we come to you as the bearer of proposals from
he court of heaven, and greatly as it may surprise you,
e assure you that the King's Son proposes to make
ou his bride, and present you to his Father, without
ot or wrinkle, or any such thing.

I do not need to know *who* you are, or *what* you are,
authorize me to tender to you this lofty alliance,
is everlasting joy. Your father may be an Amorite,
nd your mother a Hittite, and your name may be Aho-
ah or Aholibah, and, like those ancient wanderers,
u may have broken the covenant of your God, and
ingled with your old lovers, yet, "if ye will return
nto me, I will return unto you, saith the Lord." In
ese proposals, he is entirely sincere, and greatly
nxious. His oxen and his fatlings are killed, his pal-
e is fitted up for the joyful occasion, and attendant

angels are ready to introduce you to the Father and the Son. But if you love father or mother more than Christ, you are not worthy of him. But if you can leave home and kindred, houses and lands, wife and children for the sake of Christ and his Gospel, you "shall receive a hundred fold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

Great was the joy of Eliezer, when he heard from the lips of Rebecca the words, "I will go." They were three short monosyllables, but taken in connection with her earnest manner and glowing countenance, they were all that could be desired, and, like Simeon of later times, the servant was ready to depart, since the great errand of his life had reached such a successful issue. And so have we seen an aged servant of the Most High, pleading with men to be reconciled to God, and when the end has been gained, O how great the joy and triumph that has swelled his heart. Were Eliezer and Rebecca both happy on the issue of this strange courtship? So it is difficult to determine whose joy wells from the deepest fountain, or whose note of praise rises loudest and sweetest, the minister's or the convert's, when a soul is converted. Together they had wept, and together they now rejoice. Through all her life, no doubt, Rebecca held the aged servant in the highest regard, and when he closed his eyes in death, sincere and bitter were the tears she shed on his grave. So does the young convert "esteem very highly in love" the man or woman who was instrumental in their conversion. "Ye would have plucked out your eyes, and given them to me," says an apostle, to some who were the seals of his ministry. As the cripple, who was healed at the gate of the temple, walked, and leaped, and praised God, and holding Peter and John, pointed them out as the instruments of his recovery, so can most converts speak with interest and affection of some on earth, or some in heaven, who warned them, and prayed for them, and pointed them to the Lamb of God.

A few years ago, on the coast of Ashantee, a converted heathen lay on his bed of death. Just before he died, he sent for his missionary, and said to him, "I heard that you preached, last night, about heaven. I could not be there to hear you, but I shall soon be in heaven itself, and then I will go to my Savior, and tell him that *you* are coming; and then I will come back, and sit down by the gate, and wait until you come; and then I will carry you to my Savior's throne, and tell him that you were the man that came to our dark shores, to tell us poor heathen the way to heaven." "And oh!" said the missionary, "the bliss of that hour was an abundant compensation for seven long years of labor on Africa's deadly shores." This is the true order of things,—Jesus first, and the minister afterwards. No true convert shouts glory to his minister, but universally, and spontaneously, he shouts "glory to God." Christ, in his regards, is no longer a root out of dry ground, but "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." Though he sees him not, yet believing in him, he receives "the end of his faith, even the salvation of his soul," and "rejoices with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

A long and a difficult journey is it from Mesopotamia to Canaan. And there was no railroad tunneling the mountains, and sweeping across the valleys; but the weary length must be worn away, step by step, the travelers now crossing a ridge of hills, where a spectator in the valley could see the full outlines of the cavalcade against the distant heavens, and now descending to depths where sunlight never penetrated. And the Christian, the espoused of the Lamb, on his way to Canaan, has mountains to scale, and valleys to thread. Ararat, and Sinai, and Horeb, and Pisgah, and Moriah, and Olivet, must be scaled, before he stands with a palm of victory, on Mount Zion; and he must also descend into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and linger where Kedron sweeps along the vale of Gethsemane. As the weary camels ascend the highlands skirting the Euphrates, so, at the outset of his journey, must many a Christian ascend the hill of Difficulty. Satan throws an apparently insurmountable obstacle in their way, when they first turn their steps towards Canaan. Oh! if he can balk their purpose *now*—if he can jostle their faith, when it first tremblingly takes hold on God, their conquest will be an easy matter hereafter. So all his power was brought to bear upon our heavenly Bridegroom, while yet wet with the baptism which consecrated him to his priestly work. So did he assault your humble author, in the very flush of his first joy, as he has never been assaulted since. We were espoused to Christ, about one o'clock in the morning, on the tenth day of August, 1842—

> "And I could not believe
> That I ever should grieve—
> That I ever should suffer again.

But alas! how soon was that cloudless sky for a moment overcast. About 8 o'clock, the same day, as I knelt down in a prayer-meeting, to offer thanksgiving to God for my signal deliverance, the very air seemed thronging with devils, to buffet and torment me. As the host of Pharaoh gathered around the fugitive Israelites, to lead them back to bondage and to toil, so Satan seemed determined to recapture the poor fugitive, who had served him so faithfully and so long, but who had escaped from his cruel bondage at last. But, glory to God! my Eliezer gave the signal to advance, and at one o'clock on that day, I sung songs of deliverance, and shouted from the tops of the mountains. This was the first and the last time the enemy ever had the audacity to tell me I was not a spouse of Christ; and long years of confident hope, and holy joy, have inspired a persuasion that the enemies I saw that day, I shall see no more forever. And as from the clear skies of Beulah we see coming hosts of young disciples, encountering similar temptations, our heart yearns with intense solicitude and sympathy in their behalf. Courage! tempted ones, courage! If Demas, who loves this present world, beckons you to the right; if Diotrephes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence, summons you to the left;

If Satan cries you ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land,

put thy fingers in thine ears, and run with fleeter steps, crying out, "life! life! eternal life!"

"To you he soon will bring it nigh,—
Your soul shall then outstrip the wind—
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind."

And now, have you reached the summit of the hill?

Well, walk with wary steps. There is the place where Shimei cast stones at David, and where Baalam stood when he essayed to curse the people of God. But the lips of the Prophet of Midian dropped benedictions, and the curse of Shimei was harmless, for Israel soon swept into the land of promise, and David returned to his capital in triumph. The devil took Jesus up into *a high mountain*, to tempt him, but he prevailed not, for "Jesus returned in the power of the spirit into Galilee," victorious from the conflict, and strong for the work he had to do. Walk uprightly and you shall walk surely; but heads are often turned in high places of worldly, and even of religious prosperity, and there are fearful depths and yawning caverns, if your footsteps slide.

Gratefully, then, we take our steps toward the valley. But, if it was difficult to rise, it is more difficult to descend. A few may pass down into the valley of humiliation by a gradual slope, but the great proportion receive many a severe and stunning fall. Sometimes, to bring the heart to due humiliation, God must take away the light of one's eyes and the joy of his heart. His property must mount the wings of fire, or be borne away on the bosom of the flood; his health must be cut off by pining sickness, and his dear ones hid from his sight in the dark grave. Down, from point to point, he must be hurled; but recovering from the shock, he finds himself in green pastures and beside still waters. The valley of humiliation is the abode of happiness and peace. The soul dwelling here has no ambition to encounter the tempest that wars on the surrounding hills. He looks up, and sees the mountain oak bend, and groan, and fall, while all the elemental strife is over his head. On those high mountain ranges flow no rivers of peace, but they laugh and sing along the valleys. From these streams the espoused of the Lamb, like Gideon's little host, bow down and drink, and rise refreshed for worship or for war. Here, for a moment, we recline, and are soothed and refreshed by voices singing around us:

"Low down in this beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
Where loud storms of envy and folly
  May roll on their billows in vain—
The low soul, in humble subjection,
Shall here find unshaken protection,
The soft gales of cheering reflection,
  The mind soothed from sorrow and pain.

This low vale is free from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissension,—
No dark wiles of evil invention
  Can find out this region of peace.
Oh there, there, the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink of this beautiful river,
Which flows peace forever and ever,
  Where love and joy will ever increase."

CHAPTER XIX.

Rebecca Approaching Hebron.

"Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's waves, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore."

Scenes of new and wondrous beauty burst on the eye of Rebecca, as she ascends to the summit of the last mountain range that separates her from her future home. Her faithful escort comes to her side, and informs her that her journey is well nigh ended, that they have but a few leagues more to travel, and then, having crossed the river that winds like a silver thread below them, they shall soon reach the home of Abraham and of Isaac. Do you think the heart of Rebecca thrilled at the intelligence? Do you suppose her eye was strained to catch a sight of the canvas city, of which she had so often, of late, mused and dreamed?

Ah! yes, her pulse throbbed in quicker time, and her eye swept the horizon to catch the locality of Hebron, toward which the servant pointed.

And how, think you, had Isaac passed this long interval? There was no telegraphic wire, except one which ran around by the way of the mercy seat, and it is not certain that he had yet learned of Eliezer's success. But every evening, ere the sun went down, he went forth into the fields, to meditate and to pray; and, no doubt, he cast many furtive, and, perhaps, impatient glances upon the slope of the mountain that inclined toward Palestine, to catch some sign of the coming cavalcade. But many a night did he return to his tent to weep on a lonely pillow. Well, Isaac, you are not the only swain whose heart has vibrated, like a pendulum, between hope and fear; and, cruel as it may appear, we are willing that, for a time, it should vibrate on.

In all the previous stages of the journey, Rebecca had walked by faith in the word of Eliezer; now, she begins to walk by sight. Before, she had sung, with Baalam,

> "I shall see him, but not now—
> I shall behold him, but not nigh;"

but, when through the glass which the servant held to her eye, she saw her affianced one walking thoughtfully along the fields, in the eventide, the deep intuitions of her soul announced him to be the realization of all her dreams; and, like the same prophet when he had a clearer view of Israel, she cried out,

"From the top of the rocks I see him,
And from the hills I behold him."

Reader, were there on earth a mountain so high, that whoever gained its summit could look over to our everlasting Canaan, see its pastures of unfading green, its sweetly flowing river, the domes and towers of its capital flashing with gold and bright vermillion, and all the nations of the saved walking in the light of Jehovah's countenance; if from that high observatory could be heard the songs of the one hundred and forty-four thousand redeemed from Israel's twelve tribes, and the mightier anthems of the company which no man can number, redeemed from every nation under heaven; what thronging multitudes would gather to the spot where such visions could be seen, and such songs be heard. This would be the point toward which pilgrim feet would tend, from every land. Railroads would converge to the foot of the mountain from every direction, and its sides would be black with ascending masses of men, who had come from the ends of the earth to view the wondrous scene. Smile not incredulously, when we assure you that there is on earth such a place as this. I do not speak of Chimborazo, wearing its crown of everlasting snows. I do not mean Himalaya, reposing in gloomy solitude above the clouds, where only the chamois can climb, and the eagle soar. I do not mean any of the high places of earth, of which Geography tells ; but I mean the *high places of faith*, where the pure in heart abide. Dwelling here, they "endure as *seeing* things invisible." To them,

> "Faith lends its realizing light,
> The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
> The invisible appears *in sight*,
> And God *is seen* by mortal eye."

Here is where Payson pitched his tent, when he wrote that immortal letter to his sister, so often quoted: "Were I to date my letter according to the figurative language of Bunyan, I should date it in the land of Beulah, in which delightful clime I have been for some time past sojourning. The celestial city now lies full before me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted me, its spirit is breathed into my heart, and the river of death is narrowed down to an insignificant rill, across which I shall step, whenever the great Master shall give permission." To these high places of religious experience, oh! how gladly would we conduct our readers' steps. The air is balmy, and the breezes are bland, up here. "It is good to be here," for here the Bridegroom puts on his glorious robes, bright as the sun shining in his strength, and here we are mantled by a pavilion of bright clouds, and voices from "the excellent glory" proclaim Christ as our prophet, herald him as our priest, crown him as our king, and publish the banns of marriage between him and his Church. Here, Moses, the peerless man of God, and Elias, a prince among the prophets, and a trio of the most favored disciples, attended a rehearsal of the wedding, and saw the Bridegroom arrayed in the attire he will wear on the bridal day; here holy men and women, in every age, have stood, until they were summoned to the banqueting halls of the King of kings; and here, reader, let us build our tabernacles, and abide till the messenger shall come to conduct us to the wedding.

Eliezer had beguiled the long journey of its tedium, by narrating to Rebecca the history of his master's household, by expatiating upon the character and describing the person of Isaac. And, every day, her maiden heart glowed with increased admiration and love; and no wonder that when the tents of Hebron flashed in the light of that setting sun, and Isaac was seen walking abroad, in meditative mood, the evening breeze fanning his cheek, and wantoning with his locks, that her heart fluttered with strange sensations, and her camel was hurried forward with quickened steps. After all, reader, this getting married is an important matter, laugh about it as you will. The days of your engagement may be very pleasant days, made up of flowers and poetry ; but no well-instructed youth or maiden will approach the temple of Hymen, with any other than chastened feelings and trembling steps. This is so, even where years of intimacy have made the parties familiar ; and much more so in the case before us, where neither party had yet beheld the face of the other.

So, very bright and joyous, reader, have been our days of religious experience, since we have been affianced to Christ. And now, having passed over many a mountain range, and through many a lonely vale, and ascended the Nebo that overlooks the goodly land, our joy is chastened, while it is heightened, and

> " Though we dread death's chilling tide,
> Yet still we sigh for home ;"

and as we go, we sing—

> " Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
> Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
> Angelic choristers sing, as I come,
> Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."
> Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
> Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
> Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam—
> Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

"Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
  Singing, to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom,
  Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
  Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome—
  Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."

Long had Isaac watched and waited, and on the evening of Rebecca's coming, he was watching and waiting still. This evening, his stroll was longer from his tent than usual; he had come down to where Jordan rolled, not now with full banks, as at some other times, but like a tiny and a silver stream; and keener than usual are the glances which he throws among the mountains of Moab. As the mother of Sisera looked out of the windows of her palace, and "cried through the lattice, why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariot?" so did this child of promise exclaim, "Why do the steps of Eliezer linger? why subject me to this cruel suspense? And yet how painful to see him come, if he come *alone.*"

And, can you doubt that your heavenly Bridegroom is looking out, full of interest, for the coming of his chosen bride? And, what think you, will be *his* emotions, if his ministers and messengers come back and report, "We came to the people to whom thou didst send us, we laid thy proposals at their feet; we told them of thy love, and presented to them thy costly gifts; we told them of this goodly land, and pressed its grapes and its pomegranates to their lips; but they would not come. Some, indeed, came with us a little way, but they stumbled at the difficulties of the journey,—they sighed for the fleshpots of Egypt, and returned to their dalliance with the world." The messengers will be acquitted, but not one of those who scornfully rejected the messengers and the message, shall taste of the supper of the King. Others will be gathered from the highways and the hedges, and the wedding will be furnished with guests, and the palace shall blaze with illuminations, and echo with songs; but the children of the kingdom will be cast out, and publicans and harlots shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven before them.

Ye ministers of the living God, we turn again to you. Do you satisfy your consciences and go to the extent of your commission, when you have discoursed genteelly and eloquently, on the beauties of virtue and the odiousness of vice? Are you intent on securing a bride for Christ? If the rich and the fashionable will not hear you, will not the humble and the poor? If the merchant princes of Broadway and Fifth Avenue have no time to listen to you, go and talk to the beggars, and drunkards, and thieves, at the Five Points, and in the Tombs. If the bankers of Wall street will not hear you, try the friendless poor in the Alms Houses, and the convicts in the Penitentiaries. It is the crowning glory of the Christian scheme, that under it "the poor have the gospel preached to them." And God can make of Lazarus a peer of Abraham, and of Mary Magdalene a bride for his own Son. Oh! be not content to wear a *starless* crown. "By all means save *some*." At all events, go not back to your Master until you have exhausted every means, and every argument, to induce some to accompany you to Canaan.

But look at Isaac, his gaze is now riveted upon a company that are descending the mountain and approaching the river. He quickly makes out that it is his faithful servant, returning from his successful journey. They approach the stream, wrestle a moment with its waters, and are safe on the hither shore. Reader, you and I will step aside, for we may not look with curious eye, nor listen with curious ear, at such an hour as this. If Rebecca modestly covered her face with her bridal veil, when she met her Isaac, we shall do well to avert our eye, and leave the joyful bridegroom to bear his willing captive home, and present her to his father.

But what is the meaning of that shout rising from the city of tabernacles? Why is every tent illuminated, and why do the joyous pulses of Abraham beat as in other years? Ah! Isaac and Rebecca have come, and Abraham forgets his age and his infirmities, and goes forth to pronounce his fatherly benedictions, and all the members of his rural court join in their greetings and congratulations. And the feast is spread, and music pours its joyous strains upon the balmy air, and songs of gratitude and praise go up to heaven.

To complete the anolagy we have imagined to exist between the marriage of Isaac and the marriage of the Lamb, we ought now to introduce the reader to the golden city, and bid him gaze on the coming hosts of Christ's ransomed people, all of whom are presented as chaste virgins to Christ, and by him led to the Father, and seated on thrones of light and love. But who can paint what the eye hath not seen, or rehearse what the ear hath not heard? Joyful wedding days there have been among the children of men; wealth has been poured forth like water, to garnish the palace; its walls have been hung with the finest tapestries which Persian looms could produce, and with paintings from the hands of the most skillful masters; the nobility of nations have graced the occasion with their presence, and a thousand voices sung their *te deum laudamus,* when the marriage vow was spoken. But, gorgeous as is the occasion when the princes of this world marry and are given in marriage, it only feebly adumbrates *the marriage of the Lamb.* What will

eighten the joy of that great bridal day will be, the
act, that it so closely follows the last great trial through
hich the soul passes on earth. It is hard to part
ith friends, hard to bear the dying pangs, and some-
imes Jordan rolls its dark and turbid waters fearfully
long ; but from its angry floods the spirit shall rise,
nd, shaking the drippings of the river from its wings,
hall meet the bridegroom on the thither shore to con-
uct his bride to her throne, and introduce her to his
ather and the holy angels.

A goodly feast it was which was provided in the
ouse of Bethuel, where the marriage contract was
rst signed, and this, if you please, you may regard as
he day of the soul's *conversion.* Very ravishing were
he views which were obtained, as we passed over the
igh lands which skirt the literal Canaan, and this you
ay regard as the soul's *complete* emancipation, its *en-*
re consecration to God. But the feast which was
pread in the tents of Abraham, at the second day's
edding of his son, and the entertainment prepared for
is spouse, was doubtless all that the prince of Hebron
ould make it, and this represents the joyful coming
f Christ's people to their eternal inheritance. Abra-
am was satisfied to live in tents on earth, for “ he
oked for a city which had foundations, whose builder
nd maker is God ;” and this city, whose foundations
re sapphire, whose walls are jasper, and whose gates

are praise, is to be the palace and home of all the people of God. And as there was joy at Hebron whe Rebecca came, so in the bridal day of the saints, al heaven shall be turned into one great orchestra, an the voice of a great multitude, as the voice of grea waters, and of mighty thunderings, shall be heard, saying, "Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reignet Let us rejoice and be glad, and give honor to Him, fo the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hat made herself ready." Until we can join the songs o the company *in* that land, we will travel *toward* it and sing *of* it.

"There the crystaline stream, bursting forth from the throne,
Flows on and forever will flow;
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the land which no mortal doth know.

Oh who but must pine, in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go,
To walk in the light of the glory above,
To share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,
Of the land which no mortal doth know."

CHAPTER XX.

Scripture Weddings Continued.

A score of years had rolled by since Rebecca came gladden the heart and home of Isaac, and the latter d attained the goodly age of sixty years, yet were ey passing on into a childless age, for the prattle of n or daughter had never yet been heard in their tent. ut wealth poured its accumulations around them, for the man became great, and went forward, and grew til he became very great, for he had possession of cks, and possession of herds, and great store of ser- nts, and the Philistines envied him." In wealth, d influence, and power, he became the formidable al of kings, who courted his friendship, and were oud of his alliance. But who should inherit their bstance and their name, who form the next link in e chain which was to reach down to the promised iloh, were questions neither Isaac nor Rebecca could solve. The Rabbins say that in their perplexity, the journeyed together to Mount Moriah, to the spot wher Isaac had been bound, and prayed together that the might embrace a son. The Scripture simply says tha "Isaac entreated the Lord, and the Lord was entreate of him," and in due season, more than was asked wa given, and *each* parent pressed a son to their boson Esau grew up a bold, daring man, and was the favorit of his father. He delighted to chase the flying gam over the mountains of Palestine, and wherever spe his unerring arrow, the blood of the antlered deer crimsoned the fields of summer or the snows of winter, an his success in gathering the spoils of field and fores endeared him to the heart of Isaac, while the pastora habits of Jacob, so like her own, won the especial affections of Rebecca.

An examination into the moral character and conduct of these two young men will hardly justify th supposition that the elder was a hopeless reprobat and the younger a peculiar favorite of heaven. Go never hated Esau in any other sense than that in whic we are commanded to hate father and mother, nc was even this *lesser love* cherished toward him *personally*, as the prophet declares, but toward *Edom*, wher the *posterity* of Esau settled, "whose mountains an heritage God laid waste and gave to the dragons of th wilderness." In the matter of the birthright and th

lessing, Jacob was a supplanter, and it is hardly a
atter of wonder that Esau formed the purpose to
ke back by force what he had lost by fraud. He was
revented, however, from executing his rash designs
y the management of his mother, who sent him over
e very track Eliezer had traveled so many years be-
re; for the double purpose of shielding him from the
rath of Esau, and of having him contract a matrimo-
ial alliance with one of her own kith in the land of
esopotamia. Full of strange adventures was the
urney of the youthful pilgrim, but, guided by an in-
isible hand, he was led to the very spot where Eliezer
ad met his mother, and here he too found his future
nd beloved wife, the youthful and beautiful Rachel,
e daughter of that Laban who in years before had
nt away his sister Rebecca with benedictions, to be
e wife of Isaac. Say not, my reader, that God had
o hand in all this, for "He setteth the solitary in
milies," and "sendeth them forth like a flock." The
ve which sprung up in the heart of the adventurer,
s he first gazed on his fair cousin, was as pure as the
mpid stream that leaps laughing from the rock; the
iss he printed on her cheek was not the kiss of a Joab
a Judas, but one which would not stain a cherub's
ps. In the house of Laban, Jacob found a home, and
ere his services became so valuable that his uncle al-
wed him to name the wages he should receive. What

wages did he ask, think you ? A thousand dollars year, or half the increase of the flocks ? No, Jacob though not blind to the main chance, was *just now* in sensible to the attractions of silver and gold, and flock and herds. He cheerfully offered seven years' servic for Rachel, the youngest daughter of his uncle. Th bargain was struck, and cheerfully he commenced hi toil. "In the day, the drouth consumed him, and th frost by night, and sleep departed from his eyes," ye his years of servitude were beguiled of their tedium for Rachel was by his side, and all the years he serve seemed but a few days, illuminated as they were b love and hope. And then the nuptial feast was prepared, and guests thronged with congratulations, an when evening threw its shadows around and the guest were gone, and the voice of music had died away, th veiled bride was conducted to the chamber of the expectant husband. Ah ! little did the doating Jacob dream that it was *not* his Rachel that was nestlin near his heart. Yet when the morning came, the tender eyes of Leah shrunk from an encounter with those of the surprised, the grieved, the indignant Jacob Ah ! supplanter ! the cup thou hast prepared for others is now commended to thine own lips. Thou dids rob thy brother of his blessing by artifice, and now by artifice are thy own feet taken.

But when was true love ever baffled by scheming

arents or opposing friends. In this case, it triumph-
d, and seven other years of service were cheerfully
ndertaken, to secure the object of Jacob's love. But
e can by no means adopt the idea generally held,
at he served his second term before he was permitted
call Rachel his own. He certainly would not con-
de in one who had so deceived him once, but would
ow demand *payment in advance.* And accordingly,
e plain reading of the text is, that when the marriage
ast, of seven days, was over, Rachel was also given
im, and then he cheerfully went forth to his seven
ears of added service. It is true, then, that he toiled
r fourteen years for Rachel alone ; for, as a great
iblical scholar observes, he probably would not have
rved *seven days* for Leah, as his affections were
holly set on Rachel, the wife of his own choice.

We have now fairly before us a most pertinent il-
stration of the terms we have so often had occasion
employ, namely, *wedlock* and *padlock.* By the one
ck, Jacob was joined to Rachel, by the other, to
eah. One lock was on his hand, the other on his
art. One he joyfully wore as a golden crown, the
her he reluctantly bore as a heavy cross. In the case
Leah, he admitted the existence of the legal relation,
d sought with fidelity to discharge the duties thence
sulting ; in the case of Rachel, he would have claim-
her against the world, and defended her at the peril of

a thousand lives, if he had had a thousand lives to sacrifice. How, in his age, did his heart yearn over Joseph and Benjamin, the children of his beloved Rachel, taking the birthright from Reuben to confer upon Joseph, and adopting Ephraim and Manasseh as his own. And when he went forth to meet his brother who came to him at the head of an armed host, observe how he puts Leah and her children in advance, and Rachel and Joseph in the rear, hoping that the sword might be satisfied with blood, and Rachel at least be spared.

And now, we submit, whether the history of matrimonial life cannot furnish a thousand parallels to that ill-starred union of Jacob and Leah. This can hardly fail to be the case, whenever parental dictation or even parental interference determines the choice of youthful hearts. It must always be so, when eligibility an property are principal elements in the transaction, o when passion and precipitancy control and determin the mind. Let men interfere with the ocean tides an electrical currents, if they will, but let them bewar how they seek to control the affections of youthfu hearts. Let them extinguish Vesuvius, if they can but let them be admonished, neither to kindle no smother the fires of connubial love. "Disappointment like a worm in the bud, feeds on the damask cheek' of many a fair one, who dare not tell her love, becaus her hand is irrevocably padlocked to one whom in he heart she loathes. Stern duty may allow her to tolerate life, but the grave is to her a place of refuge and of rest. From the purgatory that *is*, she turns with furtive glances to the paradise that *might have been.*

Oh, this is a wo compared to which poverty is a boon, and sickness is a blessing. True wedlock is the philosopher's stone, which turns everything into gold, but padlock reverses the process, and changes the ingots of love to dross. True marriage is like the tree which Moses cast into the waters of Marah, changing their bitterness to nectar streams ; the spurious is like the contents of the vial which the apocalyptic angel poured upon the floods, turning them into bitterness and death.

And now "I speak concerning Christ and the Church." Are your relations to these like those of Leah to her husband ? Are you connected with Christ only by profession ? Is your membership in the Church anything more than a nominal affair ? Is *love* the connecting link between your heart and the Church of Christ, or are you padlocked to it by interest, or fashion, or fear ? Can you say, "let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." "When the Lord covers the daughter of Zion with a cloud, in his anger, and casts down to the earth the beauty of Israel," do you mourn as a man mourneth for his only son? Are you so identified with her interests and her honor, as to rejoice or mourn, as the spiritual thermometer rises or falls? Can you sympathize with the weeper of Anathoth, when Salem sits as a widow? Do you see "salvation" written on the walls of the sanctuary, and on its gates "praise," and are you among the "two or three" who often meet in the Savior's name? By these tokens you may know that you are affianced to Christ, and are a true member of his Church. And when "the bridegroom cometh," with lamps trimmed and burning, you will be ready to "go forth and meet him." But must you give a negative answer to our enquiries? Then do I protest unto you that when you begin to stand at the door and knock, saying, "Lord, Lord, open unto us," the bridegroom shall answer saying, "Depart from me, I know you not," and you shall lift up your voice in fruitless and everlasting lamentations, "when you shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out. Your *empty lamp* will do nothing toward illuminating the gloom of that outer darkness into which you will be cast.

"Will it relieve your horror there,
To recollect your station here,
How much you heard, how much you knew,
How much among the wheat you grew?

No! it will aggravate your case,
You perished under means of grace;
To you the word of Life and faith
Became an instrument of death."

Almost every one has a good wife, or a good husband, during the *honey-moon*, but as the natural moon is a fickle, capricious queen, putting on many phases during her lunar periodicals—now, in her gala-dress, exhibiting her *man* to the gaze of the world, and now reduced to the minutest crescent—it may be well, after the flow of many years, for us to renew our acquaintanceship with Isaac and Rebecca, as formerly we did with Abraham and Sarah. Let us see if the lock has grown rusty, or the early flame of their love expired.

A few years ago, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, a company of old bachelors assembled to celebrate the Fourth of July, and among the toasts offered, we remember this, "The ladies, angels in the ball-room and devils in the kitchen." Do not be offended with them, fair reader, for they are as cross as a bear robbed of her whelps. You cannot expect to gather roses from the mouth of Etna, which is ever belching forth fire and lava streams. If the above toast has any element of truth in it, the best advice we could give to a young man in search of a wife would be, "do not select one from the ball-room." Isaac did not find Rebecca there. And now, as we revisit them in their green old age, moving down the vale of life together, we find that their affection has been deepened by years, and though their locks are whitened and their step has lost its elasticity, yet their hearts and love are young and fresh as when we left them in the bridal chamber at Hebron. A very interesting sight it may be to see a youthful pair go forth to the battle of life, full of love and hope, but our eye rests on that couple with deeper interest, when a few more score of years have written wrinkles on their cheeks, and flung snow upon their locks. We think much of

> " The love which cheers life's *latest* stage,
> Proof against sickness and old age,
> Which lives when the superior blaze
> Which first inspires the flame, decays—
> 'Tis gentle, charitable, kind,
> To faults compassionate or blind,
> And will with sympathy endure,.
> The evils it would gladly cure."

The love of Rebecca to Isaac has been tested in a peculiar manner. Like the wife of the author of this humble volume, she has become the eyes of a *blind* husband. Isaac has looked for the last time upon the brow of the earth and the face of the sky. He will look no more upon the green hills of Palestine, no more admire the tints of the morning or the evening sky. No more will the beaming countenance of Rebecca cheer him, no more will he look with deep affection on the sun-burnt face of Esau, or the more delicate features of Jacob. His joys are the joys of remembrance and of hope. Blessed memories and bright images have daguerreotyped themselves on his heart, and the prospect is his, of overtaking the dead, and then of being rejoined by the living in the city of God, where there is no more blindness, nor sorrow, nor death, where the Lord God and the Lamb are the light of the place. But while the avenue of many earthly joys was closed against him, other and more copious fountains of happiness may have been opened in his heart. Such, at least, has been the experience of your author. When a sable curtain fell across his vision, and his earthly tabernacle was all dark, the glory of the Lord illuminated the temple of his soul, and all desire to look upon the scenes of time disappeared, as the stars retire before the rising sun. You may read this sentence with some incredulity, but we declare to you, in the presence of the God before whom we must soon appear, that for the last ten years, since we have been joined in full union to Christ, our heavenly Bridegroom, we think we have seen no moment in which we would give one penny for the restoration of our sight, or ever to gaze upon any earthly object, save the tear glistening in the eye of penitence. Yea, were sight tendered to us, we should receive it tremblingly, for we fear we might be attracted from the narrow way, by the objects which tempt on either hand. Like Rebecca, we are willing to walk by faith, until we behold our heavenly Bridegroom face to face, and sit down with him at the bridal feast prepared in the kingdom of heaven. Oh! how many are turned from the way of life by "the lust of the eye." Well had it been for David if he had been as blind as Isaac. Then he had not crimsoned his hands or his heart with the blood of his brave general, nor had the sword of the Lord been lifted against the life of his son. We find the blessings of blindness described as only John Milton could describe them, in the following lines, which we cannot withhold from the reader.

If we except the great poet's reference to his age, we can heartily adopt the sentiments of this inimitable poem. And while our reader cannot withhold his commendation of its literary worth, and his admiration of its devout spirit, *we* can appreciate it as you must fail to do. Oh for his flaming thoughts and matchless pen, to portray all we feel. But Milton will speak for us:

"I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;
Yet I am not cast down.

"I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme! to thee.

"O, merciful One!
When men are farthest then thou art most near;
When friends pass by me, and my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

"Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place—
And there is no more night.

"On my bended knee
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown:
My vision thou hast dimm'd, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

"I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

"O! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been
Wrapp'd in the radiance of thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

"Visions come and go:
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

"Is it nothing new,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes?—
When airs from paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

"In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

"Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine:
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine."

But not all who are blind, experience these sensations of resignation and joy. We have before us a few verses, written by a blind mother, who does not seem quite content to drink the cup mingled by her Father's hand. And, if the reader know any of the yearnings of the maternal heart, this mother will be looked upon with a lenient and pitying eye. Oh! who can tell the depth of a *mother's love?* When all the world looks frowningly upon the outcast, when Justice immures him in the cold, dark dungeon, yet will the mother cling to her child with love, and offer for him the fervent prayer. And when his name has passed away from every other memory, *one* voice is still heard pouring its lamentations on the heedless air; it is "the voice of Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not." No wonder then, that *the blind mother* pours forth her wailings, when the terrible conviction comes over her, that she shall see her child no more. In this instance, there was also the terrible apprehension that, on account of her infirmity, the companion of her life might love her less; that he might repent that he was wedded to one who could not admire, with him, the flowers of spring, or watch the buds of promise around them bursting into beauty, and growing into olive branches around their table. This, like the stab of Brutus, was the severest cut of all. As the great Roman felt his heart strong, amid the gathering conspirators, until the hand of Brutus was lifted against his life, but then gathered his mantle around him, and cried out, "and *thou*, too, my son Brutus," and willingly bowed himself in death; so will the wife bear up against the world, while assured of the love and sympathy of one dear heart, but if that love be alienated, or the fountains of that sympathy exhausted, then the clods of the valley look sweet, and the stricken heart turns away from earth, saying "to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister." Oh! how happy are they who have their Maker for their husband. His love does not wax and wane like the moon, or ebb and flow with the tide; it is high as the mountains, deep as the ocean, and lasting as eternity. Our blindness and our sickness, our perils and our poverty, awaken his deeper love, and nerve his arm with greater strength in our defence. And now, we will listen to the touching strains, sung to her infant, by "*The Blind Mother.*"

"Say, shall I never see thy face, my child?
My heart is full of feelings strange and wild;
A mother's hopes and heart-felt joys are mine,
My soul is filled with gushings half divine;
And never more, my child, am I alone,
Since thy young heart doth echo to my own.

"But shall I never see thee? Can it be,
That all may gaze, my precious boy, on thee;
And yet the heart that loves thee best, forego
The dearest pleasure other mothers know?
This—this is anguish—agony refined!
O God! forgive me! Baby, I am blind!

"Yes, Yes! I never—never knew before
The depth of my affliction. O for power,
For one short, thrilling moment, child, to gaze
On thy sweet, tiny face, which others praise;
And yet I must not murmur; God is kind;
But this is darkness! Now I feel I'm blind!

"Nay, do not start, my child, it was a tear
That hit thy brow! Thy mother, boy, is here;
And though I may not see thee, yet I feel
Thy velvet cheek against my bosom steal,
And none can harm thee there; nor hand unkind
Shall touch my darling, even though I'm blind!

"List—list! It is thy father's step I hear;
Now let me smooth my brow, press back the tear,
He shall not find me weeping, when so blest,
With thee, my darling, cradled on my breast;
But could I only see thee! Yet, God's will
Be done! Peace, throbbing heart—be still!

"We are alone again; he never guessed
What yearning anguish filled thy mother's breast,
When he did praise thy features, half defined—
He quite forgot that his young wife was blind;
And yet, when his fond arm was round us thrown,
His lip half trembled as it met my own.

"O! should he e'er repent him he hath wed
A being burdened with a wo so dread:
Should he grow tired of one so frail and weak,
My heart, in that dark hour, would joy to break!
Or, should his lip grow cold—his hand unkind—
God help me, baby, then indeed I'm blind!

"But shall I never see thee? Yes, my boy
Some future hour my heart shall know that joy!
It may not be on earth, but in the skies,
I yet shall gaze, my darling, in thine eyes;
So I will patient be, for God is kind,
For in yon heaven not one eye is blind!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Faith Illustrated by Blindness.

It is said that the gold diggings of California are exceedingly rich, and that the miners, after having freighted many a steamer with *nuggets*, from the mountains and the dells, say that hitherto they have been only *prospecting* a little, while the earnest work of gold-gathering is before them and their children. And precious to us have been the *gold regions* of Hebron ; and we now propose to strike a little deeper into the sub-soil, and see if there are not ingots buried there. We have told you that Isaac was blind, in his age, and that then he must be led by the hand of another. You may often have read the assertion of the apostle, " We walk by *faith*, and not by *sight* ;" but if you were to see us led about, by the hand of our little son, you might more fully appreciate its meaning. Now, the " Kingdon of Heaven," which is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, cometh not with observation, that is, visibly, but this blessedness cometh by faith, and that which is seen is not faith. Sight and faith are opposites; blindness and faith are synomyms—

> " 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
> We walk through deserts dark as night;
> Till we arrive at Heaven, our home,
> Faith is our guide, and faith our light."

You never *saw* the wind, but you have heard its voice, as it whispered in the breeze, or howled in the storm; and you have seen its *effects*, in field and forest, causing the branches of one tree to wave into the arms of another, and now and then bringing the sturdy oak and mountain pine thundering to the ground. So have you seen the effects of the Holy Ghost, in the mountain of the Lord's house. Now the gentle breeze causes the leaves to wave and flutter, and now the tornado brings down the tall oaks of Bashan, and makes the cedars of Lebanon bow. We have seen many of the army of the Lord cut down like men slain in battle, we have *felt* the power of God making our frame quiver like leaves in the blast; but the Spirit, whose operations are so diverse, cannot be viewed by mortal eyes, yet its power may he felt, and its effects may be seen.

For fourteen years, your author has been walking up and down the land with the windows of his soul broken, or rather closed against every ray of blessed sunlight, and for most of this time his soul has been light in the Lord. We have never, in this time, seen a step of the road we have traveled over, whether in the walks of ordinary life, or in our spiritual calling, as a minister of the gospel. Yet few ministers, perhaps, have, during that time, held up a crucified Savior in more places, or to more people, than your humble author. We have been admitted to the pulpits of almost every denomination, while we have felt that our special mission was to the pauper and the prisoner, the outcast and the blind, the Indian and the African. You will enquire by what means we perform our journeys. We answer, precisely in the way the Christian walks, namely, by faith in another. Just look at us as we are passing up Broadway. We have come to a point where we wish to cross over, but the omnibuses throng the street, and the chariots jostle each other, and the Jehus thunder, and multiplied fears and dangers are in our way ; but we hold the palm of our little son in our hand, and we feel a sense of security while amid the rattling wheels, and we soon land safely on the opposite pavement. Now, suppose, just here, we should set up a little self-will, and, distrusting our guide, resist the leadings of his hand and the warnings f his voice, what would our life be worth, among the nnibuses and cars of Gotham? But, having no condence in ourself, and leaving everything to our guide, e have hitherto been led in the paths of safety. So a good man's steps are ordered by the Lord." The ul that takes hold of the arm of God, renouncing his wn wisdom and righteousness, shall be guided into all uth, and led in the "King's highway of holiness." o such, God will fulfill his promise, "I will guide thee ith mine eye." And having guided them by his unsel on earth, he will afterwards receive them to lory.

In walking by faith, it is of great importance to be re you have a reliable guide. Jacob could assume e dress of Esau, but he could not well counterfeit is voice. And our Savior says that his sheep know is voice, and follow him, but a stranger will they not llow, for they know not the voice of strangers. We ave sometimes taken hold of the wrong hand, but the ice of the stranger has caused us to release our hold, though we had taken hold of an electrical eel. uch an instance occurred with us a few years ago, hen we were conducted around New York by the es and feet of a kind young man by the name of ufus Wendell. We were standing on the pavement, Fulton street, near Broadway, where there is a peretual thunder of passing wheels, while our guide entered a store to enquire for a number. In a momen we heard the steps of an individual coming out of th store and approaching us, and, supposing it to be o faithful guide, we unceremoniously seized his arm, t which we held with the tenacity of a sheriff who ha seized a culprit, and, without a word passing betwee us, we hurried across the street, wondering at th wringing and twisting of our guide; and down th crowded pavements we went, until we were startled b the well-known voice of our friend and guide, exclaiming, "Brother Henry! where are you going?" Yo may guess we soon changed guides, our unknow cicerone passing on without saying a word; and he may be, wondering, to this day, whether it was a polic officer, or a confidence-man, that fastened on him s strangely, in Fulton street.

Brother pilgrim! bound with us to the golden city look out for a safe, yea, an infallible guide. Man false prophets have gone out into the world, and ther are syren voices singing along your path, "lo here and lo there!" Amid the bustle and battle of life,— amid its cares, its toils, and its pleasures, Oh! ho important that a safe guide direct your steps. Mak your appeal "to the law and the testimony, for if the speak not according to this word, it is because there i no light in them." Had we clung to our strang guide, into what difficulties and dangers might we not have rushed? And if the spirit of the world,—if Fashion, or Pride, or Pleasure, or Popularity, conduct you, they will conduct you to ruin. Four hundred men joined themselves to Theudas, multitudes followed Judas of Gallilee, while an Egyptian led into the wilderness four thousand men that were murderers, but the blinded leaders and blinded followers, were scattered and destroyed. And here is a pur-blind Theudas, "strengthening the hands of the wicked by promising them life;" and here a stone-blind Judas, professing to have access to the world of spirits, and rapping out messages from the departed, deceiving the hearts of the simple; and there an Egyptian, groping in the darkness which once rested on that ancient land, leading thousands to the wildernesses of Attah, multitudes of whom will miserably perish. Oh! Lord, save the Church from blind guides and false teachers, whether in hetrodox or orthodox pulpits; and if we, in our blindness and folly, would ever depart from thee, let us hear thy voice behind us, saying, "this is the way, walk ye in it."

It has sometimes happened, that our little guide has had occasion to lead us over a high fence, when, eaping down before us, he cries out, "Jump down here, pa, it is all safe here." Now, suppose we should begin to question his faithfulness, and feel a disposition to lift the veil from our eyes, or, what amounts to the same thing, should begin to feel around with our cane, to see if the landing were indeed safe. We blush to say, we have sometimes done this thing, and it has grieved our little son almost to tears. In gentle tones, he has remonstrated against our lack of faith in his word, and asked, "do you suppose, father, I would ask you to jump where there is any danger? Have I ever deceived you?" and our distrustfulness has been rebuked.

Alas! my brother, how often you may have grieved the Holy Spirit, by distrusting or hesitating to obey his voice. God said to Moses, "speak to the children of Israel that they "*go forward*," and they looked, and lo! the waters intercepted their steps, and seemed to lift up their hands on high, in warning gesture, and deep called to deep to allow no invasion of their dominions; and Israel halted and looked, but their leader waved them on, and an index finger in the clouds pointed them to the thither shore; and when, in obedient faith, they advanced, the waters divided, and a path was opened through the floods, and they went up from the depths, crying out, "Sing to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath hath he thrown into the sea." So Abraham went forth, at the bidding of his Lord, not knowing whither

e went,—and are you called to go to posts of difficul-
y or danger? doubt not your guide, cling to his hand,
bey his voice, and all will be well.

We have sometimes been conducted across shallow
treams, by our little guide, who has thrown in stepping-stones, and then preceding us, has conducted us
fely over. We could hear the waters around us, but
e held firmly to our guide, and "felt the bottom, and
und it good," and how securely did we pass along to
e unseen shore beyond.

My brother! you and I belong to an army that is
route through the wilderness, and our pathway lies
cross the floods. The vanguard have passed the
ream, others are crossing now, and we are approach-
g the margin. Oh God! fulfill to us thy precious
omise, "When thou passest through the waters I
ill be with thee, and through the floods, they shall
t overflow thee." Let us feel the rock of salvation
neath our feet, be cheered by thy voice, and led by
y hand. And through the dashing spray, let us dis-
rn the beacons that blaze on the ramparts of the
ernal city, and above the roarings of the flood hear
e voice of the harpers that sing "the song of Moses
d the Lamb."

When our heavenly Bridegroom visited the world,
ong the mighty miracles which he wrought, he, on
veral occasions, opened the eyes of the blind. At

least one of these subjects of his miracle-working powe had never before seen the sun that illuminates th world, or the parents that gave him birth. In all th instances mentioned, those who were healed becam his disciples ; and on one or two occasions, it is written, that the restored ones followed him, their heart being filled with love, and their mouths with praise And if the light of earth awakens such joy, and it b so goodly a thing to behold the natural sun, Oh ! ho will our hearts be ravished when we stand on the hig cliffs of Zion, when our eyes shall behold the King i his beauty, and dwell in the land that is very far of For a hundred generations, the light of heaven ha been pouring on the opened eyes of our old frien Isaac ; he is no longer a stranger and a pilgrim dwelling in frail tents, but has a mansion in th golden city. We shall grope on in our physical darkness, until the curtain shall rise, and we too shall hav a home in the land where there is no more night.

"I long to behold Him array'd
  With glory and light from above ;
The King in his beauty display'd,—
  His beauty of holiest love :
I languish and sigh to be there,
  Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode ;
O when shall we meet in the air,
  And fly to the mountain of God !"

CHAPTER XXII.

Union and Apostacy.

In social life, and in the Church, there is a class of en to whom has been given the significant name of *roakers.* They are so constituted that they can see othing excellent in any person or thing around them, ut, like the amphibious animal from which they have aken their name, they draw poison from the healthy ir, making miasma their diet, and the dank swamp heir home. Like the petulant critic of heathen story, ho brought to Apollo a vast amount of ill-natured riticisms on the poems of the immortal Homer, and as rewarded for his pains with the *chaff* from an immense pile of *wheat,* these modern fault-finders select nly what is unseemly and unlovely, in the world and n the Church, as food for their petulancy, while hings which are pure, and true, and honest, and lovely, nd of good report, are ignored and forgotten. We have seen turkey-buzzards that would sail over green fields, and flocks, and herds, but come swooping down on the putrescent carcass, as an epicure to a royal feast, till the rotting bison was black with gormandizers, and the air around was dark with pinions ; and so have we seen other bipeds, without wings, who rejoice in iniquity but do not rejoice in truth. Their social and moral tastes are all perverted ; they look out upon the world through a colored medium, and all the world seems to them discolored and distorted We once heard of a brute of a husband and father, who returned home after a long carousal, and finding his table spread with every luxury which his patient and loving wife could procure, sat down and tasting of every dish, sprang up and kicked over the table, swearing that everything on it was sour, *except the pickles* Poor man, he forgot that he was himself so *pickled* that his tastes as well as his affections and conscience were perverted or destroyed. We quite suspect that these old bachelors whom we heard giving their toasts about "angels in the ball-room and devils in the kitchen," belong to this class of social croakers. "They speak evil of the things they know not." We presume their very cat feels uncomfortable in their presence, and a baby would cry at the sight of them.

But while we do thus put in our most emphatic disclaimer of all sympathy with croakers, properly so

alled, whether in the Church or out of it, we do not
nean to say that we should be blind to the existence
f evil, or unconcerned at its spread. There is a dis-
inction between one who sees evil and rejoices in it,
nd one who sees it and mourns over it. The one is
ike the weeping prophet, pouring out lamentations
ver desolated Jerusalem ; the other is like the ene-
nies of Israel, looking upon her broken walls and
harred temples, and exclaiming, "Aha ! so would we
ave it." With this obvious distinction in his mind,
he reader will pardon us if we have appeared, or shall
ppear, censorious. To you, who are treading the
nely paths of celibacy, and you who are without God
nd without hope in the world, whether nominally
ithin or without the Church, we speak words of earn-
stness, because we speak words of love. We are "not
nad, but speak words of truth and soberness ;" and in
eturn we say, "Let the righteous smite *me*, it shall
e a kindness, let him reprove *me*, it shall be a excel-
ent oil which shall not break my head." When a
ithful minister so adjusts the sun-glass of the gospel,
hat the concentrated rays of divine truth fall directly
n the heart, and burn deep into the conscience, there
heard the complaint that the minister is personal,
nd the more *judicious* of the brethren will recommend
little more caution, while the more fiery will say it
ill do them more good to stay at home and *read their*

Bibles, than to hear such preaching. Read their Bibles! we cordially recommend this course to you. It would, indeed, look as though you relished and prized the holy book, were you to read it a little more during the week; but it is good to read it at any time. And the next time you stay at home on a Sunday, *to read* your Bible, because your minister is personal, please to read about Nathan preaching to David, John Baptist to Herod, and Paul to Felix and Drusilla. Ah! John was very *injudicious*. By being a little more careful, he might have saved his head; and if Paul had not been quite so *personal*, he might have avoided the dungeon and the axe. In all earnestness, what the Church wants is preaching which will make men *feel*, rouse up the conscience, institute heart-searchings, and cause men to dig deep and lay sure foundations. The terrors of the Judgment-day must be rained about the sinner's steps, and to all carnal professors, slumbering on enchanted ground, or trafficing in Vanity Fair, must be addressed the note of warning, "Up! get you out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city!" Great Babylon will be cast like a millstone into the sea, and the people of God must be summoned to come out of her, that they partake not of her plagues.

The terrible fear has, however, taken possession of our heart, that too many, at the present day, are saying to their ministers, "Prophesy smooth things to us," and the infection of the pew ascends to the pulpit, and the preaching comes down in dulcet strains, on itching ears, like our mother's

> Lullaby baby, upon the tree-top,
> When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
> When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
> Then down come preachers, church-members and all.

The "fourth of July" toast we have quoted, insinuates that some ladies put on, and lay by, their agreeable qualities with their ball dress, both being too valuable to be worn on ordinary occasions. Well, it may be so. External and superficial graces may dazzle in a ball-room, where wine flows freely, and music pours its ravishing strains on the ear,

> "And youth and beauty meet,
> To chase the glowing hours with flying feet;"

but when the sober duties of life come on, when cares accumulate, and trials abound, and the weary night must be watched away by the bedside of sickness, these are the occasions that bring out the sterling qualities of the heart; this is the great essay-office, where virgin gold is distinguished from shining tinselry, and the crucible where gold itself is seven times purified.

The amiable and gifted Cowper once wrote to a friend, in this wise: "I am an old fellow, but I had my dancing days once, as you have now; but I never could find that I could learn half as much of a woman's character by dancing with her, as by conversing with her at home, when I could observe her behavior at the table, at the fire-side, and in all the trying circumstances of domestic life. We are all good when we are pleased, but she is the good woman who wants not the fiddle to sweeten her." Never were truer words spoken than these. We seriously advise the young man who has been smitten in the ball-room, to drop in at the home of his charmer; to make an unexpected call, at an unfashionable hour, and possibly a change might "come over the spirit of his dream." There are, in the world, dancing lies, and smiling lies, — "lies of padding, and lies of whalebone, lies of the first water, in diamonds of paste, and unblushing blushes of lies, to which a shower would give a different complexion." We once had a friend, of poetic temperament, who met what he supposed was an angel, at a waltzing party. He might have known she was not an angel, by the society in which he met her; but his head was turned, just then. Had he met her in the sunny walks of charity, holding cordials to the lips of the sick, or kneeling by the couch of the dying, scattering smiles and sunshine around her; or even filling her sphere at home, honorably to herself, and usefully to others, he might have been excused for the harmless mistake of supposing he had encountered a being from the celestial land. When a drunken vagabond quoted, "some have entertained angels unawares," to enforce his demand for cider, he was well answered, that "angels did not go about begging for cider;" and equally true it is that angels do not frequent ball-rooms, except, indeed, it be to weep and watch over frail and periled souls. Our friend went home, but not to sleep. All night long, her bewitching eyes were before him, and her joyous laugh was ringing in his ear. About noon, the next day, he called at her dwelling. A young lady, with pale and haggard countenance, hair in pins, slipshod, and with a loose and dirty dress, appeared at the door. If you will believe me, my friend, though quick in vision and discernment, did not recognize in the person before him, the "angel" of the ball-room, although she it was. He enquired for the young lady whose image was engraved on his heart; but judge of his surprise and mortification, when he found he was conversing with the identical personage. He blundered an apology for not recognizing her, was "seated" a moment, thought of some things, and talked of others,—looked at his watch—remembered an engagement—and vanished.

And if an evening's flirtation in the ball-room can furnish no insight into the character of a lady, no more can a casual observation, at a camp-meeting or other place of religious interest, furnish satisfactory tests of the character of a Christian. If a woman must be summered and wintered, before you can know her fully, a Christian must be sounded in all the walks of social, domestic, and commercial life. If you know anything of us, reader, you will not accuse us of disparaging camp-meetings, for these feasts of Tabernacles have often been to us like streams of water to a perishing caravan ; but we do affirm that religion must be tested in the school of adversity and affliction, and that no man has any more religion at heart, than what is left after every special and casual excitement has died away, and the sober duties and realities of life have come on. The disciples, on Mount Tabor, amid the mantling glories of the Transfiguration scene, could not so well estimate their attainments and powers, as after descending to the plains, and encountering the devil in some of his fortified places. "Why could not *we* cast him out ?" they wonderingly enquired. Ah ! a little more fasting and prayer were demanded, to clothe them with power to cast out devils. And yet their faith was strengthened on the mountain ; and Peter, in after years, spoke in glowing terms of the voice which spoke from "the excellent glory," when they were with Christ "in the holy mount." And we have often found that we had accumulated moral power in the tented grove, which was of signal advantage to us in our subsequent conflicts with Apollyon. Thus armed, we have been able to withstand the wiles of the devil, not only when he has employed subtlety and sophistry, but amid the flashing of swords and the clashing of shields.

The Rev. J. B. Finley, the husband of Hannah Strane, an account of whose early wedded life we have given in our previous pages, has given us a sketch of the men and women who were his early contemporaries, from which we feel inclined to make a brief extract. After describing their wildwood cabin fare, he adds—

"I imagine I hear the reader saying this was hard living and hard times. So they would have been to the present race of men, but those who lived at that time enjoyed life with a greater zest, and were more healthy and happy than the present race. We had not then sickly, hysterical wives, with poor, puny, sickly, dying children, and no dyspeptic men constantly swallowing the nostrums of quacks. When we became sick unto death, we died at once, and did not keep the neighborhood in a constant state of alarm for several weeks, by daily bulletins of our dying. Our young women were beautiful without *rouge, color de rose, meen fun*, or any other cosmetic, and blithesome without wine and fruit-cake. There was then no curvature of the spine, but the lasses were straight and fine-looking, without corsets or whalebone. They were neat in their appearance, and fresh as the morning, in their homespun, without the paraphernalia of a la Parisian wardrobe and toilet.

"Young ladies did not then weep over the sickly sentimentalism of a Bulwer, or Dickens, or Eugene Sue, or become corrupted by the yellow-covered literature which is now, like the frogs of Egypt, infesting our land. They were not annoyed with any Don-Juan-puff-cigaros, with his long hair and face resembling a worn-out hearth-brush, and whose long ears indicate to what species of the *genus homo* he belonged. The hard-fisted, honest yeomanry of the country, instead of being the mere product of the tailor or hair-dresser, were nature's noblemen, and their associates.

"I know it is said, '*Tempora mutantur, nos mutamer cum ilius ;*' but I don't believe the doctrine. The ever-shifting phases of the times would prove a poor guide for any sensible man. And yet I would not be an insufferable croaker, and repudiate all progress—æsthetical, social, and intellectual—any more than I would reject progress in the physical sciences and religion. I would only protest against the needless and hurtful superfluities of fashionable life."

Now, if we understand the import of the Latin used by the old Wyandott Chief, namely, that "when times change we must change along with them," then we beg leave to say, with him, that "I don't believe the doctrine." We have remarked that the moon was capricious and wore a variety of phases, and this is as true of the *honey-moon* as of the "queen of night." In some cases, it rapidly wanes to a crescent; in others, it waxes and wanes, not monthly merely, but weekly or daily, and still in others, it enlarges in dimensions, and puts on additional brightness and beauty, as years roll on, and sheds its placid and increasing light on all the paths of wedded life, from the altar to the grave. Variant tastes become reconciled, diverse habits are reduced to uniformity, and separate interests,

> "Like kindred drops, are mingled into one."

This is all true in our union with Christ. True religion repudiates the idea that she must truckle and conform, that, like the tree-toad she must assume the color of the tree she clings to, or that, like the chameleon, she must change her colors with the light. She must form and lead public sentiment, but can never succumb to it, where it demands a compromise of her principles. She is as pure as the angel which the seer of Patmos saw in the sun, and we may no sooner expect to see her disrobe herself of her inherent purity and stainless integrity, than to see that angel descend to traffic in the marts of vanity, or occupy a money-changer's seat. Change to suit the times, indeed! It is the devil's maxim, by which he would beguile unstable souls. Change from youth to age we *must*, and change from lower to higher states of grace, we *may* and *ought*. Our path should be that of the just, that "shineth *more and more* unto the perfect day." And as the loving wife consults the tastes, conforms to the views, and enters into the plans of her husband, so that the two are one flesh, so, renewed hearts, "beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, *are changed into the same image*, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. But are there then no variations in the religious life? Yes, *such* variations as we have spoken of, each of which implies improvement and progression. But are there no hours of darkness, no obscurations of the Sun of Righteousness? If by darkness you mean the temptations of the devil and the trials of life, I answer, yes, "we are in heaviness through manifold temptations;" and is it not enough for the disciple, that he be as his Lord? But if by darkness you mean condemnation, I answer no, for "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

Brightly now the moon pours her silver sheen o'er land and ocean, and now it passes into the earth's dark shadow, and is eclipsed, and now it wades through deep clouds, which interline themselves with silver, by the moonbeams which they intercept. So, now, I look into that Eden home, and I hear only "the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride;" but as years roll on, little cherubs come down and sit by their hearth-stone, and gather like olive-branches around their table, and each brings a new accession of joy and gladness. I look again ; the destroyer has been there, the wolf has entered the fold, and death has rifled that casket of its most precious gems. God has spoken to the father and said, "leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me ;" or he has said to him, "son of man, behold I take away the desire of thine eyes with a stroke," or, in an hour unlooked for, he has written that father and mother childless. I look upon another home, and affluence pours its golden streams around the happy circle, and everywhere the members of that family meet greetings and congratulations. I look again, and the tide of fortune has turned, summer friends have disappeared, the hammer of the auctioneer rings through these ancestral halls, and the inmates turn with sorsowing steps to a cottage on the moor, or a cabin on the prairie. All these things we have seen, and in their measure felt ; but you greatly misjudge, if you imagine that there is in adversity anything calculated to alienate true affection, or dry up the streams of holy love. And death itself, so far from dividing congenial souls, weds and unites them forever.

So the Christian may be "troubled on every side, yet not distressed, perplexed but not in despair, persecuted but not forsaken, cast down, but not destroyed." His life may be variegated by fightings without and fears within. He may be "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, poor, yet making many rich having nothing and yet possessing all things." But all this applies only to *true* love in domestic life, and *true* religion in the heart.

I have seen a silly miller, attracted by the blaze of a lamp, beat his head against a window to reach the light, which shineth and also burneth, and after succeeding in its object, and getting its gossamer wings well singed, it would be just as earnest and clamorous to get out again. But it was easier to approach the flame than to escape from it. Scorched and half consumed, it retired to suffer and to die alone, a victim to its own rashness. So, many a belle and beau of the ball-room have been attracted to each other by external accomplishments, and, imagining they were really in love, and that each was essential to the other's happiness, some parson or magistrate has officially witnessed their plighted vows and joined their destinies. But the days of darkness come on, adversity breathes upon them with chilling breath, and then like a ghost starting out of the darkness, appears the woful padlock, and the galling chain.

Look again, gentle reader, at the design on the back of our volume. Above, you see a happy pair walking in the full enjoyment of connubial felicity, the wife affectionately looking into her husband's face, and leaning on his arm, and both surrounded by a wreath of roses, emblematical of peace and love. Below, you see a man and wife striving to break the chain which unites them. But alas! the chain is strong, and is held firmly together by a rueful padlock, the key of which is hopelessly lost. The husband looks daggers at the wife, and the wife casts back glances of hatred and defiance at her husband. The thorny wreath around them points out the path of thorns they tread with bleeding feet. It may be washing-day in this latter home, for the wife has dropped her pail, and gathered herself into a menacing attitude. Ah! the "angel" of the ball-room has become the "devil" of the kitchen.

Again I leave the shadow and revert to the substance, again "I speak concerning Christ and the Church." An old-fashioned preacher once said that some converts were like humble bees, which are said to be largest when first emerging from the cell. This class is represented by our Savior as the stony ground hearers. They received the word with joy, joy which was awakened by their perception of truth, and the relation which that truth sustained to their salvation. But their joy and their goodness were like the morning cloud and the early dew, which soon vanished away.

When afflictions and trials arose, when the sun of persecution looked on them, their precious graces vanished like the mirage of the desert. Then the galling chain of discipline is felt, and they look about for the key of the padlock which binds them to the Church. They have fed on the leeks and onions of Egypt so long that they have no relish for manna. For a little while, the fear of hell or the discipline of the Church draws them to the courts of the Lord's house, but soon they go, with the words of solemn covenant still lingering on their lips, and the dew of baptism undried on their brow, and perhaps become seven-fold more the children of hell than they were before. Who but a Judas, honored with badges of apostleship, betrayed his Lord? And who but Julian the apostate used pen and sword to root out the infant Church, and restore the reign of heathen darkness in the world?

O ye padlocked professors! where now is the honeymoon that so lately hung round and bright in your spiritual sky? How soon has it blushed itself to blood and gone out in darkness. You have not suffered the subsoil plow to break up the fallow ground of your heart, and turn up every root of bitterness, to wither and die in the sunlight of truth. Underlying all this fair surface, is a strata of rock, never yet disturbed. As multitudes followed Christ for the loaves and the fishes, which, under his benediction, multiplied until famished armies were satisfied, so have you followed him a little way, for the joys of religion, and for the sake of the society of old friends who have started toward heaven. But already the cross is heavy to you, and you are sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt. You discover the difference between being converted to a popular preacher, or to a creed and a profession, and being truly united to Christ, by spiritual regeneration. And now you are a drone in the Church, gathering no honey yourself, but standing in the way, and discouraging by your example, the workers of the hive. You are no help-mate to your spiritual husband, in his glorious undertakings, and your sham marriage will be annulled, when he shall bring home his royal bride.

Let us "declare the thing as it is," for we are in earnest to do you good. We might pour balm upon this great spiritual cancer, and, possibly, heal over the surface, but still the disease would eat toward the vitals of the Church, and we prefer to use the knife, painful though the process be, to operator and subject How many old bachelors would the earth be burdened with this day, if there had been no waning honey-moons, if no marriage vows had ever been broken, no family jar ever arisen, but every household had been like the family of Bethany, which Jesus loved? Every husband has sworn before High Heaven, to love, cherish and protect his wife, and every wife to love and obey her husband. Had all these vows been kept inviolate, surely all earth's solitary ones had been set in families, and happy homes had been multiplied like the dewdrops of the morning. But here and there, dissensions have arisen, indifference has engendered aversion, and aversion has ripened into disgust, and criminations and recriminations have followed each other, until Hymen's golden chain is broken, the household gods shivered to atoms, and the children left worse than orphans. And the old bachelor comes by and gathers up these fragments, as the child does the remnants of costly vases, and arranges them in the windows of his bed-chamber, as standing arguments against the institutions of God.

And who is not well assured that if every soul professedly converted to God had maintained their union with Christ, been faithful to their plighted vows, and grown up to be strong men and women in Zion, that the world had long since been redeemed to God, and deluged with salvation ? Oh ! then there would have been found none to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain, the inhabitants of hill and dale would have sung in responsive strains with the angels, that "the kingdoms of this world had become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ," all the bright visions of prophecy would have found their fulfilment, and Paradise have been restored to man.

But, as the bachelor passes over the ninety and nine happy families to find a domestic pandemonium, and feasts on it like a crow on carrion, and points to it exultingly, as a crowning argument, so the sinner never stops to admire and imitate the example of the holy and consistent Christian, but will point with satisfaction to the hypocrite, the formalist, and the backslider, and when he sees

"A brother fall,
Or virtue make a slip, his dreams are sweet."

This is the class of men to whom the Savior said, "John Baptist came neither eating nor drinking, and ye say he hath a devil. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." They are men whom we cannot please. "We have piped unto them, and they have not danced, we have mourned unto them, and they have not lamented." They will probably croak on, until their voice shall fail in death, and the dews of evening alone will wet the grass which waves over their lonely grave.

Ye heedless ones, that widely stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where darkness reigns, and vapors roll,
In solemn silence round your head.

"Your friends will pass the lonely place,
And with a sigh move slow along,
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.

"Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God,
But with the Gospel now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Salmagunda.

When Tigranes, the prince of Armenia, and his family, were taken prisoners by Cyrus, the king of Persia, they were conducted into the royal presence, and after an interview of great interest, were dismissed with honors and presents, and restored to life and liberty. After the retirement of the captives, every mouth was eloquent with the praises of Cyrus, some admiring his noble person, some extolling his bravery, and all rejoicing in his unparalleled magnanimity. But all this time, the wife of Tigranes was silent. At length, her husband demanded her opinion of the great Conqueror; to which she replied that she really did not notice him. "Upon what, then," demanded her husband, "were your eyes fixed?" "Upon him," she replied, meaning her husband, "who offered to give his own life for my ransom." Noble wife of a noble husband! Each was worthy of the other, and no higher eulogy could be pronounced on either.

Question now the Bride, the Lamb's wife, who stands in peerless beauty at the right hand of the Heavenly Bridegroom. "What didst thou think of the great Mammon, whom all the world worshiped, of Pleasure, whose halls were thronged by unnumbered votaries, of Honor, to gain which, a thousand battle-fields blushed to crimson? What didst thou think of the questions which were discussed in the schools of philosophy, and in the senate-chambers of earth? What was your opinion of the great conquerors, whose clarion notes started nations from their slumbers, and whose coming was more terrible than that of famine or pestilence? What idea did you form of the *Savans*, the orators and poets, who covered themselves with glory, and whose works have been passed down, like golden heir-looms, from generation to generation? To all of which, the Bride will answer like the wife of the Armenian prince, "indeed, I noticed but little of all these things." Enquire again: "Upon what, then, was your gaze riveted, and your affections fixed, during all your abode on earth?" and the answer will be, "Upon *Him* who loved me, and gave himself for me." The superior charms of Christ absorb and swallow up all lesser interests, as the light of the sun extinguishes the stars. "Even so, ought a man to love his wife as

Christ loved the Church;" and how greatly he loved it, is apparent from the fact that he "redeemed it with his own blood." Oh! to be the bride of Christ is to be allied to infinite purity and everlasting strength: it is to be endowed with the riches of the universe, and exalted to the throne of heaven.

But before one becomes a bride among men, there are other social relations which make their demands upon her, all of which are disciplinary to her ulterior allotment. Do you enquire, young man, how you may secure a companion who will do you good and not evil, all your days, I answer, mark well how she fills the station she now occupies. Does she render a cheerful obedience to her father and mother? Is she a tender and affectionate sister? If a child has not learned the great lesson of obedience to parental authority, he will never make the kind companion and true friend. If the root of rebellion be not extirpated from the child, it will grow with his growth, and in his manhood, it will be like the Upas tree, which will overshadow the whole region of the soul, blighting every green thing, and making it all a scene of sadness and desolation.

If these lessons of obedience and love are not learned before marriage, they will not be afterwards, and when such wayward children pass on into married life, then look out for wo-stricken wives and hen-pecked husbands.

Jesus Christ, the husband of the Church, was obedient, not only to Joseph and Mary, but to his heavenly Father. "Although he were a son, yet learned he obedience," and became "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Join thyself to him, O man and woman, for having been a dutiful and beloved Son, he will not fail to be all that can be desired, as a husband; and in turn, *thou* must be obedient and bear the yoke in thy youth, or Christ will not espouse thee to himself. God complained of Israel, that they were "like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke," and again, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me;" and yet again, "I have chastized you, yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord." Are you passing through your discipline for heaven? Well, "despise not the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him, for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Our fathers have chastened us, and we gave them reverence, how much more should we be in subjection to the Father of Spirits, and live; for they chastened us after their pleasure, but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness.

"Order is heaven's first law," and we see this in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath. Every star in heaven moves in its own orbit, shines by its own light, and it may be more than a poet's fancy that they are

> "Forever singing as they shine,
> The hand that made us is divine."

And what confusion and ruin would ensue, were no order maintained in the government of the physical world, and "planets and suns" were left to "run lawless through the sky." The heavens would soon be strewed with shipwrecked worlds, if the universe were left unpinned at a single point. So, *order* is essential to the well-ordered household. The family must have a head, and God has decreed that that head shall be the husband, "and they that resist, resist the ordinance of God." Christ is the head of the Church, and the husband is the head of the wife. All that we mean here to say is, that the ultimate determination of any question on which there may be a difference of opinion between the husband and the wife, must be with the husband; and if his judgment be less accurate than hers, as it is quite likely to be, still on him does the responsibility rest, and she will be free from blame, in the case of an unfortunate issue. The only exceptions to this rule are cases of conscience, and conscience is inviolable ground, where none but God can exercise jurisdiction. And as regards our allegiance to Christ, it must be voluntary, entire and everlasting.

All earthly unions that are anything more than padlocks, are strictly voluntary. A coerced wedding is a monstrosity to be frowned upon, and coercion here is an "iniquity to be punished by the judges." We have, to be sure, in the early history of Rome, and in the early history of Israel, an account of a wholesale wedding-party, where the voluntary element was *seemingly* dispensed with. We shall not dwell upon or justify the heathen legend, but it seems essential to introduce the Scripture history referred to. The scene occurred on a festive occasion, at Shiloh, where four hundred young maidens were engaged in dancing. Now, do not conclude too rashly that the young Benjaminites introduced in the history selected their wives from the ball-room, for the only ball-room here was the great temple built by God, and their dance was probably a religious solemnity, such as David alluded to and practiced. The company was not mixed, neither men or married women joining in it. At this period in the history of Israel the sword of judgment had drank the last drop of female blood in the tribe of Benjamin, and in the excitement of the terrible conflict, the other tribes had sworn, "Cursed is he that giveth his daughter to Benjamin," so that the name and memorial of Rachel's youngest son seemed likely to be blotted out of Israel. If God did not order, he at least permitted a scheme to preserve the integrity of the twelve tribes.

Now, while the maidens were leaping in the joyous dance, an equal number of young Benjaminites lay in ambush, and, at a concerted signal, the net was sprung, and each youthful swain was bearing off a willing captive. Now this, in modern language, would be called "a grab game;" but it seems quite conceivable, that these maidens had a part assigned them in the transaction to which they willingly assented. We hear of no resistance, no outcries and no hysterics. You may call this love at first sight, short courtships, or what you please, we are quite inclined to believe these wholesale marriages were made in heaven. Each young Benjaminite may have supposed that *he* had caught a *wife*, but it is quite as likely that his *wife* caught *him*. The maidens may have prepared their matrimonial nooses well, and, putting themselves on for bait, every one of them caught a husband. Did ever anglers in the sea of matrimony do better? You have often heard the phrase, "caught a Tartar." It originated in some such way as this: In one of the wars between the Russians and Tartars, a sentinel having wandered a little from his round, was heard crying out, "Captain, I've caught a Tartar." "Well, bring him in," answered the Captain. "But I can't." "Well, then, come without him." "But he won't let me." And so it was the Tartar who had caught the Russian, and so it may have been the maidens of Shiloh who had caught the sons of Benjamin, as multitudes of their sisters had done before and have done since; and as the Lamb's wife was the salt of salvation for the world, so these four hundred young virgins were the temporal salvation of one of the tribes of Israel. At all events, if the voluntary element be found wanting here, it must be set down as one of those exceptional cases which must always be provided for by general rules, and one which God overruled to perpetuate the tribe of Benjamin, which was just at the point of extinction.

In the account referred to, in the Roman story, the wives not only preserved the lives of their husbands, but of their fathers also. For when the rival hosts confronted each other for battle, these noble women threw themselves between their fathers and their husbands, and by their mediation, prevented the effusion of blood.

We are so accustomed to relate experience that we feel quite inclined to weave a little of our own into this web of narratives and reasonings. Logic may be very well, and rhetoric may sometimes be very useful, but experience, or what one knows, is principally important in earthly courts, and it will be the only lawful tender in the last great day. We are no Antinomian, reader, by which we mean that we repudiate the doctrine that good works are not essential to salvation, while we do believe that in getting married, both temporally and spiritually, we have much to do. We have more to do than the angler or the fowler, who sits down and prays for a nibble or a shot, and we must be more active than the lazy fisherman, who, after sitting under the cooling bank all day, with his unbaited hook lying carelessly in the stream, congratulated himself that though he had caught no fish, he had had *one glorious nibble.* Still we *acted* on the principles of Antinomianism, until we began to be regarded as a hopeless old bachelor, and if living at all, should have been an old bachelor still, had we not begun to bestir ourself earnestly in the matter. But after a little deliberation, we signed the shipping papers, took our precious cargo on board, hoisted our sails, and were soon sweeping pleasantly over the sea of matrimony. And, thank God, after a voyage of eighteen years, the ship is staunch and sound, the insurance policy good, and land ahead. Five little sailors have, during that time, stood by our side; three are still with us, but two have fallen overboard, and gone to play on the King's golden harp, in the country where the whole ship's crew are bound. We expect soon to meet them at the landing. Blessed Jesus! abide in the ship, and land us safe. Amen and Amen.

In the higher matters of our salvation, we also *practiced,* if we did not believe Antinomianism, until more than two score years had passed over us. Exciting and eventful scenes came and went, warnings were multiplied, and motives were urged, and still we waited and hoped that some mighty demonstration or wondrous vision would overwhelm us with conviction, and bring us into the kingdom of grace. At this alarming stage of our history, one of the Elders came and said, "Be ye a *doer* of the word, and not a hearer only, deceiving your own self." We took the alarm, and began at once to *work* out our salvation. And while we worked *out,* God worked *in* us. We were able to exercise "repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," and in about the same time that it took us to settle the preliminaries of our earthly union, we were on board the old ship Zion, and ticketed through for glory. We have had a stormy, but pleasant voyage, for these thirteen years, and we are still on board, with Jesus on the helm, and headed toward the harbor. Sometimes, from the summit of the wave, we see the towers of the new Jerusalem; but always, whether on the mountain wave, or in the depths, whether in tempest or in calm, we feel the stout old ship beneath our feet, and know "there's land ahead;" and above the thunder of the seas, we hear our Captain's voice, exclaiming, "fear not, for

I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by my name."

"I've launched my bark for glory, and left the world behind,
Determined for the harbor that's out of sight to find;
I've left my worldly pleasure, likewise my worldly fame,
I've left my old companions, and with them my good name.
CHORUS.—Sing glory, hallelujah, O glory, hallelujah.

"My sins are all forgiv'n, which did as mountains rise,
My title's clear for heaven, yon country in the skies;
God's saints are my companions, I'm bound for endless day,
And though the storms are raging, I'll sail along the way.

"I'm now a Christian sailor, one of the noisy crew;
I shout when I am happy, and that I mean to do;
Some say I am too noisy, I know the reason why,
And if they felt the glory, they'd shout as well as I.

"They sing and shout in heaven, it is their heart's delight,
I shout when I am happy, and that with all my might;
I've Jesus Christ within me, he's turned the devil out,
And when I feel the glory, it makes me sing and shout.

"I'll sail o'er life's rough ocean, with glory's port in view;
And Calvary's royal Pilot will steer the vessel through;
The flag of victory 's hoisted, though war-ships they are nigh,
I stand beside my Captain, and every foe defy.

The port of glory's open, my Master calls me home,
To walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem;
I'll shout o'er death's dark river; but when I join the throng,
Forever and forever, I'll roll the theme along."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Truth and Falsity.

In one of the Southern States, a mother and her daughter were once fording a stream on horseback, when, by the stumbling of the young lady's horse, she was precipitated into the river and carried down the swollen stream. Some distance below a tree projected far out from the shore into the river, and to this the young lady clung until her strength failed, and then her hold relaxed and she was swept onward by the resistless flood, and soon sunk to rise no more till the sea shall give up its dead.

All the while she was clinging to the end of the fallen tree, there stood on the shore a mustached dancing master, who could without difficulty have reached and rescued the drowning girl; but he stood with arms a kimbo, looked on, and saw her perish before his eyes.

On being asked by her surviving friends why he put forth no effort to rescue her, he replied that he never had the pleasure of the young lady's acquaintance, and that they could not expect him to forget the rules of politeness and use such freedom without a formal introduction.

Now we have observed in several of the marriages which have come under our notice, as in that of the Benjaminites to the daughters of Shiloh, of Jacob to Rachel, &c., that formal introductions were dispensed with, the parties immediately addressing themselves to the business in hand. But odious as the dancing-master mentioned above may appear to us, are there not dandies in the ministry and dandies in the laity of the Church, who stand with folded arms, and look complacently on and see their neighbors perish? They look out on life's stormy waters and see the child of their affections, the wife of their bosom, and the neighbors whom they meet in the marts of business and in the walks of social life, floating down the tide, and ever and anon there is a shriek and a gurgling sound, and another soul has disappeared forever. As the waters of the great flood beat upon the ark, so the waves of worldliness and pride dash to the very threshholds of the sanctuary, and as those waters destroyed the world of the ungodly, so multitudes are sinking every day in the dark waters of sin around us and perishing everlastingly. Wide and high roll the waves of Intemperance, like the floods which the dragon cast out of his mouth, and they swallow up our gifted and noble sons, our fathers and our brothers, and yet only here and there is heard the voice of remonstrance and alarm. The gambler furnishes his "hell" attractively, and the painted harlot walks abroad, and on every hand are snares and pitfalls for inexperienced feet. Some, while floating down the stream of death, catch here and there along the coast, and turn a supplicating eye to those on shore for help. But little is the sympathy they receive, and few the hands reached out to save. The white-cravated clergymen indeed, standing far off in their stately pulpits, will, in a professional way, invite men to Christ, while too many even of these seem to have only a commission for Sabbath days and holy places. Where, oh where, is the earnest zeal of the Man of Sorrows, who "*went about* doing good?" Where the unresting solicitude of the Apostle, who warned men "publicly and *from house to house*, day and night, with tears?" Not five miles from where we now write, a poor dying man a few days ago begged a neighbor to read the Bible to him and offer prayer in his behalf, but was coolly referred to the minister, who was however far away. It is but justice to add, however, that this man was one who believed in the final salvation of all men, and perhaps on this ground may feel no compunctions of conscience when he passes his neighbor's grave.

But what can you say, oh! ye ministers of flocks, and ye Christian parents of unconverted children, who profess to be in sympathy with Him who wept over Jerusalem? Your neighbors and children are floating down the stream, and they will soon disappear in the dark abyss below. There goes by a giddy young man, "Run and speak to him," admonish him of his danger. Sound out the friendly yet earnest warning; it may be, he will turn and live. Do you say you have had no introduction, you have not the pleasure of his acquaintance? And will you let the laws of etiquette restrain your lips at such an hour? "If thou hold thy peace at such a time as this, deliverance may arise from another quarter, but thou shalt be destroyed." Here float by on a frail raft a large company. There are old men with frosty locks, and young men in gay attire, and beautiful women and sporting children. They see no danger, they know no fear, all is bustle and gayety on board. I hear strains of dulcet music keeping even time with the patting of dancing feet. I cry out, "Navigators, ahoy! there are breakers and cataracts below." But many a gazer on shore cries out, "Let them alone. They know what they are about. You know nothing of them, they can come ashore wherever they choose;" and the flotilla, with its precious freight, passes on and disappears. I cast my eye up the stream and I see a group of children, in search of shining shells, wading out into the stream ; and ever and anon the deceitful sands give away, and they are launched out upon the remorseless waters. They may not be your children, but they are *somebody's children.* You may not have been introduced to them here, but you may be unceremoniously confronted by them in the Judgment, and be covered with confusion while they exclaim, "no man cared for our souls !"

A Christian father was recently going down into the valley of death, and his feet were already dipping in Jordan. He had a son, a prodigal son, with whom he had often expostulated in vain, but under his warnings *now,* that son trembled and wept. "My son," said he, "why have my admonitions never affected you before ?" "Father," said he, "this is the first *tear* I ever saw on your cheek." Ah ! there is no eloquence like the eloquence of tears. Tears are no hypocrites, they well directly up from the fountains of feeling, they are the language of the heart. Oh, Lord ! give us an earnest and an honest ministry, who, like Jeremiah and Paul, can weep over sinners bound to hell.

But there are not only tears of sorrow, and tears of sympathy, but there are tears of joy. When Jacob met Rachel at the well, it is said that "he lifted up his voice and wept," but there was only gladness in his tears. The eyes serve as safety-valves to the heart when overcharged with *any* emotion, joyous or painful.

An aged matron in Israel, leaning on the top of her staff at a camp-meeting love-feast, while giving in her religious experience, spoke something like this: "Sometimes the Lord gives me a crying blessing and then I cry; again I have a laughing blessing and then I laugh, and then again I get a shouting blessing and then I shout; but glory to God! this morning they have all three come at once." And the ripe old saint shouted and laughed and wept, and stamped her feet, and clapped her hands, and with all these demonstrations, the joy of her heart was imperfectly manifested. Glory to God, we know by experience that this joy is better felt than told. At such times as these, despisers behold and wonder and perish, and formalists who have been smoking a cigar, and discussing politics behind the tents, hear the "shout of the King in the camp," and they press around to look and wonder too. Here are mysteries they cannot solve, for God has "hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes, even so Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." While then we have tears of pity to shed over sinners, we have tears of joy to mingle with ransomed souls.

We took a rather unceremonious leave of Jacob and his wives, and yet we have kept them in our eye as we have journeyed on. We have said that the dusty and weary pillgrim had and needed no formal introduction to Rachel when he met her at the well, and that when he lifted up his voice and wept, they were tears of joy and gratitude which he shed, and no doubt a congeniality of soul was apparent, and mutual attractions were felt, at their first and memorable interview. Both were workers, not inclined to live by their wits, but by honest and earnest toil. She was a shepherdess, though a daughter of a noble house, and he, though way-worn, at once rolled away the stone, and assisted in watering the flock. Industry is an essential element to success in man or woman, and "faith which *worketh*" and zeal that burneth is essential to the accomplishment of the ends of the Christian life. Some spiritual shepherds can never afford to help their brethren water their flocks, even when those flocks are thirsting for the waters of life, and wandering sheep who have been off on the mountains are bleating to return to the fold. The great Shepherd of our souls has placed us here, my brethren, as under-shepherds to "feed the flock of God, not by constraint, but willingly, not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind." The flock is divided into compartments, and feeds in different pastures, but they are all the flock of God, they are

"Sheep for whom the shepherd died."

Oh ! how fearful is the malediction pronounced upon unfaithful under-shepherds. "Woe to the shepherds of Israel, that do feed themselves! Should not the shepherds feed the flocks? Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool, but ye *feed* not the flock. The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost ; but with force and cruelty have ye ruled them. And they were scattered because there was no shepherd, and they became meat to all the beasts of the field, when they were scattered. "My sheep wandered through all the mountains, and upon every high hill ; yea, my flock was scattered upon all the face of the earth, and none did search out or seek after them. Therefore, O ye shepherds, hear the word of the Lord, Ye have scattered my flock, and driven them away, and *have not visited them*, behold I will visit upon you the evil of your doings with the Lord. I am against the shepherds, and will require my flock at their hand." On the other hand, the reward of the faithful pastors will be very great, for "when the *Chief Shepherd* shall appear, ye shall also receive a crown of glory." And to all in the ministry, and in the laity, it is declared, that "he that *worketh* receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit to life eternal." We have often heard it said, that there could be no such thing as a lazy Christian, and we subscribe to the sentiment. The angels in heaven are actively employed, and the Lamb will never espouse either a slattern or a drone.

The good wife is not only industrious, but neat. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," and if there is anything which makes a man turn disgusted from his home, it is a disordered house, deranged furniture, an untidy wife and children. And Jesus commands his bride, "wash you and make you clean." He would have his house emptied of evil, swept clean from every straw and atom of sin, and garnished with all the graces of righteousness. The bride of the Lamb must be arrayed in fine linen, *clean and white.* "Blessed are the *pure* in heart, for they shall see God."

The good wife prefers the society of her companion to that of all others. Her paradise is her home, enlightened by the presence and smile of her husband. And the love which the bride of Christ bears to her Spouse must be *supreme.* He will not share that love with any rival. Christ and Belial cannot occupy a common throne. And as marriage is a bond which death alone should sever, it should not be entered into without deep consideration and earnest prayer. Its far-reaching consequences should be weighed, and when once on the ship, no voyager has a right to "cast a longing, lingering look behind." Rachel waited for seven weary years to roll around, and it may seem a cruel suspension to wait so long after a positive engagement. But it is well to have your love thoroughly tested, before the irrevocable vow is spoken. Christian, thou art espoused to Christ, but he tarries long in the heavens. He is subjecting thy love and constancy to a rigorous trial. Pleasure and honor and wealth will propose to wed thee, and your affianced One bows down his ear, to see what thou wilt say. If he sees thee hesitate, his jealousy will be excited, and the "coals of his jealousy are coals of fire, which have a most vehement flame." But if he sees every suitor promptly dismissed, with the declaration, "I am engaged to Christ," thou wilt be all the dearer to his heart. We have heard of engagements kept in inviolable fidelity during long years of absence. The young man may have been in foreign wars, he may have been pursuing the Leviathans of the deep, in polar seas, or gathering gold on the thither slopes of the Sierra Nevada, and when at last he has come back to lay his treasures and honors at the feet of his chosen one, he has found that heart, with all its virgin affections, reserved for him alone. So, Christ *may* give to you and me a long probation; he may bid us wait and watch for seven or seventy years, but

"Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love."

Your days of espousal, compared with your days of union, are as a drop of water to the ocean, as an atom to the universe, as a moment to eternity.

CHAPTER XXV.

Marriage Yoke.

Congeniality of taste and feeling are essential to a pleasant and happy wedded life. While religion is the great sweetener of the family circle, beguiling their labors and cheering their steps, it is essential, to make that Eden perfect, that both husband and wife be savingly united to Christ. The Israelites were expressly forbidden to form alliances with idolatrous nations, and a similar prohibition seems to be incorporated into the New Testament. Whether this goes to the extent of prohibiting all unions between converted and unconverted persons, we will not here discuss, but certain it is, that in such cases, the "perfection of beauty" of which our households are susceptible, cannot be attained. If prayer is offered in such a home, it must be *solitary* prayer, whereas Jesus hath declared that "if *two* of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them, of my father which is in heaven." If pure precepts are inculcated by the one, they may be counteracted by the aphorisms of the other. So, the examples of the one may be neutralized by those of the other, and the minds of the children be left in perplexity, which may result in indifference or hostility to Christ. So it was with a daughter of the iron-hearted Ethan Allen. He had thundered in the ranks of war, and won laurels on many crimson fields, but he feared not God, nor regarded men. He ridiculed religion, and sneered at the Bible. His wife, on the other hand, was a believer in Christ, and an exemplary Christian. His idolized daughter knew not, amid the conflicting opinions of the parents, *what* to believe, or *where* to anchor her hopes. But the time came on when the momentous question must have *some* solution. Death came and wove night-shade branches among her young locks, and her cheek grew wan, and her cough was hollow, and shadowy forms flitting around, pointed her down to the grave. In her extremity and distress, she appealed to her father, saying, "Father, I am dying, tell me, now, shall I believe as you have taught me, or as my mother has taught me?" The strong man was bowed. He dared not write anew his iron creed on that palpitating heart. Parental love and conscience overcame his pride, and he answered, "My daughter, believe as your *mother* has instructed you." Oh! had concordant notes of instruction and warning been poured upon her ear in other years, eternal interests had not been crowded into an hour, and that hour one of mental distraction and physical distress.

But you imagine that you may be the means of leading your companion to Christ. This may *possibly* be the case; in many instances, it doubtless has been the case; but the *reverse* has happened oftener, the wicked partner has led his or her companion to the devil. The wives of Solomon turned his heart away from God, and Jezebel was the spur that urged Ahab on to his career of wickedness and death. I have before me a thrilling account of the terrible success of a wife, in turning the heart of her husband away from Christ, which I cannot forbear laying before my readers:

"The writer was well acquainted with R—— A——, late of Maryland, whose brief history is here given. At the age of about twenty he became anxious for his soul, and was convinced that the course he had hitherto pursued, if persisted in, would lead to endless misery. With this conviction, he resolved to seek the Lord while he might be found, and it was not long before he thought he had obtained an interest in him, and joined the Church. For some time, his life was, apparently, consistent with his profession. At length, he formed an acquaintance with a gay young lady, of great personal attractions, but an entire stranger to religion; and although she was not pleased with his religious profession, yet his family and personal appearance were such that she consented to marriage; thinking that, in due time, she would be able to cure him of his religious frenzy.

"She soon commenced the attempt. At first she urged that, if they wished to be thought well of by their friends, they ought not to refuse to join them at places of diversion and amusement; that he must know how persons of his inclinations were despised by people of respectability; and that he had so much reading and praying in his house the neighbors laughed at him. In fine, said she, 'I married you to be happy; but I utterly despair of happiness unless you give up your religion, and be like other people.'

"He told her that happiness was what he wanted, but he had never found it in the way she proposed; that the happiness which sprang from the customs and pleasures of this world was not substantial; though for the present it might be sweet, in the end it would be bitter as death.

"Having found these efforts unavailing to obtain her purpose, she refused to attend family devotion. He wept, grieved, and in secret often prayed for her. She continued to employ every stratagem which her wicked imagination could invent. At length, wearied by her constant opposition and persecution, he resolved he would try to get to heaven alone, as she would not go with him ; and determined to attend to his private devotions, and omit those of the family. His wife, however, pursued him to his closet, and succeeded in driving him to the relinquishment of every religious duty. And now that he forsook God, God forsook him ; the native corruptions of a wicked heart began to stir within him, and raged, till they broke out in greater excesses than he had ever been guilty of before.

" Some time after this he heard a sermon, in which his sins were brought fully to his remembrance. He then renewedly promised to serve the Lord, let him meet with ever so much opposition. But the obstacles were greater than he supposed. He found himself in the hands of the enemy, with less ability to resist temptation than he had before. He was like a man who, bound while asleep, struggles but cannot free himself ; groans under his bondage, and strives for liberty, but strives in vain. At this juncture, his wife redoubled her efforts, and gained her point a second time. He continued sinning with little remorse, till, having lost all desire for the means of grace, and entirely forsaking the company of the people of God, he gave himself up to the customs and maxims of the world, having not the least regard to external morality; when at length he was laid on a bed of affliction, and his life was despaired of.

"Now his fears were alarmed; his sins appeared in dreadful colors before him, and such was the sense of his guilt, that he dared not look to God for mercy. 'How can I,' said he, 'expect that God will pardon me, when I have run contrary to his will, grieved his Spirit, sinned away all the peace I once enjoyed, and have gone farther since my apostacy than I ever did before I named his name? O, that I had my time to live over again! O, that I had never been born!' His disorder increased, and his fears were wrought up to terror. 'If,' said he, 'God would give me another trial, I would amend my ways. If God will not hear me, perhaps he will hear the prayers of his people on my behalf. Oh! send for them, that they may pray for me; for how can I stand before the avenger of sin in this my lamentable condition!'

"His Christian friends visited him; God appeared to answer their prayers, and, contrary to expectation, he recovered. But as his bodily strength increased, his convictions subsided; and by the time he was fully restored to health, he forgot his danger, and actually returned to all his former vices.

"Some years after his recovery, I fell in company with him, and we entered into close conversation on the state of his soul. I asked him what he thought would be his destiny, if he died in his present state?

"'Why,' said he, 'as sure as God is in heaven, I should be damned.'

"'Well,' said I, 'do you mean to die in this state? Do you never think of changing your course of life?'

"'My friend,' said he, 'I have no desire to serve God; I have no desire for anything that is good; to tell you the truth, I as much believe that my damnation is sealed as that I am now conversing with you. I remember the very time when the Spirit of God departed from me; and what may surprise you more than all, I am no more troubled about it than if there were no God to punish sin, and no hell to punish sinners in.'

"I was struck speechless at his narration: it is not in my power to describe my feelings. The bold indifference which marked his features, and the hardness of heart displayed by him, were truly shocking. After I parted with him, my meditations were engaged upon the awful subject. 'Lord,' thought I, 'with whom have I been conversing? An immortal spirit, clothed with flesh and blood, who appears to be sealed over to eternal damnation! A man who once had a day of grace and the offer of mercy, but now appears to be lost, forever lost!' To him the door of heaven is shut, never more to be opened. He once had it in his power to accept salvation, and because he did not improve his time and talents, God has judicially taken them all away, and given him over to blindness of mind. He is neither moved by mercy nor terrified by judgment.'

"About two years after this, he was laid upon the bed of death. His conscience roared like thunder against him, and his every sense appeared to be awake to torment him. His sickness was short, and his end was awful. His Christian friends visited him, and desired to administer comfort, but he was comfortless. They told him that perhaps he was mistaken—it was not so bad with him as he imagined.

"'Ah!' said he, 'would to God I was mistaken! happy would it be for me. But can I be mistaken about my sickness? is it imagination which confines me here? are my pains imaginary? no, no, they are a reality; and I am as certain of my damnation as of my pains.'

"Some persons offered to pray with him; but he forbade it, and charged them not to attempt it. 'For,' said he, 'that moment that you attempt to lift up your hearts to God in my behalf, I feel the flames of hell kindle in my soul: you might as well pray for Satan as for me; you would have as much success. Do you think to force God? do you think to force the gates of heaven, which are barred by justice against me? Never! Your prayers shall return upon your own head; I want none of them.'

"The distress of his mind seemed to make him forget the pains of his body, and he continued in nearly the same situation till the day of his death. All that Christians or Christian ministers could say to him made no impression. He never asked one to pity or to pray for him.

"Just before his departure, after he had been rolling from side to side for some time, with horror depicted in every feature, he called to his wife to bring him a cup of cold water; for, said he, 'in one hour I shall be where I shall never get another drop." She brought him the water; he drank it with greediness, and reached back the cup with a trembling hand; then staring her in the face, his eyes flashing with terror, he cried out, 'Rebecca, Rebecca, you are the cause of my eternal damnation!' He turned over, and with an awful groan left the world, to enter upon the untried realities of a dread eternity."

But where there is one instance in which the wife seeks to lead her husband into sin, we fear that there are many where the husband makes such efforts for the ruin of his wife. Not that they *intend* to bring about such a result; but they would have them walk with them, in the paths of pleasure; they are secretly chafed at their religious course, and their holy life is felt as an ever-present and stinging rebuke. Hence the fling at religion which so wounds the devoted heart, hence the plans by which so many unwary feet have been turned out of the way of life.

Suppose I could point out to you the most miserable female among the thousands in the ranks of infamy and wretchedness, and bid you look upon her, a wreck of all she was, her beauty faded, her hollow eyes weeping streams of woe, disease preying on her vitals, and sin festering in her heart, and tell you that she was once the pride of doating parents and the bride of one who almost idolized her ; and then could I point out the wretch that deliberately led her from the paths of virtue, that invaded and destroyed the peace of her happy home, that persuaded her to forsake the husband of her youth, and go with him to the abodes of infamy ; suppose I should tell you that this was no solitary case, but that it was his *business* to deceive, to betray, and to abandon the innocent and the pure, to blight the tendrils of affection that cling to him, and fling them from him, leaving them to droop and die ? Have you a name too opprobrious by which to characterize that man ? Is there a dungeon dark enough, a cavern deep enough, in which to immure him ? Could he lay the wealth of the world at the feet of that injured husband, would it heal his wounded heart ? Could anything less than the life of Tarquin atone for the wrongs which chaste Lucretia suffered? Did not the sword of the avenging angel drip with blood, ere the shade of the brave Uriah was appeased? Did not Ahasuerus glow with such rage that his palace could not contain him, when he only *imagined* that the honor of his queen was tampered with? Man may forgive much, but there are deeds that dare not seek repentance, wrongs which can only be expiated with blood. And there is a crime for which language has no name, and for which man can prescribe no adequate punishment. If it be a crime to seduce from the paths of virtue the wife of the peasant or the slave, if it be guilt for which no penitence can atone, and for which no punishment can be extreme, to decoy the affections and alienate the heart of the queen from her royal partner, by what name of atrocity will you characterize the guilt of him who would lead into the paths of infidelity and sin the bride of Christ? His love for his chosen one is love which finds no parallel among the sons of men; he has redeemed her at the sacrifice of His own life, and he will not look on with a disinterested gaze, when men seek to tear this crown of beauty from his head, or wrest this signet from his right hand. And yet there are men who would protect female chastity at the sacrifice of their own lives, men at whose hands the seducer would find no mercy—who thoughtlessly or deliberately break up the union between Christ and the souls for whom he died, and lead them back into the paths of sin, and then, despoiled of virtue, happiness and hope, abandon them to wretchedness and despair. But better were it for you, O man or woman, that a mill-stone were hanged about your neck, and you sunk ten thousand fathoms deep in the seething waters—better that your bones whiten on coral reefs, or your body be devoured by the ravenous shark, than that you should succeed in the unholy work. No reed can measure, no plummet can sound the enormity of such guilt.

But you enquire, does not Paul say that "the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the believing wife, and the unbelieving wife by the believing husband?" We are grateful to believe that a pious wife has sometimes been the *instrument* of her husband's conversion, and *vice versa,* but it may fairly be doubted whether the above text teaches any such sentiment. . The word *sanctify* and its derivatives have two general significations, in the Scriptures. They imply both actual and relative holiness. He is truly sanctified who is essentially holy, and he is typically sanctified who is set apart or consecrated to any especial work. The Sabbath is sanctified in this latter sense, by being set apart to holy employments, and the vessels in the temple were sanctified by being consecrated to sacred uses.

So, in every marriage covenant, the man is sanctified to the wife, and the wife to her husband—that is, the person, the services, the possessions, and the affections of each are made over and consecrated to the other. And as the desecration of the golden vessels of the temple by Belshazzar was a crowning act of sacrilege, which brought forth an armless hand to write a fiery sentence on the wall, announcing the audacious monarch's doom—so, for a man or woman to transfer to a third party those affections which have been pledged to another, is to break a most solemn covenant, and commit a high crime in the sight of heaven. In this sense only is one person necessarily sanctified by or to another; and as temporal marriage is a typical sanctification, so, union with Christ is real and essential purity.

Unvarying usage requires the wooer to make the *first* advances and proposals. He must come avowing his love, and tendering all he *is*, and all he *has*, to the object of his affections. So Christ declares, "ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." Every soul united to Christ may sing,

> "Jesus sought me when a stranger.'

Often we have imagined that we have sought Jesus, but all the while he was seeking us. As a shepherd leaves the ninety and nine sheep, which are secure in the fold; and goes forth to face the winter's blast, and scale the mountain's steep, to find the solitary wanderer, so Christ came "to seek and to save that which was lost." So, now his ministers come in *his* name, by *his* authority, and on *his* errand. Through them he still cries, "to you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men." He would woo every wanderer to his bridal chamber, to his arms, and to his heart. As the proposals are made by the husband, the matter of acceptance or rejection is with the wife. The grave matters of deliberation and decision are hers. And whether any soul will have Christ Jesus to reign over it, is for itself to determine. He stands at the door and knocks, crying, "arise my love, my fair one, for my head is wet with the dew, and my locks with the drops of the night." Should you refuse, or should you tarry too long, your heavenly Wooer may be gone, and though you peer out into the darkness, you may see only his receding form, and though you call, you may only hear mocking echoes come back on the wailing winds. Oh there is no calamity you should so deprecate as to have your wooing Savior retire, withdraw his offers from you, and go to seek a bride elsewhere.

But he lingers yet. You may not hear his beseeching voice, or see his lovely form, but go and enquire of the watchmen that go about the city, and if the watchmen on the wall give no satisfactory response—yea, if they smite you with the tongue, and wound you with reproaches, and take your veil away so that you become a hissing to the passer-by, yet be not disheartened, call upon the daughters of Jerusalem to assist you in your search, charge them, if they find your beloved, to tell him of your nightly vigils, of your weary rounds, and that your soul is sick of love. And Oh, He will be found of you, He will come leaping "like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of spices," and you shall come up out of the wilderness leaning upon the arm of your beloved, clear as the sun in his brightness, and fair as the moon in her virgin purity; and he will bring you up into his banqueting house, and spread over you the banner of his love. And as that aged couple, who have been leaning on each other's arm for three score years, still look upon the day of their espousals as a halcyon day, and keep the anniversary of their marriage as "a day to be much remembered," so shall you remember with delighted sensibility, in time and in eternity,

"The happy day,
When Jesus took your sins away."

It is the precept of religion, that if a brother have an unbelieving wife, he may not on this account put her away, and that if a Christian wife have an unbelieving husband, she may not, on this account, leave him. "Yet if the unbelieving depart, let him depart." Sometimes a wife has departed from her husband, or a husband ejected his wife from her home on account of his or her piety, or because allegiance and fidelity to Christ were preferred to the favor of men. So, Michal, the proud daughter of Saul, despised her husband in her heart, when he brought back the ark of the Lord with shouting and with great joy. She would not have objected to religion manifested in a *respectable* way, but this was decidedly out of character, and she withdrew her affections from her husband, and most likely separated herself from him forever. How different the conduct of the noble Abigail, the widow of the old churl Nabal. When David sent his messengers to lay his proposals at her feet, how joyfully did she hasten to ally herself with the Lord's anointed, exclaiming, "Behold, let thy hand-maid be a servant, to wash the feet of the servants of my Lord."

Religion abrogates no marriage covenant; if the wife becomes a true believer, and her husband continue impenitent, still she is sanctified to him, and he to her. *Together* they must travel on their pilgrimage, but let the believer walk with wary steps, for eagle eyes observe her most retired ways; her words, her spirit, will all be scrutinized, and the weight of a hair may cause the trembling balance to vibrate for heaven or hell. "What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou mayest save thy husband, or what knowest thou, O husband, whether thou mayest save thy wife?" But you cannot save him by mere *connection* with him. None by his righteousness can save companion, son, or daughter—he can but deliver his own soul. Lot could not save his wife, nor Abigail her husband; and when the trumpet of the archangel shall sound, the believing wife cannot grasp the companion and children, as she makes her triumphant flight to heaven. In that hour, "*two* shall be in one bed, the one shall be taken and the other left." Nay, a cup of added bitterness shall be added to the lips of the man or woman who has lived unconverted and died unsaved, with a partner who has lived and died in the Lord. Oh, it will be a fearful thing, to remember forever that my husband or my wife warned me so faithfully, prayed for me so earnestly, wept around my steps, and with dying lips besought me to repent. Solemn will be the scene at the last great Day, as

> "Wives and husbands there will part,
> Will part to meet no more."

When your author was first espoused to Christ, the first desire that rushed over his soul was, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, that I might fly over three hundred miles, and tell our aged mother, who had prayed for her only child night and day for thirty years, that her prayers were answered at last, that her dead son was alive again, and her wandering prodigal was found. And then, the first word of prayer we remember uttering was, "Lord, convert my proud wife." From that time, we gave the Lord no rest, day or night, until she shouted "glory" with us in the kingdom of grace.

You remember the recipe for preventing the depredation of moths, namely, "Lay up your treasure in heaven, where moths do not corrupt," &c. Now, in the same old Recipe Book, we find one for the conversion of ungodly husbands. It is in this wise: "Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands, that if any obey not the word, they also may, without the word, be won by the conversation of the wives."

We will show you the workings of the recipe, as they were seen at a time and place not remote from the spot where we now write. Five husbands were reeling with drunkenness, at the hour of midnight, at a slaughter-house of souls, otherwise called a tavern. When at last the revelers were about to adjourn, each turned his eye toward his home, and began to speak of his wife nursing her wrath to give him a warm *reception*, on his arrival. But one of the crew drew out a five dollar note, and said he would bet *that*, that he could take them all home with him, drunk as they were, and that his wife would receive them kindly, and prepare the best supper the house could afford, without a word or look of displeasure or remonstrance. The landlord whispered in his ear, "John, you are a fool; you will be sure to lose your money!" "You keep dark," says John, with a knowing wink; "my wife got religion about three weeks ago, and you can't imagine how different she is." The challenge was accepted, and the gang, after taking another swig, started for John's house, making night hideous with their yells and songs. Their orgies announced the coming of the pack of hounds, and the wife arose from her prostrations before the throne of grace, where she had been gathering strength for the time of trial. With a heart girded with grace, and fortified by prayer, she received her untimely guests with smiles, her house was lit up, and her table spread, at which she presided with the grace and dignity of one in deep communion with God. The abashed guests soon slunk away, leaving John with new demonstrations of the excellence of his wife's piety and faith, of which precious faith he was himself soon made a joyful partaker.

Christian wives! you cannot win your husbands by unkindness, nor yet by consenting to walk with them in the paths of worldly pleasure, nor yet by adorning yourselves with gold, and pearls, and costly array; but put on the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, with which the holy women of old were adorned, and as ornaments of grace and chains of gold about your neck attract attention to *you*, so an exhibition of the whole train of religious graces will turn the eye and heart of those who observe you to Christ. And the recipe we have quoted is equally efficacious when the husband is the believer and the wife the infidel.

The more noble and excellent any person or thing is by nature and susceptibility, the more terrible is the descent such person or thing can make, the more fearful the ruin they may induce. Yesterday, Lucifer was a seraph, bright among the sons of the morning—to-day, a fiend, shorn of his glory, scared with thunder, and shut up in hell. Woman, in the perfection of her nature, is as near an angel as is consistent with an abode on earth ; but virtue being lost, and shame lost, she is a fiend incarnate, the centre of a hell on earth. Never shall we forget the first time we preached to the inmates of the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. After taking our seat in the desk of the chapel, there was heard the thundering of the prison bolts, and the creaking of doors, as the cells were opened, and then was heard the footfall of eight hundred female prisoners, who were marched in and seated at our left, and then came the heavier tread of four hundred men, many of them dragging a heavy chain and cannon ball, who were seated on our right. Great God ! what a scene was here for one who could *see*, and equally solemn to us who could only *hear* and *feel*. Every one of this great multitude was once a tender child. Every one could tell a tale of sorrow, temptation, and fall, which would make the ears of our fair readers tingle. They had been gathered here, in great part, from the infected purlieus of the mighty metropolis, whose spires could be seen and whose thunders could be heard from this island prison. Never, perhaps, did we preach the Gospel with more faith and power than we did on this occasion. We spoke of the woman who washed the feet of Jesus with her tears, and wiped them with her flowing locks, and copiously were the tears of many a Magdalen poured forth that day. We can hardly doubt that many a fallen sister and daughter would have plucked out their eyes and given them to us, if thereby we could have gone back to the great city and warned others to repent and escape the place of torment. We trust we shall yet see some of those fallen but redeemed ones in the Paradise of God.

We refer to these personal reminiscences because they forcibly illustrate our general subject. Very many of these wretched convicts were once happy wives and joyful mothers. Their smile was the light of a happy home ; the hearts of their husbands safely trusted in them, and their children were rising up to call them blessed. But the Serpent came and trailed his slimy length across their Eden home, and pointed out the forbidden fruit—" the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," and they tasted it, but, like the apples of Sodom, it was full of bitterness and death. The golden chain of love which had bound them to home and to society corroded and broke, and down they sunk to the depths of misery and infamy. O could all the apostate females, of whom we had then before us a specimen, be gathered together, they would cover our mountains and darken our valleys; and were the sky all parchment, it would not contain a full history of their fearful fall from praises to reproach, from sobriety to drunkenness, and from virgin purity to licentiousness and shame.

Fearful as is this picture to our eye, it is the very imagery by which the prophets have so often illustrated the apostacy of the Church and of individual souls. O what a perversion of all that is pure and holy, when the members of Christ become the members of an harlot. What husband would take again to his bosom and his home, a wife so ingrate, so depraved, so fallen. But a voice from the eternal throne, sounding through every dispensation, and reaching down to the depths of our degeneracy, proclaims, "return unto me, and I will return unto you." It speaks in every term and tone of endearment, it remonstrates and expostulates, it beseeches and entreats, it commands and it threatens, it points to the fiery manifestations of Sinai, and to the tragic scenes of Calvary. It directs our eye to the peerless thrones of heaven, and to the dark abodes of hell. But multitudes still hug their chains, still fester in their guilt, and with dogged pace travel on towards ruin.

But God is long-suffering, and so must his children be. If rebuffed and reviled, they must use the remedy men do to guard against the attacks of bees: saturate their hands and face with *honey*, which is a sovereign cure for the poisonous sting. Christian love is sweeter than honey in the honey-comb. It was this which disarmed these five brutal husbands, and led one of them, at least, to Christ. "Arm yourselves likewise with the same mind," and you may also be successful in turning some to righteousness who shall shine like stars in the firmament, forever and ever. Oh, breath of the Lord, breathe upon all these slain, that they may live. Woo all these apostate souls to thyself; wash them from their pollutions, clothe them with glorious robes, and put a diadem of beauty on their heads.

"Then when the mighty work is wrought,
  Receive thy ready bride
Give us in heaven a happy lot,
  With all the sanctified."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Taking Leave of the Old Testament.

Long have we stood, hat in hand, ready to make our bow and take our leave of the wedding parties of the olden time, but just as we have been on the eve of saying farewell, a new vision has arisen before our sightless eyes, and new acquaintances have gathered around to take us by the hand, and invite us to attend their wedding, and bless their union also. Well, who of you, my fair readers, ever declined an invitation to a wedding; especially when the parties belonged to the royal family? And anxious as we are to reach the marriage of the Lamb, we cannot well resist these kind and pressing invitations. For your encouragement, we will assure you that our calls shall be brief.

What is this great city that rises before us? And what mighty palace is this, with extended wings and roof of gold? We are in the Capital of the Medo-Persian Empire, and at the palace of the mighty monarch Ahasuerus. But what is the occasion of the exhileration and joy every where abounding? Why is the whole population in holiday attire, and the whole city blazing with illuminations? And why do the distant hills send back the echoes of rejoicing hosts, and the reverberations of voluptuous music? Ah, it is the bridal day of the King. For disobedience, Vashti had been banished from the palace, and another had been elected to be the partner of the great monarch. This was Esther, who a few months since was walking in the low paths of obscurity, an orphan and a captive. But her virtues and the favor of God toward her and her people, had elevated her to a place on the throne of the mightest monarch on earth, and to-day deputations from a hundred and twenty and seven provinces, stretching from Ethiopia to India, come to offer her their congratulations and lay their allegiance at her feet. And in the hour of Israel's peril her prayers baffled the rage of Haman, and wrought out the salvation of her people.

How strikingly does this history illustrate the condescension of our heavenly Bridegroom, who condescends to

> "Make slaves the partners of his throne,
> Decked with a never-fading crown."

Many bright and glorious angels had, for disobedience, been cast out of heaven, and there were vacant thrones and vacant crowns all over the land of the blessed, and in the councils of Eternity the Almighty Savior announced his purpose to replenish these waste places of heaven, with colonies from our fallen world. He bridged the mighty gulf between earth and heaven. He sent his pioneer prophets to prepare his way and announce his coming, then came himself and trod the paths of earth with weary feet, and going home, he left his footprints in the sands of time, to show his followers the path he trod. And every generation has witnessed the ascent of his followers. Battalion after battalion has crossed the flood, some in chariots of fire, and some through great tribulation, some from the shores of the Ganges, and some from the sands of Ethiopia, and some from the banks of rivers and the slopes of mountains, of which Ahasuerus never heard. They have come not to congratulate an earthly monarch on his union with one of the beautiful and virtuous daughters of earth, but to crowd to their places at the bridal feast of the King's Son in the city of gold. And when the wrath of the King has been aroused against the nations, and he was about to whet his glittering sword, and his hand take hold on judgment, oh ! how often have the prayers of his people averted the impending doom, and turned the threatened bolt aside, and the Hamans of earth have fallen into the net they had digged for their neighbors' feet.

You, reader, may be little and unknown, yet when God shall abase the proud, as many a noble and aspiring dame among the proud daughters of Persia was abased at the marriage of their monarch, you may be brought up, like Esther, from obscurity, to sit at the right hand of the King's Son, adorned in bridal robes; and then shall be heard the everlasting song, "Who is like unto our God, who lifteth up the lowly from the earth, and exalteth beggars to sit among the princes?"

We have taken passage in the lightning train, and the towers of another city flash on our eye, and other palatial halls rise before us. The city is Samaria, and the palace is that of Ahab, a covetous and a cruel king. Instead of selecting a queen from among his own people, he married Jezebel, a Sidonian princess, who is emphatically *the female monster* of history. Mary, the bloody queen of England, is, perhaps, the only one who could successfully compete with her in cruelty. Did Naboth stand in the way of her husband's grasping covetousness? She knew how to dispose of Naboth. Was the worship of God offensive to her idolatrous tastes? She knew how to demolish the altars, and destroy the worshipers of the Most High. But as queen Mary said she dreaded the prayers of John Knox more than hostile armies, so there was one man whose prayers were a source of terror to the bloody Jezebel. This was the mysterious and miracle-working Tishbite. He could pray, and the heavens would turn to brass, and Judea's pleasant fields become like the sands of the deserts. Again, he could bow in prayer, and the heavens would grow black with clouds, and the "sound of abundance of rain" send gladness among the famishing families of the land. No wonder that Jezebel dreaded the prayers of Elijah, and no wonder that her sword thirsted to drink his blood. But God guarded the prophet's life, made ravens his servants, and sent angels to feed him under the juniper tree, and when the mountain of his refuge quaked, and Elijah wished that he might die, God whispered in a still small voice in his ear, while he wrapped his face in his mantle and bowed and worshiped. Then horses of fire and a chariot of fire came down and took the aged Tishbite on board, while his successor watched the bright procession far up the shining way, and then gathering up the fallen mantle, he returned to fill the vacated post and wield the armor of the departed. But while the fiery wheels were cleaving the upper sky, *another* chariot, driven by an avenging Jehu, was approaching Samaria, and soon the dogs licked the blood of Jezebel from the pavement, and feasted on the body of her son in the vineyard of Naboth.

Jezebel, courteous reader, was "a strong-minded woman." Her husband wore the crown, but she held him in her leading strings, wrote letters in his name, and gave shape to the religious and political destiny of the nation. The King of Israel and the daughter of Sidon were held together for a time by a most woful *pad*-lock. She brought him a dowry of pride and idolatry, a will unsubdued, and a heart unsanctified. Ahab was emphatically a hen-pecked husband. Like the Tuscan malefactor who was chained to the rotting corpse, he was fastened to one who was dead while he lived. His palace was filled with intrigue, and his whole realm with anarchy and blood. Well was t for thee, oh Ahab! that the keen archer found the joints of thy harness on the bloody field of Ramoth-Gilead. That arrow broke the padlock which had onnected thee with one whose name stands highest n the roll of female infamy. Thy sun went down while it was yet day, and went down in blood, but it did not behold the retribution which was just ready to burst upon thy house.

And now our train has swept back into the very twilight of history, and we find ourselves again in th midst of rural life. But though we hear no city hun and see none of the trappings of royalty, here are th evidences of almost unbounded opulence. A patriarc honored and beloved by all, has here his seat, an around are brave sons and fair daughters. Seve thousand sheep feed on the hills, while oxen and camels in vast droves luxuriate in the surrounding pastures. Devotion kindles here her altars, and from th mansion of the prince of Uz a cloud of incense dail ascends to heaven. And daily does he go forth to th walks of benevolence. "He delivers the poor tha cry, the fatherless, and him that has none to help him the blessing of those ready to perish comes upon him and he causes the widow's heart to sing for joy." Bu what of his partner, poor old Mrs. Job ? Why, he name has become a household word. When any on wishes to describe an annoyance, a pest, a miserabl comforter, the illustration of "Job's wife" is alway on hand. No one will assert that she was spoiled b a bad husband, and in the sunny hours of prosperit no one, not even Job himself, suspected that he wa only *padlocked* to his wife. "Prosperity makes friends but adversity proves them." And now the tide of hi fortunes turned. Satan entered this Eden, as he ha a former one, but now he was armed with plenar power, and he came commissioned to wield the ver lements to test to the utmost the faith of the man f God. And Sabean hosts came like a whirlwind and wept away his herds, and careering lightnings came lown in their zig-zag path and his flocks were conumed, and Chaldean robbers bore his camels away, nd winds awoke from the wilderness and burst, in vildness and in rage, upon the habitations of his chillren, and they were slain. And Job bowed down beore the storm of sorrows, but he bowed in the spirit f resignation and faith. His language was, "I have ow all I had at the outset of life, my health and trength are left, and what is more, the companion vho has shared my opulence and honors is left to go vith me into the vale of obscurity and poverty. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed e the name of the Lord." Baffled in this attempt, he devil obtained an enlarged commission, and came rmed with a yet more terrible power. Angry ulcers urst forth from every square inch of the sufferer's ody, and in utter agony he wallowed in dust and shes. And mocking friends, who had been his guests nd beneficiaries in other years, came and charged him vith base hypocrisy, affirming that God had punished im less than his iniquities deserved. And then came he last and bitterest agony. We have often had ocasion to say that the true wife will evince her greatst strength of constancy, and wealth of love, when all the world beside are alienated from her husband But so it was not here. To his utter consternation the patriarch discovered that nothing but the padlock of worldly prosperity had fastened the affections of hi wife to himself. Well so it has ever been.

> "The friends who in our sunshine live,
> When winter comes are gone,
> And he who has but tears to give,
> Must weep those tears alone."

When this swimming cup of bitterness was held to his lips, and his wife bade him curse God and die, then the last gleam of *earthly* sunshine faded away, and he could only throw himself upon his *Christian* hopes: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth, and that though worms devour my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." But at the eventime there was light on the patriarch's path. His fiery ordeal led him nearer to his God. Prosperity came back in returning tides, and his latter end was better and happier than the beginning. And the world has the advantage of his moral history, and thousands of earth's afflicted sons have rejoiced, as they have read the story of his trial and his victory. Oh! how true and how comprehensive is the promise, "*all things* shall work together for good to them that love God.

On our return from Uz, our train will move with accelerated speed, and will bring up at only two or three stations which were passed in our outward-bound trip. We must stop a moment at the depot in Midian, the home of Moses and Zipporah. No higher name than Moses looms up in the annals of sacred or profane history. The names of the Pharaohs are preserved, because associated with his. It is engraved in the imperishable book of God, enshrined in the hearts of Jews and Gentiles, and inscribed high among the bright names of heaven. The prayers of Moses and Samuel are spoken of by God as being *almost* omnipotent. Moses was one of the favored messengers that visited the Redeemer on Mt. Tabor, and the song which shall be sung by an innumerable company of saved ones in heaven, will be "the song of Moses and the Lamb." Associated with a character so peerless, with a man so honored, it is not strange that Zipporah should timidly shrink from observation. The moon is not only obscured by clouds, but its borrowed light is swallowed up by that of the sun. When Moses left Midian for Egypt, Zipporah went with him a little way, but appalled by the journey, and the prospect before her, she turned back to her father's house. Moses seems to have regarded the separation as final, for he was *en route* for Canaan at the head of his enfranchised countrymen, when Jethro, his father-in-law, met him bringing Zipporah and her two sons. Still, all this may have been done by pre-arrangement, and it seems difficult, with our scanty materials, to assign to Zipporah her true position. Most likely she partook of the meekness for which her illustrious husband was so remarkable, and though comparatively unknown on earth, may be occupying a high position in the kingdom of glory.

The whistle screams, and the towers of Gaza flash on our eye. Here was passed a portion of the domestic life of Samson, and here he met his death amid the falling timbers of the Temple of Dagon, which his own hands pulled down on himself and his enemies. If the *meekest man* had a wife of humble capacity, or one but little known to fame, the *strongest man* was signally unfortunate in his matrimonial life. Nothing but a woful padlock connected him with the wife whose name has gone down into merited forgetfulness, and with Delilah, whose name is remembered only to be infamous. Samson, although a strong man in many respects, had *a weak spot* somewhere. He could mow down armies in winrows, tear lions like kids, carry off the gates of Gaza, and demolish idol temples, but he could not keep a secret. The crocodile tears of his wife wrung from him the key to the riddle which he put forth at his bridal feast, and extorted from him the secret of his great strength. Woman's tears and woman's tongue are more potential than fleets and armies. The tears of Delilah conquered Samson, and the charms of Cleopatra led Pompey and Mark Anthony in chains. Oh! let her employ that influence well, and her husband shall praise her, and her children shall rise up and call her blessed.

We shall call at only one station more. We bring up at Cana of Galilee. And now the Savior of the world had come. The long-expected Messiah, the desire of all nations, had appeared, and is making personal proposals to the alien sons of earth to accept him as their Lord and Law-giver, their Husband and their Friend. To evince his regard for the hallowed relation of marriage, he was himself an illustrious guest at bridal feasts, and the first of that mighty train of miracles which flashed on the astonished eyes of the world was wrought at the marriage of one of the sons of Asher, where

> "The modest water awed by power divine,
> Beheld its God, and blushed itself to wine."

We cannot believe that the wine the Savior produced was the "mocker" of which Solomon speaks, which brings in its train "wo, and sorrow, and redness of eyes, and babblings, and contentions, and wounds without cause." Introduce not *this* into your social festivities, nor present it to the lips of thy partner for the journey of life.

Young man and woman! about to breathe the irrevocable marriage vow, let me whisper one more word, one earnest word, in your ears. Imitate the example of the pious couple of Cana, and *call Jesus to your wedding.* You may not issue cards of invitation to the rich and titled ones around you, and should you, they might make light of it and go haughtily to their farms and their merchandise; but if you will call Jesus, he will be there to crown your festivities, and sanctify your union. Bow before him in your bridal chamber, and covenant with each other to serve Christ together, and he will guide your feet into pleasant paths, and lead you at last to the land where the inhabitants "neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are like unto the angels of God."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Union and Division.

Union is strength, and division is weakness, the world over. Hence the precept, "what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," is founded in deep philosophy, and regard to it is essential to the well-being of society and to success in the religious life.

Observe that tender babe. It is a fair and lovely child, and no wonder that its ownership is matter of fierce contention by those two women, each of whom claims it as her own. Each disowns the maternity of the little corpse which kind neighbors are arraying for the grave, but each clamors for possession of the living child. The question is referred to Solomon, whose rising fame for knowledge is beginning to attract the attention of the world. The king commanded his executioner to *divide* the living child, and give to each claimant a quivering and a bleeding *half.* The pretender acquiesced in the horrid decree, but the heart of the true mother yearned toward her child, and the sight of the glittering steel caused her to relinquish her claim, preferring to see her infant pressed to the heart of a stranger, that to see its little life cloven down by the hand of the executioner. Solomon no more intended that the members of that infant's body, which God had joined together, should be put asunder, than God intended to have Abraham really shed the blood of Isaac. The former intended to see where parental love really existed ; and the latter intended to show to the world a faith rising above the highest forms of human affection. The test which Solomon instituted demonstrated the strength of a mother's love to her infant, while that which God proposed evinced the obedience of a Christian to his God. In each instance, the child which had been surrendered was restored, and in each instance, the joy and transport were as though Isaac had been raised from his ashes, or a divided child healed and restored to its mother.

In every department of nature, providence and grace, are found things which God hath united, and which man is forbidden to put asunder. Each of these in the position and connections given it by God, fills out the proportions, and completes the symmetry of the whole of which it forms a part, but out of this position and these connections it is as unsightly, and as unlovely as an infant mangled and divided by the ruthless sword. We are commanded to love the Lord with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourselves. The latter part of the precept is the complement of the former, and by obedience to it, we can alone demonstrate the reality of our supreme love to God. We are commanded to render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's. To obey the first part of this injunction is to be the good citizen, to obey both parts is to fill out the proportions of one's manhood, and exhibit the true Christian. We are required to believe with our heart, and with our mouth to make confession. Faith here *secures* salvation, and confession or profession *exhibits* its saving power. The one *lights* the flambeau, the other *lifts it up* to shine on the path of others. "Is Christ *divided?*" enquires the Apostle. Nay, we reply, he is one in his person, in his doctrine, in his grace. So the human heart must not be *divided* between Christ and Belial, its worship offered to God must be supreme, its affections must flow toward him alone. Faith and Works are the two oars by which we are to navigate the waters of life. Using only one, we move in a circle, but make no progress; using both, we steadily sweep on toward the port of rest. No doubt it is a shocking thing to see an innocent babe divided, and a sad thing to see a husband and wife separated, but men look on with unconcern, when human hearts are divided asunder, each half palpitating toward and cleaving to diverse and opposing objects. Oh these divided energies and efforts are wasted ; they neutralize each other. They are like two mighty locomotives, one attached to each end of a train, and seeking to impel it in opposite directions. These divided hearts should elicit our pity. They are bleeding their very life away, and they will soon writhe in the complicated foldings of the worm that never dies. Christ has brought the matter to an issue. He exposes and denounces divided hearts as none of his. He will have the soul in its integrity, or he will reject it altogether. He is the Bridegroom of the Church, and he is jealous over his bride with godly jealousy ; he would present her to his Father without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing ; but if her garments are defiled, if stained with pride, or covetousness, she will be discarded as unworthy. What honor, what dignity, what wealth is secured by being united to Christ. It is to be taken from the abodes of wretchedness, degradation and starvation and set among the honorable of the earth, and then among the princes of heaven.

You have read of Stephen Girard, who died a few years since at Philadelphia, worth about twenty millions of dollars. It is said that a few years before his death he came in contact with a poor colored man named Bob, whose occupation was that of a scavenger. His person and general appearance resembled the bundle of filthy rags which he gathered from the streets. To this poor outcast, Mr. Girard proposed that if he would enter his service and be faithful in his employment, he would feed and clothe him while he lived, would provide for him in old age and sickness, and see him decently buried at his death. The negro accepted the proposal, and secured a written promise from the millionaire of fidelity to his part of the engagement. A few years after, Bob had a visit from his brother Tom; and in the course of their conversation, Bob says to Tom:—"Did you know dat Massa Girard and I be wuf more money dan any udder two men in Philamadelphia?" "How is dat?" asks Tom. "Why," says Bob, "we be wuf twenty million dollars, and dat be more dan any udder two men hab got." "Berry likely," replies Tom, "massa G. hab got dat much, but what dat to you, you got noting." Bob now drew out his written contract, signed with the name of Stephen Girard, which guaranteed to Bob food, clothing, &c., as long as he lived, on condition that he should be faithful to his master. Now who will pretend to say that Bob was not as rich as his master, on condition that he kept his part of the engagement. Bob was of no account alone, but his connection with his master made him an important character. *His* name was not known on 'change, but every Bank of the city would open and empty its vaults, at the sight of the name of Stephen Girard. Bob had as great an interest in all these banks, warehouses and ships as their ostensible owner, except the care, the perplexity and the responsibility connected with their ownership and oversight. Bob might have exclaimed with the drunken Bacchanalian, as he embraced the lamp post: "united we stand, divided *I* fall."

And what an inheritance is thine, oh Christian! *Of thyself*, thou art poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked, but Christ is thy wisdom, thy righteousness, thy sanctification, and redemption. Was it a stoop for the rich man to lavish such favors on a scavenger? What condescension then for the King of glory to make *you* and *me* the partakers of his holiness, and the partners of his throne! Girard had a few millions of dollars at his disposal; but Christ is the proprietor of all earth's silver and gold. The gems of the mountain, and the mine, the pearls of the ocean, and the stars in their courses, are all His. Vast were the dominions, great the wisdom, and immense the riches of Solomon, but "behold a greater than Solomon is here!" His dominions are not bounded by the Euphrates and the sea, but they comprehend all worlds; the treasures of his wisdom and knowledge are incomprehensible; he is covered all over with a robe of light and beauty, and all the angels of God worship him. His countenance is fairer than the sons of men, and an ocean of love and purity rolls in his heart. And yet, *by connection with him*, you may be an heir to all his treasures, and the object of all his love. And "who shall separate us from his love? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors." The sword shall gleam harmlessly on thy doorposts, for there is the blood of the Paschal Lamb. The tramp of coming famine may startle the nations, but bread shall be given to thee, and thy waters shall be sure. Pestilence may shake down poison from its great black wings, but the Almighty shall spread his shield over thee, and the plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling. All that God can *do*, shall be done in thy behalf, and all that God can *give*, shall be lavished upon thee.

But let us not be misunderstood. We speak mainly of the treasures of grace in this life, and of glory in the life to come. Men strangely misuse language when they call Lazarus poor, and Dives rich. There are *rich* poor men, and *poor* rich men, all over the world. We once heard of an opulent slaveholder, who had among his servants a poor, old man, by the name of Jerry. And the world called the planter *rich*, but the slave, who had served God and his master faithfully for near a century, the world regarded very *poor*. One night, the planter dreamed that the richest man in his town would die at nine o'clock the next morning. He awoke, but only to think a moment on the strange dream, and to sleep again. A second time he awoke with the same dream in his thoughts, that the richest man in the precinct would die the next morning at nine o'clock. He supposed this could apply only to himself, and it was long ere sleep would close his eyes again, and no sooner had he done so, than the same unwelcome vision returned. Now all sleep was banished from his eyes and from his house. His family was aroused, a lawyer was called to write his will, and neighbors gathered around to await the issue. Five minutes before the expected and dreaded hour arrived, he took his seat in his arm chair, pallid with fear, and trembling like an aspen leaf—his family gathered around him in tears—the last moment arrived, a deathless silence pervaded the room, and eyes swept quickly from the face of the clock to the face of the doomed man. The old clock raised its hammer, which seemed to him like the axe of the guillotine over the neck of a criminal. It struck, and an electric shock ran around the room, but the planter still lived on. At this moment a servant rushed into the room exclaiming that old Jerry had just fallen dead from his chair. Yes, the *richest man in town* was dead, the Lord's freeman had ascended; but the poor man and the slave still lived, and he finished his will that day. He had before willed away houses and lands, and men-servants and maid-servants, and the body and soul of old Jerry. But now he willed *himself* to God, and freedom to his slaves, and God took him, and the slaves took their offered liberties; and poor old Jerry, like Samson of old, slew more at his death than in all his life beside. And when tears were running down many ebony faces at the funeral of Jerry, there was joy among the angels of God because a sinner had repented.

Oh how many triumphant deaths at poor-houses crowd upon our memory, and almost force our pen to the narration, but we must repress our anxiety to speak, and you, my reader, must restrain your curiosity to listen until we have more time together, after the resurrection of the just. These death-bed scenes have not been witnessed by the great and gay of earth, but the voice of the waiting Bridegroom has whispered: "*I* know thy works, thy tribulation, and thy poverty, but thou art rich." No hearse or mourners were seen at their burial.

> " They rattled their bones over the stones,
> They only were paupers whom nobody owns."

No monument tells their resting place, no epitaph embalms their memories, but their names are written on the jasper walls of our heavenly Zion, and engraven on the palms of the Redeemer's hands.

And as we have witnessed the funerals at the poorhouse, perhaps you will not object to attending a wedding there. As bridal feasts are not often spread in Alms-houses, we must suppose a case. Do you see that poor, blind girl, clothed in rags, forgotten, or despised by the world ?

> "As born to suffer, and to grieve,
> Beneath their feet she lies,
> And utterly contemned she lives,
> And, unlamented, dies."

No, she does not *die*, for a pitying Eye sees her, and says to her, "live." The eye that pities and loves her, is that of a youthful prince, who is heir to the mightiest empire on earth, and who has been traveling, in disguise, through his kingdom, to find a bride and a future queen. He had looked in upon the courtly dames, who would have rejoiced in such an alliance as he could offer, but beneath their silken robes and bodices of gold, he had discovered unworthy hearts, and he had passed on in search of real worth, though under an exterior ever so repulsive, and to these last refuges of poverty and wretchedness, he had traced one at whose feet he was ready to lay the honors and opulence of a prince. And now her rags are exchanged for bridal robes, a sovereign panacea restores her eyesight, beauty glows on her cheek, and love illuminates her eyes; she is no longer a pauper, but a princess, and those who once despised her, hang like parasities around her steps, and a home in the poor-house is exchanged for a home in the palace.

We said our case was suppositious, but it is not all a fiction. It is a faint shadowing-forth of things that have been, and things that are to be. Who is this poor blind child—this heir to an inheritance of sorrow, whose path in life leads through the lowest vales of misery? Reader, it is *you*, and it is *your author*, and it is all the apostate children of the guilty pair who were long ago introduced to us in Eden. And our world, we have reason to believe, is the great poor-house and hospital of the creation. Not that we have grown misanthropic and morose, and angry with the world, because we cannot *see* it. The world has lost none of its physical beauties to our eye. Its mountains are still grand, and its fields are green, its forests wave in beauty, and its brooklets roll in silver. We participate in the emotions which these scenes inspire, although our eyes will behold them no more. Oh yes,

> "The world is full of beauty
> As are the worlds above,

> And if we did our duty,
> It might be full of love."

Oh yes, "if we but did our duty," but alas, multitudes "*know* their duty, but do it not," and hence darkness is still on the face of the nations. *Morally*, our world is the antipodes of its physical beauty, yet to *our* earth, (perhaps the only wanderer from the sisterhood of worlds,) were directed the feet of the great Restorer. He found us utterly smitten with poverty, and he said, "I counsel thee to buy of me gold, that you may be rich;" and when we pleaded that we already owed him ten thousand talants, and had nothing to pay, he declared himself ready not only to forgive all the debt, but to endow us with enduring riches, without money and without price. He found us clothed only with filthy rags, and he proposed to clothe us with white raiment. He found us groping in darkness, and he offered to anoint our eyes with eyesalve that we might see. And when Justice demanded *blood*, that the law might be magnified and made honorable, he freely shed *his own*.

> "Ye choral harps! ye angels that excel
> In strength! and loudest, ye redeemed of men,
> To God, to Him that sits upon the throne
> On high, and to the Lamb, sing honor, sing
> Dominion, glory, blessing sing, and praise!
> When man had fallen, was ruined, hopeless, lost
> Messiah, Prince of Peace, Eternal King,
> Died, that the dead might live, the lost be saved.

> Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, earth,
> Admire and be confounded! and thou hell
> Deepen thy eternal groan! men would not be
> Redeemed! I speak of many, not of all."

"He came to his own, and his own received him not, but as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." As the bride, clinging to the arm of her husband, is introduced to *his* father, and immediately exclaims, "thou art now *my* father too!" and is cordially and affectionately recognized as his *daughter*, so in becoming united to Christ, we become the "sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty." "And if children, then are we heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." And "our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Even the language of inspiration seems to bend and break beneath the great burden of meaning, comprehended in being the sons of God, and the bride of Christ. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be *like him*, for we shall see him as he is." We shall not be like him in knowledge, not like him in power, not like him in the lofty and incommunicable attributes of his nature, ubiquity and eternity, but we shall be like him in moral purity. Transporting thought! we shall be like God, and drink forever at the fountains of holiness. This is the perfection of blessedness! This is the good to secure which we gladly surrender our hold on earthly ease and honor. This is the joy for which we bear to live, and to gain which we dare to die.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Parting Hand.

"Soon shall we meet again
  Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain,
  Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose,
  Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
  Never, no never."

My patient reader, we have met and conversed long and pleasantly together, but at last we must part. This is a peculiarity of every earthly friendship, however endearing—of every human relation, however sacred. See that happy family rejoicing in each other's society, as yet unvisited by death, or by the pangs of separation. But the *sons* grow up to conscious strength, and, prompted by interest or love of adventure, they throw themselves into the tide of emigration, and one pitches his tents on the wide savannas, or under the shadows of the mighty forests of the great West, another goes prospecting over the land of gold, and still another pursues retreating fortune over the ocean's wave. The *daughters,* one after another, pass away to other spheres and other habitations, and the aged parents are left in their age and feebleness to finish their journey alone. As leaves growing on a common twig are seized by the breath of the whirlwind, and carried to opposite points of the compass, one being lodged on the distant mountain, and one in the far-off sea, so the children of a common sire are generally separated, and often to see each other's face no more. O how many eyes are turned from the death-bed to the natal spot, while between the two localities mountains rise and oceans roll. Britannia's hills and Erin's plains rise before the eye of many a dying emigrant to whom the Eastern benediction, "may you die among your kindred," is not realized. Their eyes are closed and their winding-sheet prepared by those who have no tender associations to be revived, and who have no tears to shed. But while the constitution of human society and the necessities of the case demand that the parental, the fraternal and the filial relations of life shall be perpetually sundering, no such necessity exists for severing the *conjugal* ties—"those silken bands that bind two willing hearts." And in the case of real marriage, these bands generally hold until separated by the all-dividing sword of death. And yet interest and duty sometimes demand a temporary separation. Many a true husband has left the despotism and the grinding poverty of Europe, and after years of effort, has secured a home on our hospitable shores, to which he woos the partner who, like a bird with crippled wing, had been left behind at the season of emigration. Many a true heart from New England's sterile hills has gone to the land of gold, to secure a competency for the wife and children it loves so well. Alas, to how many has the land of gold proved also a land of graves. Here is one who was smitten while yet the waters of the great ocean gathered around the ship. With white lips, he is dictating messages of love to the cherished ones left behind. Hark a moment, to his voice:

"Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis *my wife* I'd speak of now;
Tell, O tell her how I missed her,
When the fever burned my brow;
Tell her, brother, (closely listen,
Don't forget a single word,)
That in death my eyes did glisten,
With the tears her memory stirred."

Not only love to one's family, but duty to God, sometimes impels to their separation. What a touching illustration of this was seen in the case of the apostolic Judson and his second wife. Her broken health demanded that she should seek her native shores, and they turned with sorrowing steps from the scene of so many trials and so many victories, toward the home of their youth. But balmy airs came and fanned the invalid's cheek, and nature was so far aroused that the idea was first entertained and then decided on, that she should continue her voyage *alone*, and he return to his post of labor also *alone*. When this decision was reached, she took her pencil and wrote on a scrap of paper a poem, which, for touching pathos, and depth of love, and spirit of sacrifice, has few equals in the world of poesy. We can spare space only for a single stanza.

"We part on this green islet, love,
  Thou for the Eastern main,
I for the setting sun, love,
  Oh! when to meet again?"

Yes, they parted on "the green islet," and she took up her voyage, not for "the setting sun," but for the land where the sun never goes down, and they laid her to rest in the island where the captive monarch of France "slept his last sleep." And the smitten partner heard the notes of that dying swan.

"Then, gird thine armor on, love,
Nor faint thou by the way."

And he returned strong for the battle, until his commission expired, and he was summoned to the skies. It was meet that Judson, like Coke, should die at sea, for he belonged to every land. It was meet that the organ of the winds and the waves should sound his requiem, and roll his eulogy to every shore, for he was the property of the human race. All thy bright visions, sainted one, were realized in a way thou knewest not. You did not again,

> " Clasp your infants three,
> At home on Burmah's shore;

but thou and thy loved one, and thy predecessor, and thy successor, have met

> " On yon celestial plain
> Where the loved and parted here below
> Meet, ne'er to part again."

And all the happy unions we have witnessed, as we have been sweeping down the stream of sacred history, have been dissolved. We attended the first wedding in Eden, and were favored with a seat at the bridal feasts of patriarchs and kings; but Abraham is dead, the fathers have passed away, and the prophets did not live forever, and all the happy unions which earth has witnessed, have been formed only to be dissolved. Death has palsied the strong arm of every husband, and woven the deadly night-shade among the tresses of every bride, and they have all passed away like the tents of patriarchs and the palaces of kings. And still "the children of this world marry and are given in marriage," and still death comes, an uninvited and unwelcome guest. The minister of God speaks of an eternal union, as he pronounces his nuptial benediction, but death exclaims with envious leer, "they may unite, but I will divide, they may build up, but I will pull down." And he fulfills his threatening. I pass the mansions which were just now vocal with "the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride," but I see only a widow in her weeds, and when I enquire after "the husband of her youth," with a tearful eye and an expressive gesture, she points me to the church-yard.

And death, when it comes, induces a double separation. It not only separates the husband from the wife, but it separates the body from the soul. When "the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the golden wheel at the cistern, the dust returns to the dust as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it. But the eye of Omnipotence watches the sacred dust, and though it may pass through a thousand changes, and enter into a thousand combinations—now blooming in the rose, and now sparkling in the dew-drop—yet, at the bidding of the Almighty, it shall gather itself together, and the fallen temple of our humanity shall be rebuilt and made like unto the glorious body of Christ. Upon that body, disease shall never fasten and death never prey. The hollow cough of the poor consumptive shall give place to the deep bass of heaven's eternal music, the hectic flush on the cheek is superseded by the glow of everlasting youth and fadeless beauty. The atmosphere of heaven is never vocal with groans, its streets are never bathed in tears, its inhabitants never say, "I am sick." Everlasting joy is the diadem with which they are crowned, and "sorrow and sighing shall flee away" forever. But the soul will not suspend its conscious being and its holy joy, until its partner shall come up from the grave. At once it ascends to a higher life, mingles with the spirits of just men made perfect, whose names are written in heaven, comes to join the innumerable company of angels, and bow in adoring prostration before Jesus the Mediator of the better covenant, and before God, the Judge of all. But the perfection of its joys may not be attained until the old partnership, between the soul and the body, which death had dissolved, shall be restored. The decree of divorce which had been passed shall be cancelled, and the body and the soul shall be married for eternity. But say,

"Shall friends meet again
Meet ne'er to sever?

Yes, reader, yes, they *shall* meet again. We have no space to enter into a theological discussion, but we give you the language of the great heart of humanity and the teachings of holy writ, when we assure you they *shall* meet again.

"Awhile in flesh disjoined,
Our friends that went before,
We soon in Paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more.
In yon thrice happy seat,
Waiting for us they are,
And thou shalt there a husband meet,
And I a parent there."

Christian love is an exotic plant on earth, but it blooms in heaven's congenial clime ; its fragrance shall perfume the heavenly air, and its petals shall unfold in everlasting beauty. It shall recognize those with whom it walked in the paths of domestic and Christian life below, and remember all the hallowed intimacies of time. The mother shall recognize the "infant of a span long," which she laid in its little grave. And

"Oh! when the mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and tears,
The day of woe, the watchful night;
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?"

Who will say that those two gifted *sisters*, Margaret and Lucretia Davison, so pure, so almost angelic in life, do not know each other in heaven ? Like beautiful but brittle vases, they were soon broken, but

All is not over with earth's broken tie—
Where, where *should* sisters love, if not on high?

But although we thus earnestly plead for the heavenly recognition, we do not believe or teach that this is the highest and sweetest element in the saint's everlasting rest. Indeed all the *connections* of earth are among the accidents of time, and though saints on earth will recognize each other in heaven, this will be a recognition *as saints*, not as husbands and wives, or parents and children. "They who obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, marry no more, but are equal to the angels." Two spirits meeting on the plains of light, one coming from Jerusalem, and the other from the barren desert, will cherish toward each other the same fervent love and holy sympathy as though they had been united in life and undivided in death. Moral goodness will be the great object which will attract to itself the love of heaven, and whether rolling in ocean fullness in the heart of Deity, or filling the humble measure of a soul redeemed from Madagascar or the Fejee Islands, it will win, according to its measure, the affections of the nations that walk in the light of Jehovah's countenance. And let no one exclaim that we are drying up the sources of their anticipated joy. On the contrary, we are enlarging your revenue of everlasting blessedness, by assuring you of the existence of attachments in heaven purer and stronger than are known to earthly consanguinity, and exercised, not toward the contracted group of a fireside, but toward the whole redeemed family of the Lord. If, then, we close the nether, we open upon you the upper springs, whence gush forth streams of perennial joy. As the sun cometh forth out of his chambers rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, and by its superior brightness hides the stars from our view, which, nevertheless

> "Hold their way,
> In glory through the sky,"

so, earthly intimacies and earthly affections will be eclipsed by the surpassing glories of the Sun of Righteousness. Make our earth transparent as a sea of glass, kindle in our skies the light of ten thousand suns, and you do but approximate the glory of heaven. "The Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof," and until the glories of Jehovah's throne shall fade, and the excellencies of Him who sitteth thereon shall be obscured, "*there shall be no night there.*"

Do you ask *where* that throne is located, and *where* the marriage of the Lamb shall be celebrated, we answer, "The Lord's throne is in heaven"—Ps. 11 : 4; and again, he "hath prepared his throne in the heavens"—Ps. 103 : 19. It is not *on earth*, for this is his footstool. It is not *in the sun*, for the seer of Patmos saw *an angel* there, as a sentinel standing on one of the outworks of Jehovah's Empire. Travel up, then, to that higher fountain whence the sun catches its light, to that remoter centre around which the sun, with its family of worlds, and all the suns of which we had a glance in a previous chapter, revolve, and when you reach the point where "gravitation shifting, turns the other way," you are, according to our conceptions, approaching the home of the blessed,

"The palace of angels and God."

Across these intervening wastes, many a voyager has sailed, and with pennants all flying and sheets all set, has swept gallantly into port. And when the last emigrant shall enter the harbor, and all the redeemed from the earth shall have been gathered home, then shall the heavenly Bridegroom descend, attended by ten thousand times ten thousand saints, and extended wings of cherubim and seraphim, to swell his train; then the old earth shall have all her internal magazines exploded, and her every mountain-peak shall hold high their flambeaux, to light the pathway of the descending Judge. Then, those who have sown the wind shall reap the whirlwind, those who would not have Christ "to reign over them, shall be brought forth and slain before him." Like the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, they shall be "set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." And the inhabitants of other worlds may "go forth and look upor the carcasses of the men that have transgressed against the Lord, for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched."

The old earth, purified by fire, may be rejuvenated, and become the seat of new orders of happy beings ; its mountains may become mountains of spices, all its streams may run with milk and honey, all its bowers may be like Eden, and all its inhabitants may be holy.

However this may be, we *do* know that heaven will be colonized and replenished from earth, that a multitude which no man can number shall stand in vestal robes on the right hand of their Bridegroom, who, with countenance beaming with unutterable love, shall say to them, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." This benediction pronounced,

> "He waited not the homage of the crowns
> Already thrown before him, nor the loud
> Amen of universal, holy praise;
> But turned his living chariot of fire,
> And swifter now—as anxious to declare
> This day's proceedings in his Father's court,
> And to present the number of his sons
> Before the throne—ascended up to heaven ;
> And all his saints, and all his angel bands,
> As, glorious, they on high ascended, sung
> Glory to God and to the Lamb : they sung
> Messiah, fairer than the sons of men,
> And altogether lovely."

And now,

"Behold! the daughter of the King, the bride,
All glorious within—the virgin bride,
Adorned in broidery of gold: behold,
She comes, appareled royally in robes
Of perfect righteousness, fair as the sun;
With all her virgins, her companions fair,
Into the palace of the King she comes,
She comes to dwell forevermore. Awake,
Eternal harps! Awake, awake, and sing:
The Lord, the Lord, our God Almighty reigns!"

And now, reader, if your heart is as our heart, give us your hand, come up into the chariot, and we will go to the wedding together. The first thing *we* expect to see is the coming Bridegroom. It may not be until long after we have done groping along the dark paths of life, led by the hand of another. It may not be until centuries after the clods of the valley shall have become sweet to us. But we shall see him—

"From our graves we shall see,
And cry out, 'It is he.'
And fly up to enjoy Him above."

Very kind and patient reader, farewell, until we meet at

"THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB."

Conclusion.

In our preface, we entered into covenant with the God of Noah, to erect our literary craft, as he did the ark, according to the pattern which God should show us. No doubt many of Noah's carpenters expected to see the old hulk rot down on dry land, and perhaps our friends who have lent us the use of their eyes and hands, while our ark has been building, have anticipated for *it* a similar fate. We feel little solicitude in the result. Conscious of having endeavored to fulfill our part of the covenant, and having rigged the last spar, we give our vessel to the winds, and wed it to the waves, or rather to Him who holds the winds in his fist, and the waves in the hollow of his hands. If she makes a prosperous voyage, and prove the ark of refuge to *one* periled soul, the Captain of our salvation shall have the glory. And if she shall rot down at the wharf, or be capsized in the first storm she encounters, and we should chance to be on board, we expect to cry out, with another sailor under similar circumstances, "the vessel is gone, but the cargo is insured."

Since our vessel has been on the stocks, friendly voices have been speaking to us. Some have spoken in language of encouragement and hope ; others, equally friendly, have feared that our theme was ill-chosen, that material would fail, and that the interest of our readers would flag. This last apprehension may be verified, but one thing is certain, that so far from exhausting the materials which sacred history furnishes, we feel that we have only drawn a few buckets from a copious, overflowing, and exhaustless fountain. From these same limpid streams other pilgrims will drink, and then pass the flowing goblet to other lips, after our mind shall cease to dictate, and the hand of another to trace out our thoughts. *Religion* and *Marriage* are the twin thoughts which have pervaded our pages, and these themes will never lose their interest. *Religion* will always find its most pertinent and glowing illustrations in *Marriage*, and *Marriage* will always have its joys heightened and crowned by the hallowed influences and consecrations of *Religion*. Until the moral intuitions of our hearts all perish, *Religion* will be a necessity among men, and until our social nature shall degenerate to the level of the brute, *Marriage* will be among the noblest evidences of a high civilization and of an unperverted Christianity. Reader, we wish for you *two* great blessings, a happy domestic life and the Christian's better hope. The one shall illumine your hearth, and the other shall gladden your heart; the one shall gather around you all the bliss which has escaped the blightings of the fall, the other shall dispel the darkness of the grave, and settle like a bright diadem, on your brow in the kingdom of heaven.

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